March 25, 1978 U.S. $1.10c/Canada 60c 18p

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

TUBES, TELEVISION DATES

Page 3

THE ELVIS COSTELLO INTERVIEW

THIS YEAR'S MODEL

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

BASF LH

For universal use on all compact cassette recorders, an excellent value low noise, high output cassette.

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BASF
SPOT-ON SOUND

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 24, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CUM FEEL THE NOIZE	Slade (Polydor)
2	2	20th CENTURY BOY	T Rex (T Rex)
2	3	THE TWELFTH OF NEVER	Donny Osmond (MGM)
5	4	FEEL THE NEED IN ME	Detroit Emeralds (Janus)
6	5	KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG	Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
4	6	HELLO HURRAY	Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
8	7	GONNA MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE	Jimmy Helms (Cube)
19	8	POWER TO ALL OUR FRIENDS	Cliff Richard (EMI)
7	9	CINDY INCIDENTALLY	Faces (Warner Brothers)
18	10	WHY CAN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER	Timmy Thomas (Mojo)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 20, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CINDERELLA ROCKEFELLA	Ester & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
2	2	LEGEND OF XANADU	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Titch (Fontana)
4	3	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
3	4	ROSIE	Don Partridge (Columbia)
7	5	THE DOCK OF THE BAY	Otis Redding (Stax)
—	6	LADY MADONNA	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	7	JENNIFER JUNIPER	Donovan (Pye)
5	8	FIRE BRIGADE	Move (Regal-Zonophone)
11	9	ME, THE PEACEFUL HEART	Lulu (Columbia)
10	10	GREEN TAMBOURINE	Lemon Pipers (Pye Int)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 22, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SUMMER HOLIDAY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	2	FOOT TAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)
3	3	LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN GONE	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	4	PLEASE PLEASE ME	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	5	THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO	Joe Brown (Picadilly)
10	6	CHARMAINE	Bachelors (Decca)
17	7	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
9	8	ISLAND OF DREAMS	Springfields (Philips)
6	9	THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES	Bobby Vee (Liberty)
8	10	ONE BROKEN HEART FOR SALE	Elvis Presley (RCA)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending March 25, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	6	1
2	(2)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	2
3	(4)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	5	3
4	(8)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption (Atlantic)	5	4
5	(3)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	8	2
6	(6)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	8	2
7	(9)	IS THIS LOVE	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	5	7
8	(5)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	8	1
9	(15)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)	2	9
10	(10)	MR BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	9	5
11	(7)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	7	5
12	(13)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	7	12
13	(16)	I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS	Nick Lowe (Radar)	2	13
14	(18)	EVERY ONE'S A WINNER	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	3	14
15	(14)	FANTASY	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	6	14
16	(17)	LILAC WINE	Elkie Brooks (A & M)	3	16
17	(22)	ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY	Andy Cameron (Klub)	2	17
18	(—)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	1	18
19	(23)	RUMOUR HAS IT	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	4	10
20	(11)	ALRIGHT NOW (EP)	Free (Island)	6	8
20	(19)	(I DON'T WANT TO GO TO) CHELSEA	Elvis Costello (Radar)	2	19
22	(29)	WALK IN LOVE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	4	22
23	(12)	JUST ONE MORE NIGHT	Yellow Dog (Virgin)	7	7
24	(24)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Jam (Polydor)	2	24
25	(27)	WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD	Notts Forest & Paper Lace (Warner Bros)	2	2
26	(20)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)	2	20
27	(—)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME, WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER	Andrea True Connection (Buddah)	1	27
28	(—)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	1	28
29	(—)	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	29
30	(—)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel (CBS)	5	22

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH — Dan Hill (20th Century); I'LL GO WHERE YOUR MUSIC TAKES ME — Tina Charles (CBS); READY STEADY GO — Generation X (Chrysalis); BABY COME BACK — Player (RSO).

ALBUMS

Week ending March 25, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	9	1
2	(2)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	4	2
3	(4)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	4	3
4	(3)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	8	3
5	(7)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	20	3
6	(5)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	56	1
7	(6)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	8	3
7	(13)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	4	7
9	(17)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	9
10	(24)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	3	10
11	(18)	DISCO STARS	Various (K-Tel)	7	10
12	(8)	DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	4	8
13	(14)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	8	7
13	(15)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES	Various (Warwick)	2	13
15	(21)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	4	15
16	(26)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	30	5
17	(10)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	19	2
18	(9)	25 THUMPING GREAT HITS	Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	3	9
19	(—)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	19
20	(11)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	20	1
21	(—)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL	Elvis Costello (Radar)	1	21
22	(25)	JESUS OF COOL	Nick Lowe (Radar)	3	22
23	(21)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	90	1
24	(16)	GREATEST HITS	Donna Summer (GTO)	11	3
25	(12)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	10	12
26	(19)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	60	1
27	(—)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 71-75	Eagles (Asylum)	48	1
28	(—)	ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	1	28
29	(—)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	1	29
30	(23)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	2	23

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
999 — 999 (UA); HOPE AND ANCHOR FRONT ROW FESTIVAL — Various (WEA); SMALL CORNERS — Cliff Richard (EMI); ZARAGON — John Miles (Decca).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 25, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
2	(2)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
3	(4)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
4	(5)	LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
5	(7)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
6	(6)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill
7	(8)	I GO CRAZY	Paul Davis
8	(10)	THUNDER ISLAND	Jay Ferguson
9	(3)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb
10	(12)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
11	(14)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
12	(13)	DUST IN THE WIND	Kansas
13	(11)	FALLING	LeBlanc & Carr
14	(9)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME	Lynyrd Skynyrd
15	(17)	ALWAYS AND FOREVER	Heatwave
16	(16)	THE NAME OF THE GAME	Abba
17	(20)	EBONY EYES	Bob Welch
18	(19)	GOODBYE GIRL	David Gates
19	(21)	OUR LOVE	Natalie Cole
20	(23)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
21	(29)	FLASHLIGHT	Parliament
22	(25)	BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT	Gene Cotton
23	(28)	LADY LOVE	Lou Rawls
24	(27)	WHICH WAY IS UP	Starguard
25	(30)	THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND	Andrew Gold
26	(—)	HOT LEGS	Rod Stewart
27	(—)	WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE AGAIN	England Dan & John Ford Coley
28	(—)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra
29	(24)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel
30	(15)	WONDERFUL WORLD	Art Garfunkel with James Taylor and Paul Simon

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 25, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
3	(3)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
4	(4)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
5	(5)	AJA	Steely Dan
6	(7)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
7	(6)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
8	(8)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
9	(11)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
10	(9)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
11	(10)	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO	Ted Nugent
12	(13)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
13	(14)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
14	(18)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
15	(12)	WATERMARK	Art Garfunkel
16	(15)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
17	(16)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt
18	(19)	WAYLON & WILLIE	Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson
19	(23)	STREET PLAYER	Rufus and Chaka Khan
20	(—)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
21	(21)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
22	(27)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
23	(17)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
24	(20)	LONGER FUSE	Dan Hill
25	(25)	ENDLESS WIRE	Gordon Lightfoot
26	(28)	THANKFUL	Natalie Cole
27	(29)	GOLDEN TIME OF DAY	Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly
28	(—)	BOOTSY? PLAYER OF THE YEAR	Bootsy's Rubber Band
29	(—)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS	Little Feat
30	(—)	QUARTER MOON IN A TEN CENT TOWN	Emmylou Harris

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

SEVEN NIGHTS AT HAMMERSMITH IN 26-DATE TOUR

Tubes storm back

THE TUBES return to Britain in May, following their triumphant U.K. debut last autumn. They undertake an extensive nationwide tour, comprising 26 major dates, and climaxing in seven consecutive nights at London Hammersmith Odeon — a record for the venue.

The tour also takes in two nights at each of Bristol, Southampton, Oxford, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Newcastle, plus an appearance at the new 5,000-seater Brighton Conference Centre.

The Tubes played four sell-out concerts at Hammersmith during their previous visit, and even then ticket demand exceeded supply. This has prompted the promoters, Straight Music, to book them into the same venue for a full week — from Thursday, May 25, to Wednesday, May 31, inclusive.

Provincial dates are Bristol Colston Hall (May 1 and 2), Brighton Conference Centre (3), Southampton Gaumont (5 and 6), Oxford New Theatre (7 and 8), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Coventry Theatre (10), Birmingham Odeon (12 and 13), Liverpool Empire (15 and 16), Manchester Free Trade Hall (18 and 19), Glasgow Apollo (20 and 21) and Newcastle City Hall (22 and 23).

The rock extravaganza specialists from San Francisco will be bringing over their brand new show, with which they are currently touring America, and which includes only three or four songs from the 1977 production. It's also understood that they're planning to build a revolutionary new lighting rig for their British visit.

The band's double live album "What Do You Want From Live" was issued last month by A&M, who'll be extracting a single from it for release in May — a punk re-working of the Beatles' standard "I Saw Her Standing There".

Tickets for the British concerts are priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 at all venues except Hammersmith, where they are £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Leicester De Montfort will be all-seated for the Tubes gig, a rare departure for that venue.

Postal applications only are being accepted at Bristol, Brighton, Southampton, Coventry and Liverpool. Box-offices at all other venues will be open by April 1 at the latest.

TELEVISION TIMES

TELEVISION's Tom Verlaine

Eight concerts fixed for April

TELEVISION are back in Britain next month for an eight-date tour, comprising five provincial shows and three at London's Hammersmith Odeon. The gigs are the first leg of a full European tour by the band, and they tie in with the previously-reported April 14 release by Elektra of their new album, "Adventure".

Dates and venues are Newcastle City Hall (April 10), Glasgow Apollo (11), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (12), Birmingham Odeon (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14) and London Hammersmith Odeon (16, 17 and 18).

All box-offices will open today (Thursday) and postal applications will also be accepted. In London prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50; the first show starts at 7.30 pm, and the other two at 8pm. For the five provincial gigs, which all start at 7.30 pm, prices are £3, £2.50 and £2. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

To coincide with their visit, Elektra announce the release the release of a new Television single on April 7. It's a limited edition 12-inch, pressed in "bright red vinyl" and marketed in a colour bag. Main title is a five-minute Tom Verlaine number titled "Fox Hole."

Mecca reverse ban on Gen X

THE MECCA Organisation — who, as reported last week, banned Generation X from playing at Coventry Locarno last Sunday — have apparently now had second thoughts about their decision, and have booked them to appear at that venue on April 11. Another date which the band were forced to miss because of a double booking, at Brighton Top Rank on Tuesday of this week, has now been re-set for April 12. And their gig at Bournemouth Village Bowl has been put back from April 3 to 7.

Rainbow concert for farewell by Damned

THE DAMNED have at last found a venue for their farewell concert — London's Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, April 8. Since they've never previously played anywhere bigger in London than the Roundhouse, they obviously intend to go out in style.

The band disintegrated at the beginning of this month when, in a surprise move, founder member and mentor Brian James announced he was leaving. But they're coming together again for this last show, which has taken some time to arrange because of unforseen difficulties — their first choice of venue (the Roundhouse) was fully booked, and Mecca banned them from playing the Lyceum.

However, the Rainbow has agreed to accept the gigs but — as a precaution — many of the seats will be removed for the performance.

Tickets are on sale now priced £2.25 and £1.75, and the promoter is Harvey Goldsmith in conjunction with Albion Music.

Support acts will be Prof and the Profettes (a new band featuring Damned drummer John Moss), The Soft Boys and Johnny Moped, who will probably have Captain Sensible guesting on guitar. But despite rumours to the contrary, the new band formed by Rat Scabies will definitely not be appearing.

● The Buzzcocks have added a second support act for their six gigs over the Easter period, with Patrick Fitzgerald joining The Slits. These are at Derby (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Manchester (Saturday and Sunday), Birkenhead (Easter Monday) and Hanley (March 30).

Three dozen shows with brand new band

HILLAGE TOURING

STEVE HILLAGE

STEVE HILLAGE sets out next month on an extensive British tour, for which 30 dates have so far been confirmed, with at least six more still to be finalised. The tour itinerary is an unusual one for Hillage, who usually appears in major concert halls, and who explained this week: "I've decided to return to stand-up venues, which always provide a greater audience contact".

A brand new band has been formed by Hillage for the tour, although the line-up can't yet be announced "for contractual reasons". And his new album "Green", co-produced by Pink Floyd's Nick Mason and Hillage, is released by Virgin on April 14.

A bonus for audiences is that the highly-rated National Health will be appearing as special guests on all dates, and those set so far are:

Plymouth Metro (April 20 and 21), Swansea Top Rank (23), Cardiff Top Rank (25), Bangor University (26), Keele University (28), Lancaster University (29), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (May 1), Aylesbury Friars (3), Bristol University (4), Leicester University (6), Stratford Top Of The World (8), Sheffield Polytechnic (9), Manchester University (10), Edinburgh University (12), Glasgow Strathclyde University (13), Redcar Coatham Bowl (14 and 15), Newcastle Polytechnic (16), Poole Arts Centre (18), Swindon Brunel Rooms (19), Malvern Winter Gardens (20), Croydon Greyhound (22), Liverpool Eric's (23 and 24), Oxford Polytechnic (25), Dunstable Civic Hall (26), Guildford Surrey University (27) and London Strand Lyceum (28).

ELO's first gig at Pool for film

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA's first concert at Wembley Empire Pool on June 2 — one of a string of shows they're playing at that venue, as reported last week — is to be filmed for worldwide distribution. The company headed by noted TV rock producer Mike Mansfield, of "Supersonic" fame, is making the film which will employ multi-camera techniques. It seems likely that it will subsequently be screened in Britain by London Weekend TV, in view of Mansfield's association with that company. Tony Curtis flies in from America to host the July 2 ELO concert, their first in this country for two years, and it will be attended by Princess Margaret — who is president of the benefiting charity, the Invalid Children's Aid Association.

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STRANGLERS PLAN LATE SPRING GIGS

THE STRANGLERS are being lined up for a massive nationwide tour in the late spring. Details of their itinerary are still being finalised, but it's known that it will comprise an unusual mixture of major shows in large concert halls and smaller stand-up venues, including back-to-the-roots clubs and pubs.

First date to be confirmed is a concert at Glasgow Apollo on May 26, and it's understood that plans are nearing completion for the band to play a very large off-the-beaten-track London venue. Full details of their schedule are expected in a week or two.

Patti: Rainbow extra — BUT BRUM GIG IS OFF

PATTI SMITH has added another London concert to the two already announced for the Rainbow on April 1 and 2, which are both virtually sold out. The extra gig is at the same venue on Tuesday, April 4, and tickets are on sale now.

But her projected date at Birmingham Bingley Hall (reported last week), which should have preceded the Rainbow shows on March 31, has been cancelled. Evidently the Birmingham Council wanted to impose stringent security precautions, which the promoter was unable to fulfil at short notice.

However, Patti's followers in the Midlands can derive some consolation from the fact that she has two major TV appearances early next month — in ITV's "South Bank Show" on April 1 and BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on April 4.

Vanian joins Doctors

FOLLOWING THE break-up of The Damned at the beginning of this month, it has now been confirmed officially that Dave Vanian has joined the Doctors Of Madness, as exclusively forecast by NME three weeks ago.

Since the departure of Urban Blitz, the Doctors have been under strength, but Vanian's arrival brings them back up to four-piece size.

Vanian will be playing with The Damned when they re-form specially for their farewell concert early next month (see page 3), but he's already busy rehearsing with the Doctors who are being lined up for an extensive gig series during April, for which full details will be announced shortly. First gig will be at London's Marquee on Sun, April 2.

● Dave Vanian interview, page 7.

RECORD NEWS

Palmer LP on appro

A NEW CONCEPT in record buying, albums on approval, is launched this week by Island. The scheme is called "Buy One Try One" and it's being run in association with the Virgin chain of shops. First to benefit from the idea is Robert Palmer's new LP "Double Fun", which would-be purchasers can take home — and subsequently get their money back a week later if they wish to return it.

Potential customers must buy any one of four Island albums — "Kaya" and "Exodus" by Bob Marley, "One World" by John Martyn or "Life On The Line" by Eddie & the Hot Rods — plus the Palmer LP. All albums will be sold with a £1 discount, so the price of two LPs will be £6.20 — and if they return the Palmer album to the shop within a week, they will receive a £3.10 refund. Island have introduced the scheme in order to bring Palmer's music to a wider audience, and they say they're confident there won't be many people bringing the album back.

WINGS' LP NEXT WEEK

WINGS' new studio album "London Down" is now officially set for EMI release on March 31 — just a week after their new single "With A Little Luck", out today (Thursday). The set contains 14 new songs, of which five (including the title track) were jointly composed by Paul McCartney and Denny Laine, and the remainder by Paul himself Produced by McCartney, recording began in the Virgin Islands and was completed at London's Abbey Road studios. Apart from "Mull Of Kintyre" and the new single, it's the first original material from the band for two years. Ex-Wings members Jimmy McCulloch and Joe English played on some of the tracks.

Elton is back with a single

ELTON JOHN returns to the record scene on March 31 with the release of a brand new single on the Rocket label titled "Ego". It's the first new material he's recorded since the double album "Blue Moves" two years ago. Penned by Elton and Bernie Taupin, it's coupled with "Flintstone Boy" written solely by Elton. Following the end of his association with Gus Dudgeon, it was co-produced by Elton and Clive Franks. He's currently recording more songs — some self-penned, others written with Taupin or Gary Osborne — with a view to an album release later in the year.

Subway Sect in new label launch

A NEW LABEL, Braik Records, is launched this week by Clash manager Bernard Rhodes who told NME: "It will deal only in extremes. The scene is getting predictable. There's not enough spice getting into things." Extensive nationwide distribution is planned, and the first release is the Subway Sect single "Nobody's Scared", out today (Thursday). Upcoming are tracks by a Pakistani blues band and an all-girl group of "teenage prostitutes".

● Virgin's Front Line label has signed **Taper Zukie** to a long-term deal and issue his album "Peace In The Ghetto" on March 31. It has also acquired the rights to Zukie's back catalogue, and will be re-releasing all his previous albums during the next few months. The label, launched earlier this month with releases by I. Roy and the Gladiators, has also signed two other Jamaican acts — the **Abyssinians** and **Culture.**

● **Freddie Hart** has his latest album "Only You" released by Capitol to coincide with his appearance in the Country Festival at Wembley, and his two-million-selling single "Easy Loving" is reissued. Also associated with the Wembley event, the same label releases **Merle Haggard's** LP "A Working Man Can't Get Nowhere Today" on April 7, and a compilation album titled "Capitol Country Cruisin' ".

● **The RSO** soundtrack album "Saturday Night Fever" is the subject of a massive promotion and marketing by Polydor involving radio and media advertising, posters, window displays, badges, T-shirts and various other tie-ins. The LP, with music by the Bee Gees, has already sold over seven million copies in America — and it is hoped to emulate its success in Britain.

● **The Darts,** have qualified for a Gold Disc with their Magnet Records single "Come Back My Love", which has now exceeded 500,000 sales in this country.

● Reading-based band **Trash** have their single "N-n-e-r-v-o-u-s", produced by Shel Talmy, issued by Polydor next month. It introduces their new drummer Simon Butler-Smith, who replaces Brian De Voile in the line-up.

Cherry Vanilla, Wayne County, The Fast, John Collins Band, Harry Toledo and **Pere Ubu** are among acts featured on a "New York New-Wave" compilation album issued by CBS on April 7. A track from the LP, "Boys Will Be Boys" by The Fast, is released as a single this weekend.

● **The Vibrators'** second album "V.2" is now confirmed for April 7 release by CBS. Out on the same day and label are "I Would Like To See You Again" by **Johnny Cash** and a reissue of "Do It Good" by **K.C. & the Sunshine Band.**

● The Best of **Johnny Kidd & The Pirates",** a compilation album featuring 20 tracks from the period 1961-66 prior to Kidd's death, is released by EMI next month.

● Chrysalis release a **Jethro Tull** single titled "Moths" on April 7. It's taken from the new album "Heavy Horses", out next week.

● **The Bishops,** formerly the Count Bishops, have their first single in 11 months issued by Chiswick on March 31, titled "I Take What I Want" — and upcoming on April 21 is a ten-inch album of the band's London Roundhouse set on February 18, retailing at £2.50. Same label issues a **Radio Stars** single "From A Rabbit" on April 7.

Bob Story cancels

LITTLE BOB STORY have cancelled their remaining March dates in order to work in a new drummer. The French band sacked their previous drummer Mino before their move to London, and had been using The Bishops' Paul Balbi as temporary replacement. But he is now needed by The Bishops, who are preparing for an April tour, so the Story band are having to find and rehearse with a new man. All cancelled gigs will be re-scheduled during May as part of a full U.K. tour.

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CLARKE LEAVES HOLLIES —AGAIN

THE HOLLIES are again without a lead singer, following the departure last week of Allan Clarke, who has quit the group for the second time. He previously left them in 1971 to pursue a solo career, and was replaced in the line-up by Swedish singer Michael Rickfors, until he rejoined them three years later.

Now he's decided to take another stab at a solo career, and his first album under a new deal with Polydor is scheduled for May release. The Hollies themselves haven't yet decided whether to continue as a four-piece or seek a replacement for Clarke, though they'll definitely be going ahead with recording sessions in Los Angeles during the early summer. Meanwhile, their latest LP, "A Crazy Steal" — featuring Clarke on vocals — is issued by Polydor this week.

Drifters back for new tour

THE DRIFTERS return to Britain this week for yet another tour, and dates so far confirmed are Birmingham Night Out (this Saturday), Nottingham Commodore Suite (March 31), Manchester Fagin's (April 1), Stockton Fiesta (3 and 4), Nottingham Commodore (5), Norwich Cromwell's (6), Eastbourne King's Country Club (7 and 8), Sheffield Fiesta (10 week), Manchester Fagin's (17 week), Batley Variety Club (23 week) and Purfleet Circus Tavern (30 week). Promoter is Henry Sellers, who expects to add further dates.

● Plans are also under way for a return visit by The Crickets later this year, but the exact period of their tour is still under discussion.

EXTRA LONDON GIGS

Transfer and Sabbath add

MANHATTAN TRANSFER are to play two more London concerts, following the sell-out success of their six-day Palladium season last week. They are now performing on the Continent and, as already reported, return here for a string of provincial shows in late April. But now two extra London gigs have been added — at the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday and Tuesday, May 1 and 2. Tickets are now on sale priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50, from all the usual outlets. The group have also added Bristol Hippodrome (April 28) and Oxford New Theatre (30).

BLACK SABBATH have also slotted in a couple of extra shows at Hammersmith Odeon. Their previously-reported gig at the venue on June 1 is now sold out, apart from standing at £2. So promoter Harvey Goldsmith has added two more shows there on Saturday and Sunday, May 10 and 11, and these now become the opening dates of the band's British tour. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50 and £2. Their gig on May 17 is switched from Liverpool Empire to Southport Theatre. As announced last week, support act on all but their last three dates is U.S. band Van Halen.

Mackay quits Harley

KEYBOARDS man Duncan Mackay is quitting Steve Harley to join 10c.c. For the past few months he's been the sole surviving Harley sideman, after the virtual disbandment of Cockney Rebel, and during that time he's also acted as Harley's musical director. He's just returned from the States after finishing work on the upcoming Harley album.

Earlier this month he was offered the chance of joining 10 c.c. as keyboards player and co-writer, and he accepted this in preference to another offer from Rod Stewart who wanted Mackay as keyboards man in his band. He starts work on the new 10 c.c. album early next month, but he'll also be continuing a parallel solo career, and his debut solo single "Sirius III" has just been issued by Pepper Records (through United Artists).

Eagles and Mac in summer visits

THE EAGLES are in line for a return British visit later in the year. But details of their appearances haven't yet been confirmed, neither has the exact period of their visit.

NME understands that late summer is the time currently being discussed, and the chances are that they'll be headlining at least one major open-air event. They could conceivably headline a West Coast bill which is being planned for Wembley Stadium, with Linda Ronstadt as one of the likely support acts.

FLEETWOOD MAC are also expected back here later in 1978. Their new double album is due out in the summer, and they'll be going on a world tour coinciding with its release. As far as Britain and Europe are concerned, the band are known to favour a few selected stadium gigs, rather than an orthodox concert tour — and here again, Wembley is very much in contention as their major British date.

BEACH BOYS: 'NO SPLIT'

THE BEACH BOYS have been quick to deny stories in the U.S. and British music press (not NME) that they are about to split up, and that they would shortly be headlining a televised farewell concert. A statement issued by their lawyers says that these reports are "totally incorrect".

The group have just finished a sell-out tour of Australia and, earlier this week, played two concerts in Hawaii. They'll be touring extensively in the States during the spring and summer, with ten dates lined up for April, 15 for May, and a full 30-city tour in June and July.

More U.S. gigs are planned for the autumn but, prior to this, it's likely that they'll be visiting Britain to fulfil the promise they made when their U.K. tour last year was cancelled. They said at the time that they would definitely be coming over in 1978, and their management is already negotiating with a top British promoter.

Meanwhile, The Beach Boys go into the studios next week to finish off their first album for Caribou, to be released through CBS in the summer. They are also putting the finishing touches to the soundtrack of a Universal Pictures movie called "Almost Summer", again for summer release.

McTell, Fairport for July Wakes

RALPH McTELL and FAIRPORT CONVENTION are among the first names confirmed for the third annual July Wakes Festival — which this year, paradoxically, is set for August 4, 5 and 6. It will again be staged at the Park Hall Leisure Centre, Charnock Richard — near Chorley in Lancashire.

In view of the bad weather the event has experienced on previous occasions, the promoters are this year providing extensive cover facilities, as well as a club tent. The site will be open for camping from August 1 to 8, and there'll be additional indoor music on August 3 and 4.

Other acts so far confirmed are Boys Of The Lough, Wizz Jones, Dick Gaughan and Bobby Eaglesham of Five Hand Reel (both performing solo sets), Therapy and Mike Elliott. The bill is still far from complete, with two major American acts currently being negotiated, as well as a big British band.

Tickets for the whole weekend will cost £6.50, including camping. Day tickets will also be available at £2.75 for Friday, and £4 for both Saturday and Sunday.

The organisers are making a special offer, to NME readers only, of weekend tickets at last year's price of £5.50. The offer is valid until May 1, and applications should be sent to July Wakes NME Discount Offer, Tudor House Office, Tudor Court, Hanworth, Middlesex. Enclose s.a.e. and make cheques and POs payable to "July Wakes Festival". (Telephone enquiries to 01-751 2164). It's hoped to run special trains from Cambridge to the Wakes event on August 1, the day after the Cambridge Folk Festival ends.

● The 5,000-seater Brighton Conference Centre stages a five-hour concert on Saturday, July 1, showcasing the best in British country music. Titled "Country Comes To Town", it features Frank Jennings Syndicate, the Hillsiders, Little Ginny and her Band, James Donaldson, the Duffy Brothers, Kelvin Henderson and his Country Band, the Down County Boys and the Hank Wangford Band. Tickets are £3.50, £2.75, £2 and £1.50, available from May 1.

Cheaper Parker

ADMISSION to the two London concerts at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on April 30 and May 1 by Graham Parker and the Rumour — which climax their spring British tour, reported last week — is £2, and not £2.60 as previously announced. The figure originally given includes the booking fee you can expect to pay when buying tickets through an agency.

ON THE ROAD

ROSETTA STONE, just back from tours of Japan and Germany, play their first British gigs this year at **Cumnock** Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), **Girvan** Beach Pavilion (Saturday), **Glasgow** Shuffles (Sunday), **Edinburgh** Clouds (March 27), **Kirkcaldy** YMCA Hall (28), **Birmingham** Town Hall (30), **Worthing** Assembly Hall (31), **Andover** Country Bumpkin (April 1), **London Southgate** Royalty (12), **Buckley** Tivoli (20) and **Nuneaton** 77 Club (29).

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA headline a one-off concert at the **London** Palladium on Tuesday, April 4, supported by the Surprise Sisters . . . **THE SUPREMES'** Mary Wilson and her two new backing singers play a three-day season at the same venue from April 13 to 15.

TAPPER ZUKIE BAND support Patti Smith in her two concerts at **London** Rainbow on April 1 and 2. But their show at **Manchester** Russell Club on April 8, part of their previously-announced British tour, has been cancelled.

EATER's latest confirmed bookings are **Bristol** B.Q. Club (this Saturday), **Nottingham** Katie's (Sunday), **Manchester** Pips (April 6), **Newcastle** The Rex (9), **Margate** Dreamland (14), **London Camden** Dingwalls (24), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (25), **Manchester** Rafters (May 4) and **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (8).

DEAD FINGERS TALK are on the road to preview their new Pye album, produced by Mick Ronson, for May release. They play **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (this Saturday), **London Charing-X Road** Astoria with the Fabulous Poodles (April 2), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (14), **Manchester** Rafters (15), **Edinburgh** Clouds (16), **Canterbury** Art College (20), **Margate** Dreamland (21), **London Walthamstow** North-East Polytechnic (22), **London Willesden** Cavern (24), **Sheffield** Limit Club (26), **Leeds** Roots Club (27), **Scarborough** Penthouse (28), **Northampton** County Ground (29), **Swindon** Affair (May 1), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (2), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (3), **Liverpool** Eric's (4), **Brighton** New Regent (12) and **Hull** Tiffany's (15).

The Platters

HERB REED & THE PLATTERS return to Britain next month for a five-week concert and cabaret tour. To coincide with their visit, the group's new single "The Next Best Thing" is released by PVK Records — it's taken from their current album "Sweet River". Confirmed dates and venues are:

Purfleet Circus Tavern (April 9 week), **Camberley** Lakeside Country Club (16 week), **Bedford** Nite Spot (23), **Maesteg** White Wheat (24), **Oakengates** Jubilee '77 Club (25), **Ilford** Kings (26), **London Harlesden** New Roxy Theatre (28), **Manchester** Pembroke Halls (29), **Cleethorpes** Bunny's Club (May 2), **Dublin** Chariot Inn (3-6) and **Batley** Variety Club (7 week).

Planet Gong

PLANET GONG — the outfit comprising former Gong leader Daevid Allen with the Here And Now band — have now set two dozen dates for their free tour, reported four weeks ago. It's being billed as the "Floating Anarchy Free Tour 1978". On all but six of the gigs, there are one or two support bands, with Desperate Straits appearing on a number of dates. Venues originally announced for today and tomorrow (Thursday and Friday), and the full itinerary now comprises:

London Notting Hill Tabernacle (tonight, Thursday), **Gravesend** Music Bowl (Friday), **Stroud** Spring Festival (Saturday), **Yeovil** Johnson Hall (Sunday), **Newport** Kings Head (March 27), **Bristol** Corn Exchange (28), **Borth** Hall (29), **Mould** Assembly Hall (30), **Keele** University (31), **Manchester** University (April 1), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (3), **Bolton** Institute of Technology (4), **Liverpool** Eric's (5), **Sheffield** Limit Club (6), **Coventry** Warwick University (7), **Hemel Hempstead** Decorum College (8), **Colchester** Essex University (9), **Norwich** The Barn (10), **Southend** Zero Six (11), **Wallington** Public Baths (12), **Margate** Dreamland (13), **London** Central Polytechnic (14), **Reading** Technical College (15) and **Southampton** University (16).

THE BANNED have gigs lined up at **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (tonight, Thursday), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (Friday, **Leighton Buzzard** Bossard Hall (March 30), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (31), **Harrogate** P.G.'s (April 1), **Swindon** Affair (10), **Brighton** New Regent (14), **Manchester** Rafters (20), **Liverpool** Rock Garden (21) and **Dudley** J.B.'s (22).

THE ENID play six selected dates in mid-spring at **Aberdeen** University (April 21), **Edinburgh** Heriot Watt University (22), **London New Cross** Goldsmiths College (28), **Canterbury** Kent University (29), **Bedford** Cranfield College (May 6) and **Guildford** Surrey University (12). A few more may be added.

IGNATZ arrive in **London** at the weekend for their third tour of the capital, playing seven gigs in as many days. Under the banner "Celtic Invasion of London", the Scottish band visit Hammersmith Swan (March 26), Camden Brecknock (27), Fulham Golden Lion (28), Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (29), Wardour St. Crackers (30), Kensington Nashville (31) and Camden Dingwalls (April 1).

CHRIS BARBER BAND headline a jazz concert tour, featuring special guests John Lewis (of the Modern Jazz Quartet) on piano and Trummy Young (ex-Louis Armstrong All-Stars) on trombone. Sponsored by Austrian-based hi-fi company Eumig, they play **Derby** Assembly Rooms (April 12), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (13), **Manchester** Royal Exchange (14), **Belfast** Whitla Hall (15), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (16), **Southport** New Theatre (17), **Birmingham** Digbeth Civic Hall (18), **Southampton** Guildhall (19), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (20), **Hatfield** Forum (21), **Cambridge** Melbourn Village College (22) and **Huddersfield** Town Hall (23).

The Real Thing

THE REAL THING set out on tour this week, coinciding with the chart success of their new Pye single "Whenever You Want My Love". The itinerary includes their first-ever headline concert in London — at the Astoria on April 16. Full dates and venues are:

Weston-super-Mare Webbington Country Club (tonight, Thursday), **New Brighton** Floral Pavilion (Friday), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle Hotel (Saturday), **Skegness** Sands (Easter Monday), **Welwyn Garden City** Campus West (April 5), **Stoke** Tiffany's (6), **Huddersfield** Town Hall (7), **Taunton** Odeon (11), **Coventry** Locarno (13), **Newcastle** Mayfair (14), **London Charing-X Rd.** Astoria (16), **Birmingham** Locarno (17), **Ilford** Tiffany's (18), **Gt. Yarmouth** Tiffany's (19), **Nottingham** Palais (20), **London Southgate** Royalty (22), **Salford** Willows (23), **Bradford** Mecca World (24) and **Blackburn** Golden Palms (27).

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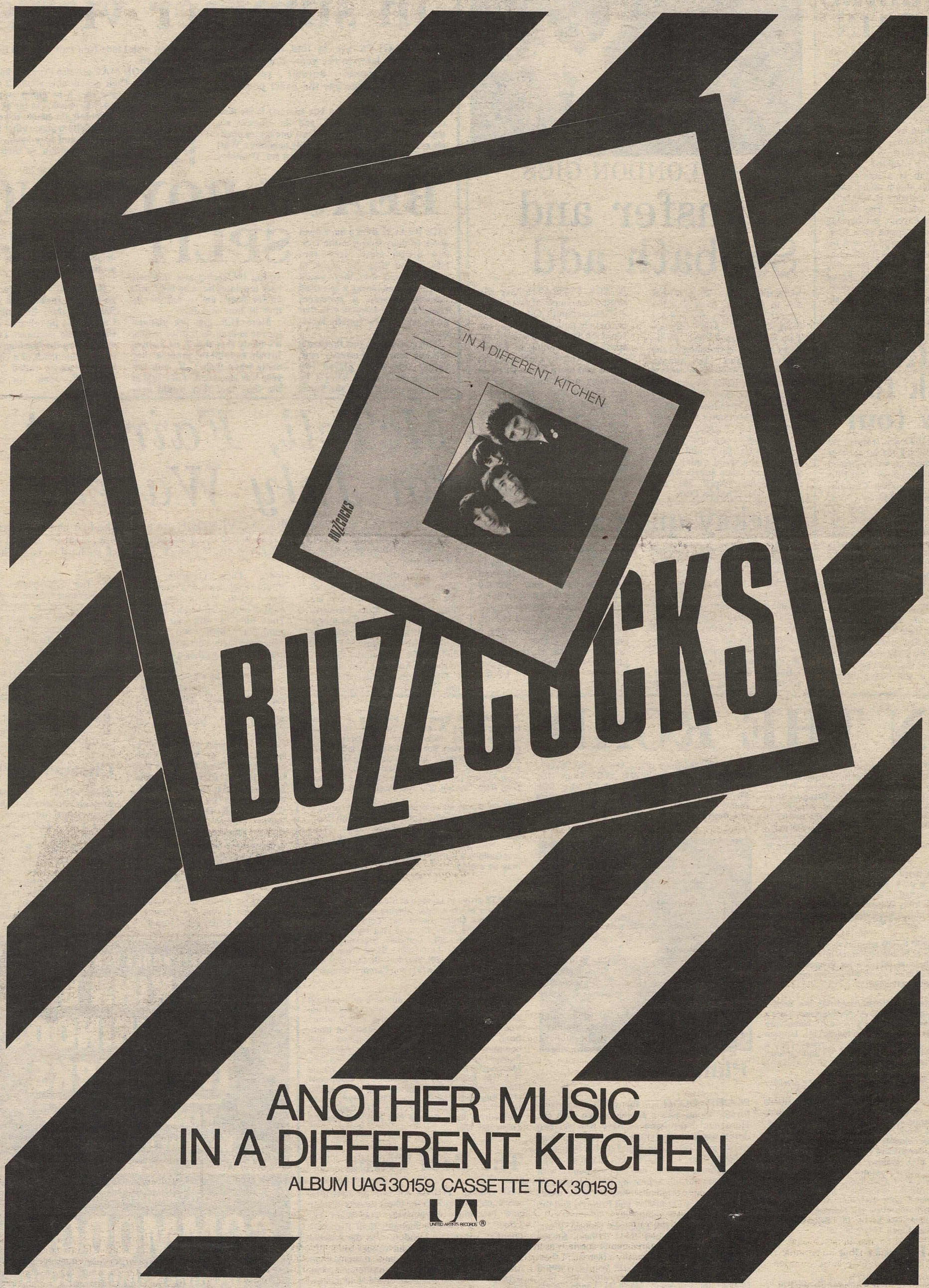
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WHAT DAMNED MADNESS IS THIS?

A Close Encounter of the Weird Kind (you didn't think it was Hall & Oates, did you?) in which DAVE VANIAN joins KID STRANGE in The Doctors of Madness and PETE SUTTON finds out why. CHALKIE DAVIES just takes good pictures.

Bigger than both of them: KID STRANGE and DAVE VANIAN. Off your knees to lose.

DAVE VANIAN has wasted little time in getting himself hitched to a new band. While the corpse of The Damned was still undergoing post mortem in the punk morgue, Kid Strange was wooing their former lead singer with offers of a job in the Doctors Of Madness.

The result is The Doctors mark III (the "of Madness" is optional). At first sight it seems a pretty unlikely match. The Doctors' two and a half year career has been a leisurely drift through various more or less philosophical stances, during which they picked up a jokey intellectual odour and precious little financial rewards, culminating in the departure of violinist Urban Blitz in January.

The Damned's, on the other hand, was a rake's progress, the punk pioneers of a year ago burning themselves out in one exuberantly unconsidered burst of energy, to end up as new wave clowns with the smell of the circus ring in their party clothes.

So The Doctors are now in the unusual position of having a new album to promote, "Sons Of Survival", with a relatively untried singer in place of a violinist.

On the basis of their Roundhouse gig last month, they could easily continue as a three piece. Are The Doctors hoping to acquire some instant street credibility by recruiting a former new wave star? Is Dave Vanian making a bid for intellectual respectability? Or is this another attempt by Kid Strange to baffle the largely indifferent British public?

We are gathered at Polydor's offices — Kid Strange, Peter Di Lemma, Stoner, new boy Vanian and myself — to discuss this strange alliance.

"Seems strange?" the Kid of the same name raises an eyebrow. "Thank goodness for that. Heaven forbid if it didn't seem strange. There are a number of reasons . . . not all of them purely cerebral."

He prepares himself for an eloquent explanation of the union: in short, it seems an effective way of fazing the public, and also means that with an extra vocalist, he'll be able to take more care with his playing — working as a three piece has apparently been a bit of a strain.

"Another thing, we're great fans of Dave anyway, we think he's a great performer, so it's an added prong to the visual attack. I think he was one of the top three performers of last year, in terms of stage visual. Dave was really wasted with The Damned, because he was singing twelve versions of 'Neat Neat Neat' in a set."

DAVE VANIAN has been sitting in modest silence while Kid sings his praises. Dressed in slick black, he briefly conjures up an image of a card sharp who unexpectedly finds himself receiving the OBE. "In some respects it was true," he murmurs in thoughtful agreement, especially as the second album was basically a re-hash of the first.

"One, two, three, from start to finish, with one little bit in the middle where you slowed down and actually thought about singing. There was nothing that would let you use your vocals in a more effective context, which was a shame because it could have developed really well."

So The Doctors will allow him to extend his talents in previously unseen directions. "It's, er, a complete challenge. There was a kind of formula with The Damned, and now I've just about got a free rein. It's much more experimental, much more exciting, I think."

Sure, but what will his role be in the new Doctors? Apart from splitting vocals between Kid and Dave, it's evidently too early to say. At the time of our meeting the band hadn't even rehearsed, and were approaching their debut gig, then less than a fortnight away, with the intoxicating idea of not really knowing what would happen.

"There's no hard and fast answers about what it will be like," says Kid guardedly. "We're just doing it because it seems like a fairly exciting idea for both parties. As a band, we're a day old, and already we've had more ideas than most bands have in a lifetime."

WHAT IDEAS? Evasive laugh, not saying. But Kid has no doubt that whatever emerges is going to walk all over the competition. "I've been watching a lot of bands lately. It got to the point where I was trying to develop some sort of modesty, humility," Kid confesses, surprised at himself.

"But seeing all these bands has blown it for me, because I know that on any level we're superior — in terms of presentation, material, delivery, performance, insight, I know we score higher — which is great, it gives you a rush!" Humility and Kid Strange are incompatible, for later he compares the band with Bowie and Reed — "Who else is there!"

I am reminded of a two year old publicity hand out, in which Kid rated only Dylan and Lennon as writers of comparable stature. "And look what they've done, they've abdicated, they've let me down terribly. I'm up here on me own now, and it's lonely." I'm not convinced he's joking this time.

Back in the Polydor conversation cell, Dave reminisces about The Damned's Los Angeles

Continues over

HALL & OATES

From over page

trip. "Many of those kids were months and months behind what was happening in England," he recalls sadly, "but they were really picking up on things. There was even a kind of semi-punk scene, but it was like a comedy version, because they weren't sure of what was what." Speaking of which, was he ever troubled by The Damned's eventual reputation as a comedy act?

"Well . . . it was never meant to be that way. It's just that the Captain's eccentricities are well known." A patient smile appears on the pale features. "But it didn't annoy me unduly, because The Damned were four separate individual identities, rather than a band which you just thought of as The Damned. Everyone just had their ways of doing things, there was no particular rigid structure."

But, though Dave was supposedly the front man, weren't the Captain and Rat getting all the limelight?

"Yeah, but simply because of their forceful identities. Some places people would pick up on the Captain. And Rat, being the one with the biggest mouth at the time, you couldn't get a word in edgeways. But I didn't feel upstaged. And Brian was just a stereotype rock guitarist, I suppose. It worked to the degree that you'd just let them fire off." Were these the seeds of the band's eventual demise? Dave reckons that the introduction of the second guitarist, Lu, was as much responsible.

"Getting in another guitarist gave Brian someone to instantly identify with, but it turned out that the other members of the band plus guitarist caused too much friction, it worked out as two bands, or three bands, in one separate band. It just didn't work out."

LOOKING BACK, Vanian is none too happy about The Damned's early handling. The constant gigging, the indecent haste to put something before the punters and record buyers, the whole speed-of-light process of making it, left no time to consider the future.

"The first time I saw The Damned I thought they were supremely exciting," Kid takes up his cause, "it was just a rush, it was just energy — as we used to call it last year. I saw them ten, fifteen times after that, and it was never the same as on that first gig. And I think that's principally because of their management situation — they were possibly seen as a potential fast buck to be made last year, so you get them out working every night. You were working so hard last year," he tells Dave, who has been nodding agreement to this critique.

"That's pretty much how it was really, this time last year it was very fresh and new. Thinking back, I wouldn't have jumped in so quickly," he continues with the air of one who has learnt to control his own destiny.

"I'd be much more careful about the writing of material, and think, let's do a tour for so long, then sit back and think what we should do after that, as regards music." But it was more a case of hurrying to get a set together, then taking it on the road.

Dave now regrets having signed with Stiff. Jake Rivera, Stiff Records' founder and The Damned's early manager, never seemed to take quite the same directing interest in the band's career as did some other new wave managers at the time. "Jake had a lot of ideas about publicity and things, but he never really shaped the band as such," Dave recalls." It was kind of Jake's little brain child from the beginning, but when it got half way through, he got tired of it, just dropped it, split with Stiff, split with the band, etc. etc. I think from the start he was just caught up in the excitement of something new.

"Yeah, I still see him now and again; get on okay, still talk . . . grit me teeth." Something like a rueful laugh is heard.

BUT THAT is history. By way of clarifying The Doctors' future moves, Kid Strange places his feet on the table to display a pair of ratty shoes. Written across the toes are the words "pop" and "art."

"In the past there's been too much of the left foot, and not enough of the right," he explains, "so the next few months will be an attempt to popularise art — by having a good face, by having someone who can do things that I can't do onstage. I'm very aware that Dave has talents that I haven't got."

The new line up is bound to attract people who just want to see an ex-member of The Damned. "But," says Dave, "it will be good from the fact that a lot of people who came to see us wouldn't normally see The Doctors, and they'll be introduced to something new."

Kid, impatiently aware of the restrictiveness of categories, continues, "A lot of people who used to come and see us are going to be exposed to Dave for the first time, and I'm sure they're going to enjoy it. I think this will bring two different groups of people together to see a third different type of music."

The timing of the new line up's debut gig, Easter Sunday, could augur well for a resurrection of The Doctors. But Kid takes great pleasure in pointing out the risks. "It's a chance. Rock and roll is about taking chances, a lot of people have forgotten that. It could all be over in two weeks time, we've got no illusions about that really," he adds philosophically. "We don't want it to hang together on the basis of sentiment, but on the basis of excitement, quality, satisfaction, the original things we were doing it for."

"And I've got ideas which have evolved over the past year which I wouldn't have been able to do before, and which perhaps I'll do now, perhaps I won't," Dave hints secretively.

"It's just an idea," Kid sums it up, "and it might just work."

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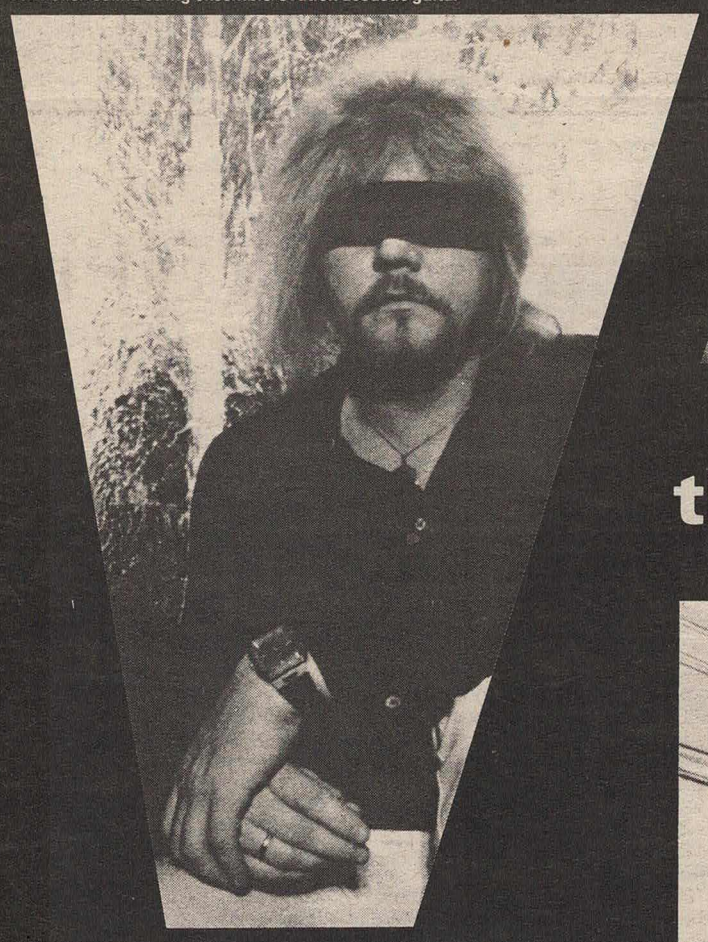

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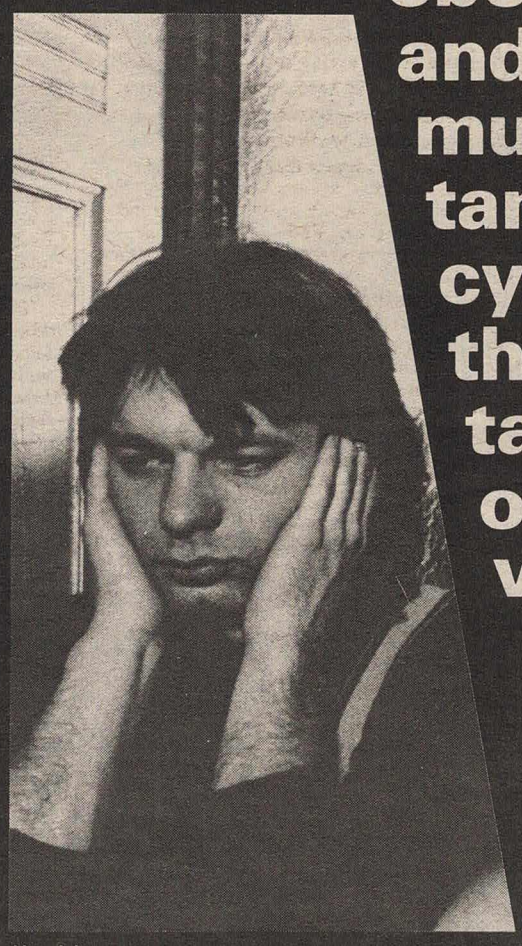

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THRILLS

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE IN TODAY'S BELFAST

YOU'RE IN THE BARBED WIRE 'N' RUBBLE GENERATION

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS amid the 'peace line' wasteland between the Catholic Falls Road and Protestant Shankhill Road areas of Belfast. l to r Jake, Henry, Brian, Ally.

NORTHERN IRISH group Stiff Little Fingers want "to shock the British public out of their complacency towards the barbed wire and rubble generation" of Belfast, and their debut single has already created controversy in Ulster.

The song, "Suspect Device" has resulted in a page feature on the group in the Northern Irish edition of the *Daily Mirror.* But not satisfied with what they obviously regard as parochial notoriety, Stiff Little Fingers made a dozen cassette copies of the privately financed single, and posted them to a number of London based record companies and Capital Radio.

Blatantly exploiting the anti-terrorist theme of the song, the cassette case is illustrated with a stark black and white pic of an incendiary device recovered by the British army last year.

"I don't care if some people think the idea is in bad taste," the group's lead guitarist-vocalist, Jake Burns states defiantly.

"It gets across what we're about. And it might just get us noticed. That's exactly what we want to achieve. We want to get an over-reaction . . . but we're not sick."

But asked whether their motives were purely altruistic in voicing the grievances of a teen-generation in the middle of a civil war over which they have no control, Burns is uncompromisingly blunt.

"No they ain't," he answers.

"Obviously we want our music to be heard by as many people as possible, and we're not naive enough to believe we're in this business for any other reason. We want to be famous, the same as everybody else, and if they say *they're* in it for anything else they're liars. But we've also got a valid point to make."

Formed last May, Stiff Little Fingers claim they're the first Northern Irish new wave band. The four members were all born and brought up in the infamous area of North Belfast where religious hatred and sectarian killings are commonplace.

Not surprisingly Burns is contemptuous of their punk precursors in the UK, such as the Sex Pistols and Clash, who have had a comparatively cushy life.

Acknowledging that the Pistols stimulated British youth with a new political and social awareness, to the extent they were the inspiration for 'Fingers forming , he adds, "But they can't judge real repression until they come here."

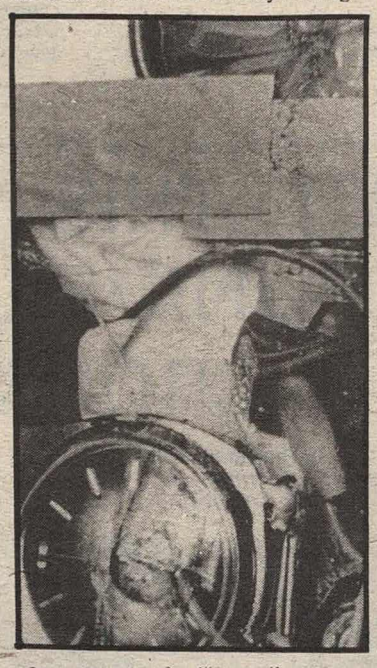
And although the Belfast band have written and perform a diatribe against British attitudes called, "White Noise" *("Green Wogs Green Wogs/Faces Don't Fit Ain't No Brit")*, Burns isn't too proud to sign to a London label, should the opportunity present itself after the respective A&R departments have heard their single.

"If we can use them rather than have them use us, that's fine," he comments.

Doubtless Burns and his crew are opportunists, but there's no question "Suspect Device" is lyrically vitriolic.

"Inflammable material is planted in my head
It's a suspect device that's left 2,000 dead
They take away our freedom
In the name of liberty
Why can't they all just clear off
Why can't they let us be
They make us feel indebted
For saving us from hell
And then they put us through it
It's time the bastards fell".

"It's just no fun being young in Belfast," Burns understates. "There's nowhere to go, nothing to do. So we have to make our own fun by making



Cassette case for "Incendiary Device" — from an army photo of the real thing.

our kind of music and that would mean nothing if it ignored all the crap that's flying around us.

"Punks in England complain about hassles on the street," he adds, "but they've never seen hooded men at a barricade. Their cops don't carry sub-machine guns."

Burns also makes it clear that "Suspect Device" is not a peace-song, or anything to do with the Peace Movement. But he concedes, "Maybe it's a cry for peace . . . it's a song of hope." And he wants an end to terrorism as much as hopes the British army will leave Ulster.

Already Stiff Little Fingers have felt the repercussions from the release of their single, with 500 copies hand-delivered to Belfast shops last week, and the same amount again being pressed.

A forthcoming tour of Northern Ireland is in jeopardy and Burns expects the band will have to perform under an assumed name to get gigs. He agrees that it's a *similar* situation to that the Pistols had in the UK.

Burns dismisses the suggestion they're now targets for extremists.

"It's a risk, but I don't think it's that great a risk."

The record cost over £500 to record and press and is currently available in certain Belfast outlets. The London shop, Rough Trade, recently took delivery of 50 copies.

"Now what we need is a recording company with enough guts to take us on and give is a wider audience," says Burns. "We've already got enough material for an album."

But any interested record company will need a promotion department as able as Stiff Little Fingers themselves.

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

BUT IT'S THE LIFE OF REILLY IN ECOTOPIA

THE NEW CALIFORNIAN CONSCIOUSNESS

FORGET THE current view of California as nothing more than the home of The Eagles and the countless other members of the laid-back league, and forget the current portrayal of the west coast ethic as nothing more than hippy dippy drug-sodden escapism. There's far more than that to American Californian idealism, as the latest batch of printed matter to arrive on the Tracy desk testifies. In fact, American ideas are pushing out in new and exciting directions.

In the vanguard of the new west coast visions is a novel, *Ecotopia,* by Ernest Callenbach, which has already achieved cult status and could well achieve mass market acceptance. It's certainly a utopian novel for our times, set at the turn of the century and perhaps a radically different society from the hedonistic consumptive America of today.

In the book the three most westerly states of America — California, Oregon and Washington — have seceded from the rest of the country and set up as an independent unit, Ecotopia. For years the inhabitants refuse to allow outsiders in while they develop a new society along ecological/alternative technology/radical political/liberationist lines.

William Weston, an investigative reporter for the New York *Times-Post* becomes, in 1999, the first outsider to view the results. The book takes the form of his notebooks, on one level factual reporting, on the other his personal diary. The resulting work is a tapestry of innovative ideas woven into a cohesive image of a possible tomorrow.

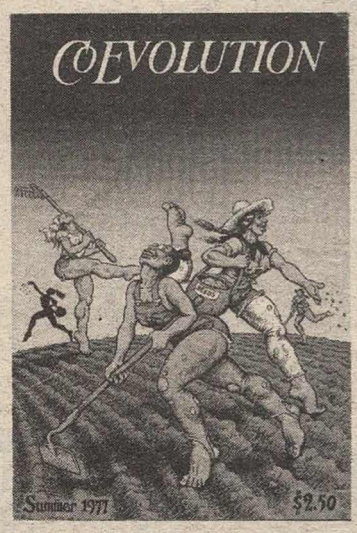
In many respects the story behind the book is equally interesting. Ernest Callenbach, a 48 year old divorcee, began penning the book in 1972 in his spare time. The resulting manuscript was then systematically rejected by 25 New York publishers.

Undismayed, Callenbach formed his own company, Banyan Tree Books, with 10 shares of 350 each, and did a first print of 2,500 copies. Within three months they were sold out and the book has now printed 32,000 copies.

At this point the paperback firm Bantam Books stepped in, shelling out $18,000 for the rights and planning an initial print of 100,000 backed with heavy promotion. In the post-*Star Wars* atmosphere of the film business, there was talk of a movie; Callenbach holds 85% of the movie rights.

Big screen treatment or no, Callenbach's ideas are reflected in another Californian publication, the *Co-Evolution Quaterly,* an almost book length bound magazine packed with ideas.

The man behind it is Stewart Brand who, back in the early '70's, put together the mammoth compilation of tools and resources, *The Whole Earth Catalogue.* Specifically aimed at the American back-to-the-land movement, it was so successful it sold 5 million copies, earned Brand a fortune (which he gave away at a special party arranged for the purpose), spawned an equally large sequel *(The Whole Earth Epilog)* and ultimately gave birth to the *Co-Evolution Quarterly.*



Robert Crumb's vision of 'Voluntary Simplicity' on the cover of Co-Evolution Quarterly

Much of its material is so much mental eyewash, the prime example being a big feature on "Voluntary Simplicity", a report on how the white middle class can unload their possessions and still enjoy life. Most people call it being poor. Happily it had the arse ragged out of it by cartoonist Robert Crumb in the same issue.

But *CQ*'s information is unique and wouldn't otherwise see the light of day outside specialist publications. For example, they featured a long interview with astronaut Rusty Schweickart who revealed, for the first time how the astronauts relieved themselves on board Skylab.

He told Brand, "The most beautiful sight in orbit, is a urine dump at sunset, because as the stuff comes out it instantly flashes into ten million little ice crystals which go out almost in a hemisphere because it's exiting into a perfect vacuum . . . just a spray of sparklers. It's really a spectacular sight." So now you know.

They've published fiction by J. G. Ballard and others and provide some of the best ecopolitical material around. The latest issue is the best yet, with a special section on Communications featuring the excellent Gene Youngblood on cultural politics.

In the UK *Co-evolution Quarterly* has been adopted by the Open University as a course book.

Two special issues of the *CQ* were devoted to the concept of Space Colonies, with serious and highly detailed plans to build large megalopolises in outer space, a giant technological enterprise coloured by utopian visions of zero-gravity swimming pools and tree-lined avenues inside giant metal pods whirring through space.

● Continued over page

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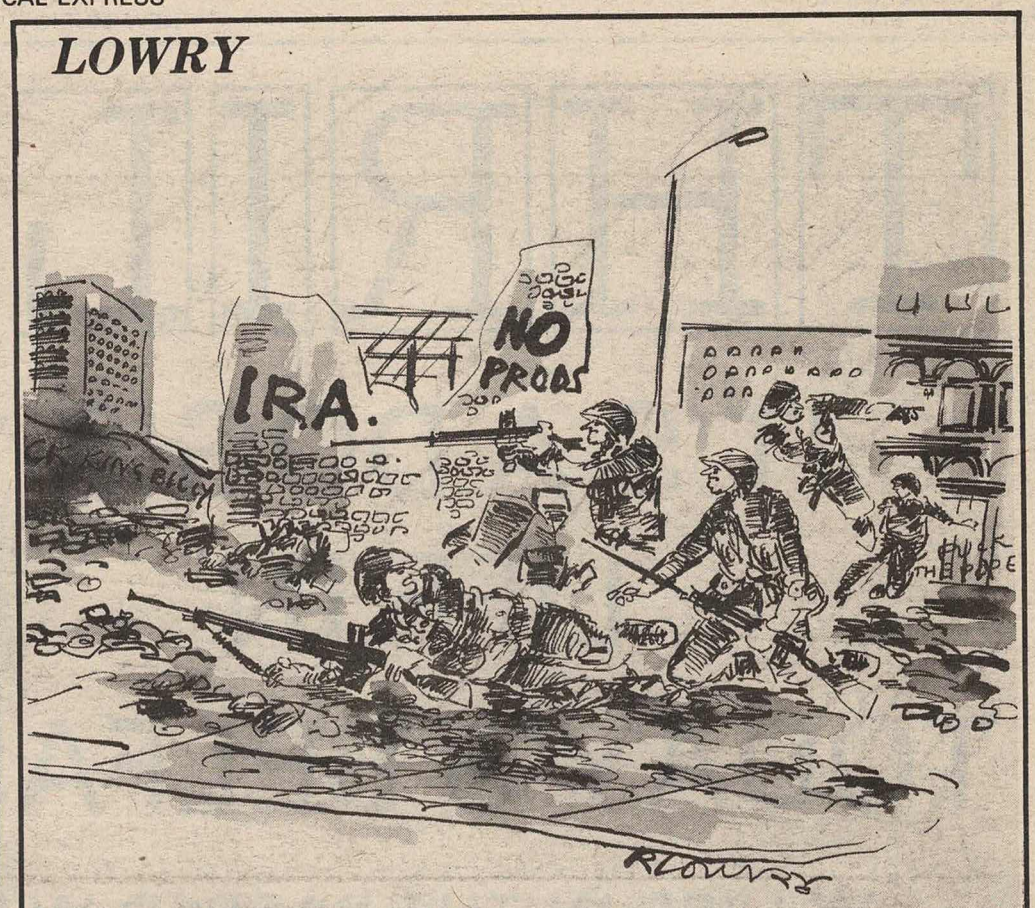

"I joined the army because I was fed up with hanging around, fighting on street corners."

● From previous page

An opportunity to examine the arguments for and against the idea comes with a Penguin paperback due out shortly, which reports *CQ* material with fresh interviews and the like.

Meantime press baron Jan Wenner completes this west coast print survey with his new magazine *Outside*, fielded to catch the vast outdoor consumer market.

It's a hip *National Geographic* for the Fresh Air generation, featuring immaculate layouts, stunning photography, pretentious prose and hysterical advertising. What can you do when confronted with a serious article entitled *The New Zoos?*

The bulky advertising content plugs artefacts like the 'Rolls Royce of Backpacks', battery-heated socks, wood stoves, parkas, British army surplus shorts and hand-crafted toilet seats.

No doubt a future treat will be 'Fear and Loathing In the Madagascan Jungle' featuring the good doctor and his Samoan attorney ingesting vast quantities of chemicals while on the trail of albino lemours and dinosaur eggs. It's even got Jack Ford, the ex-President's son, as Assistant to the Publisher. Maybe *NME* can enlist Prince Charles.

DICK TRACY

ECOTOPIA BY Ernest Callenbach: Currently available only in the original Banyan Tree Press edition. Cost: £2.00 plus 20p p&p from Compendium Books, 240 Camden High Street, LONDON NW1. Due to be published in the UK by Pluto Press in June.

THE CO-EVOLUTION QUARTERLY: Available from Hassle Free Press, BCM Box 311, LONDON WC1V 6XX. Individual copies: £2.00. Sub. for 4 issues: £7.00.

SPACE COLONIES: To be published by Penguin Books on March 30th. £2.25.

OUTSIDE: 70p. Monthly. Available from newsagents.

THRILLS

ABOUT THIS PUNK/REGGAE CROSSOVER . . .

Below **THRILLS** *brings you* **The Jamaican Weekly Gleaner's** *version of what the punk movement is all about, together with the formerly unknown Welsh origins of the Pistols.*

As for the three down-from-Knightsbridge nurds in the picture . . . the less said the better.

SI photo

PUNK ROCKERS: Britain 's latest pop trendies are the Punk Rockers. Their bizarre appearance includes such touches as vividly-dyed hair, oozes of make-up, ballet tights and ripped plastic skirts. The new shock cult has sprung up in Wales. And it has drummed up quite a reaction there. Punk Rockers follow pop groups like Sex Pistol, which specialises in obscene languages, and insulting audiences. From the left are Punk Rockers: Michael Hewitt, Mark Taylor and Tony Brolin.

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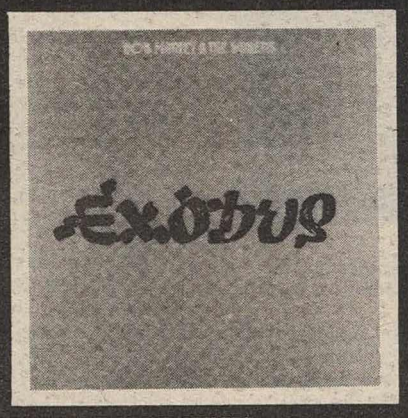

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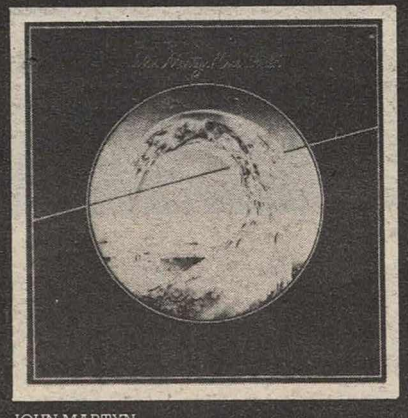

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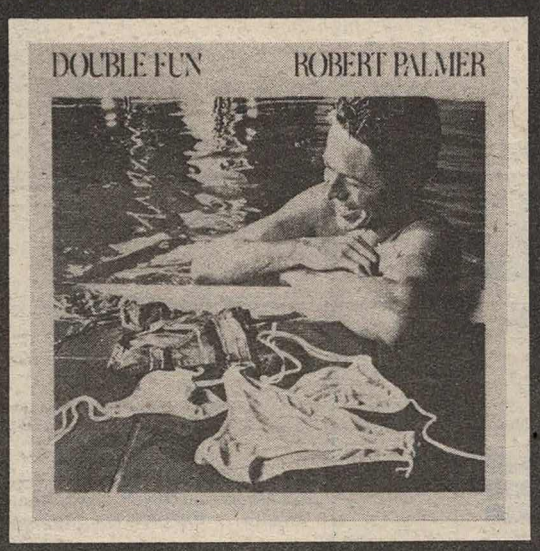

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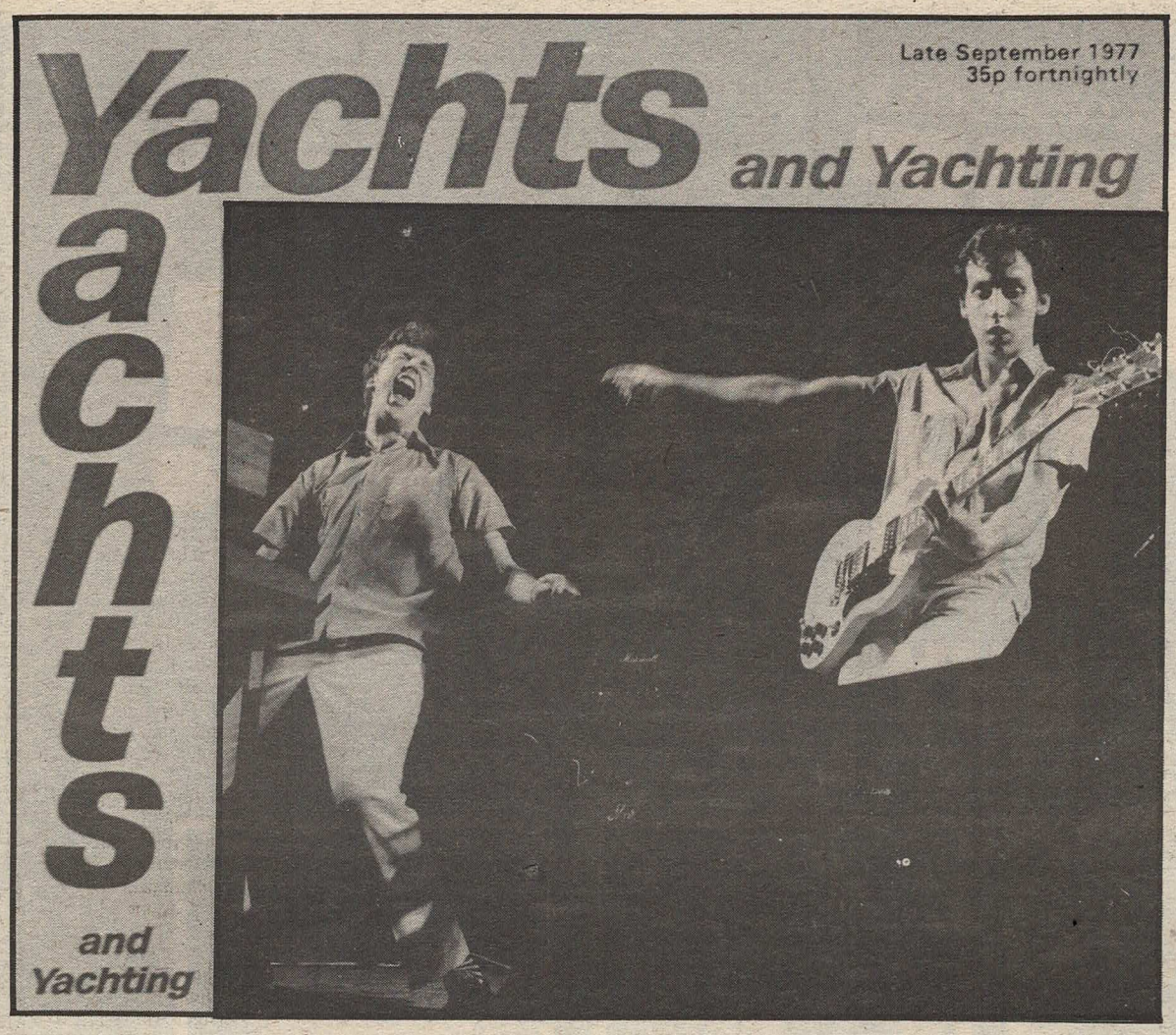
RECORDS MUST BE RETURNED IN GOOD ORDER OFFER CLOSES 20th APRIL 1978



. . .which is basically what it's all about

THE SCENE is the Camden Music Machine . . . now, what sort of a gig is this gonna be? I ask myself. Delirious 'pop kids' stumble around the dance floor doing weird imitations of the twist. The DJ's just as hip, churning out all our 'fave' hits . . . The Searchers, The 'Fab Four', Freddy and The Dreamers.

"We're so happy and that's how we're gonna stay," bleats Manfred Mann, setting the tone for the whole evening.

I begin to have my doubts . . . I swear it, if I catch sight of *one* 'Ultra-brite' smile, *one* shaking moptop, I'll throw myself off the balcony. I'd suffer death rather than 'Power Pop'.

Yachts take the stage, hmmm . . . no mop tops, that's a relief. In fact they look like their name suggests. Henry Priestman on keyboards is decked out in a kind've pastel-red short-sleeved summer shirt.

Martin, on guitar and the 'lion's share of the vocals' wears a sky-blue one, Martin on bass is in pale yellow, while Bob on drums is resplendent in a subtly radiant green number . . . you get the picture?

Legwise they're *all* clad in identical beige 'Perma-press' cotton casuals suitable for wear either at home or on the beach. Footwear is, for the most part, 'Dunlop" slip-on deck shoes in resilient navy-blue canvas with non-slip soles.

All this combined with their endearingly wholesome haircuts makes me wonder what kind of guys they are. Maybe they spend their time *'hanging out'* down their nighbourhood sports emporium kitted out in 'Fred Perry' nylon, or flexing their muscles by youth-club ping-pong tables smelling of 'Brut' and 'Fabulon'.

What *are* they playing? Power Pop? I hope not, 'cause about three songs into their set I discover that I'm actually *enjoying* them — light, 'Fun/Love' songs punctuated with crisp, ringing guitar and sea-breezes Farfisa organ, bringing a breath of fresh air into a stagnant midweek Music Machine (no mean achievement, believe me).

When the gig's over and I'm searching in the labyrinth of corridors backstage for the dressing-room, I'm thinking of what to say to these guys. What is it that I like about them? Maybe it's the snatches of wry humour that I caught in bits of their lyrics, the chip-shop tropical equarium Fablon on the drumkit, Henry Priestman gyrating and finger-popping like a crazed Surfari, behind a stripped down Farfisa.

Maybe on the other hand, it's just that they write good catchy 'pop' songs . . . Maybe they'll think I'm taking the piss?

Thankfully, these four youths from Liverpool insist that they are *not* 'Power Pop' and I'm glad to say I agree with them . . . in fact they're *better* than that, which is how I come to be sitting in this West-end pub on the morning after the Music Machine as several members of Yachts breeze in from the sunny Charing Cross Road . . .

"Hi," they say cheerily.

I return their greeting, and we launch into an interview fraught with the most dire maritime puns, which, for the sake of the sensistive among us, I shall keep to a minimum.

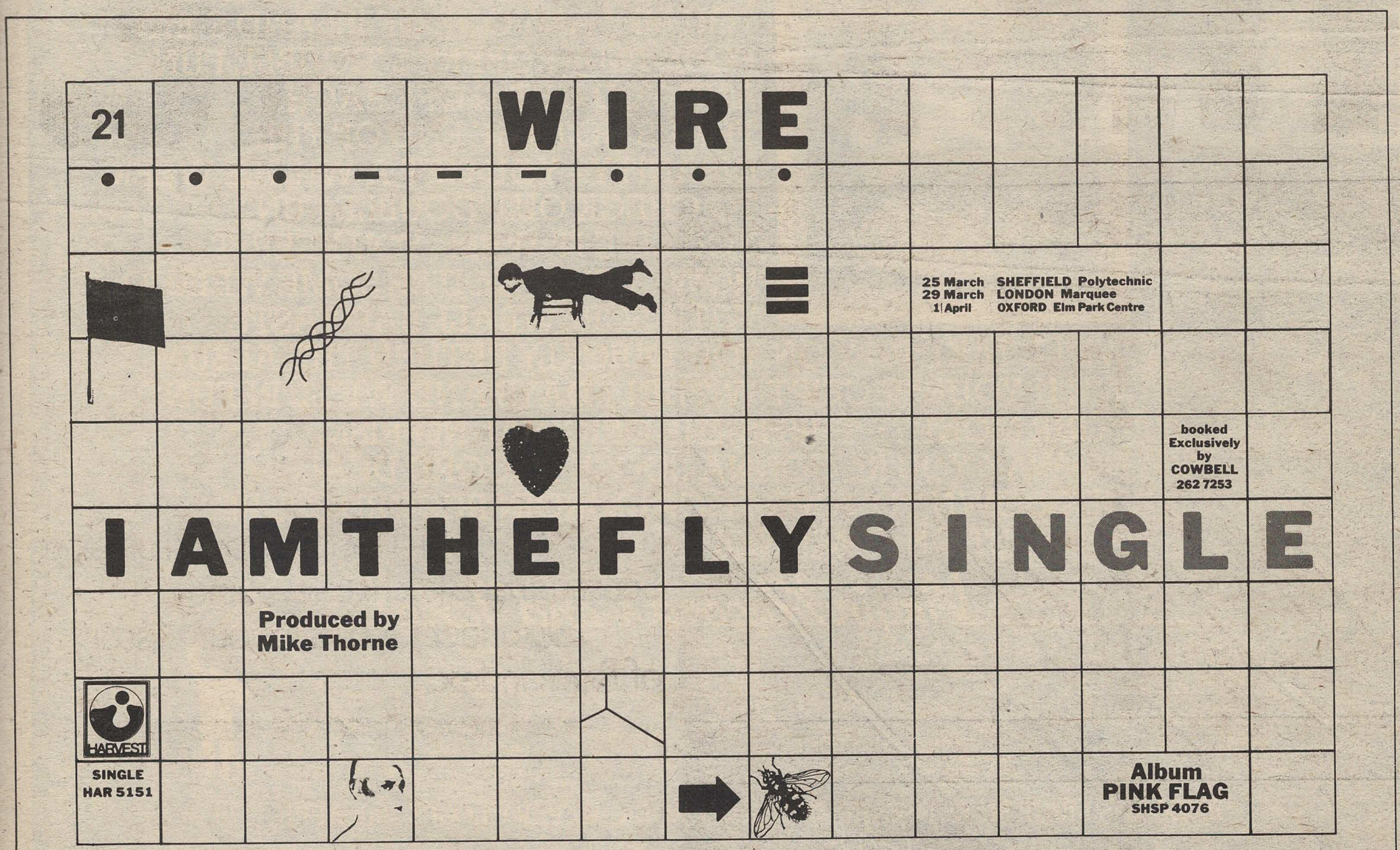
Basically, the name Yachts (note the absence of the definite article) was chosen from a list of answers in a crossword puzzle for its 'clean,' 'bright' overtones.

The band, formed as a five-piece in June '77, playing their first gig at Eric's in Liverpool a month later (7/7/77) to be precise.

Roundabout August they cut a one-off single for Stiff, which their manager reckons is "going down a storm" in Germany.

October came and John the singer went back to college. The band floundered for a while trying to find some kind of identity as a four-piece, an identity which they subsequently discovered supporting the Boomtown Rats on tour — "It was a very educating experience, that tour."

Prior to the Music Machine they'd just taken a three-day holiday, the first break from gigging in eight weeks, which gave them the opportunity to see *Star Wars* and sample the automatic food experience of McDonald's hamburgers (their fave edible substance, by the way).



Their influences are surprising. Apart from the obvious pop, they mention a great liking for Kraftwerk and Dub. In fact they preface the live performance of their single with a superb dub pastiche.

"It's all in fun though . . . we enjoy playing it and we hope that comes across to the audience . . ."

"I'm just a young romantic fool / I wrote this specially for you / Although the rhyming's not that hot / It's quite a snappy little tune / (Chorus:) *Suffice to say you love me / I can't say that I blame you / Suffice to say I love you too."*

Their choice of non-originals is interesting to say the least: "Here Comes My Baby" a dusty gem by those unsung heroes The Tremoloes and a version of Gene Pitney's divinely melodramatic soap opera on wheels "24 Hours From Tulsa".

In addition to this there's "Secret Agent", done orginally by The Olympics, and "No One Else Can Love Me", a slow, forgotten 'B' side by The Searchers.

Comparisons have been made with The Beach Boys . . . 'Mersey-Surf'? . . . yeah I can almost see the sense in that . . . Remember "California Girls"? Well, not to be outdone, Yachts come up with an answer . . .

When we're in foreign parts / I still think of Northern girls / Took them straight to our hearts / There's none like Northern girls / I know romance is due / When I remember that we're Northern boys."

There's something almost perversely tongue-in-cheek about their bland wholesomeness, but then it's just like me to imagine impurities that maybe don't exist. These guys look like the genuine article. Good guys in Bri-Nylon. Book 'em into Butlins . . . I mean, why not?

Yachts have got good songs, a sense of fun / humour and music that is fresh, forward-looking and competently played . . what more can a modern pop kid ask for?

"Well, lads," I venture, "now that you've been in *NME* I guess it's all plain-sailing from now on . . . ha ha geddit plain sailing . . ."

They cringe, wave goodbye, and cruise off down Shaftesbury Avenue in search of 'Big Macs'.

Bon Voyage.

TED HEATH

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER

HIPPY HAIR RINSING REVELATION

RECOGNISE the lovely dark-haired flower person gazing lovingly from this album cover? Not the one in beard and glasses, dodo, the sultry-eyed pouting beauty behind him.

Her name is Deborah Harry, finger cymbalist with dippy hippie outfit The Wind In The Willows, circa 1968. The semi-comatose berk with a nova sprouting out of his bonce (on the left) is wondering what Debbie would look like after a peroxide job. And the girl sprawled out in front of *him* looks as though she'd have been Miss Right for Frank 'A Million Tabs A Day' Marino.

Can't wait for the next Blondie album — don't forget your roots, womaaan — and if Debbie says this is her mum we here at *NME* won't believe her.

Thanks to our man in Denmark, Thomas Gjurup, for providing the dope, as it were.

KENNETH GRAHAM

THRILLS

THE ELVIS INDUSTRY (PT 2)

A MAJOR confrontation is developing between the major copywright holders of Elvis's music and the large number of Elvis impersonators currently working the boards in America.

The Chappell Music Company, the Hudson Bay Music Company and Elvis Presley Music, in a statement issued though Broadcast Music Inc, the major licensing organisation in America, warned concert promoters that they are restricted from permitting any performance of more than three Elvis Presley songs at any one time; breach of this would, they claim, violate the companies' "dramatic performing rights".

To illustrate what this cryptic quote means, the BMI explained: "You do three Beatles tunes in a live performance and all you have is a medley of Beatle tunes. However, when you do, say, 14 Beatle tunes, coupled with dance and costumes and sets, then you've got something called 'Beatlemania'."

Most highly peeved with these developments is famous Elvis "tribute showman" Alan Meyer. His manager told *Variety:* "Alan is the pioneer of the Tribute To Elvis concept and has been performing as such for the past five years with great success and no problems."

Alan Meyer aside, there are other shows already on the road. Rick Saucedo is on Broadway with *Elvis The Legend Lives* currently playing to a soft box office. Ron Young stars in *To Elvis With Love* while Eddie Valliquette appears nightly at the L.A. Tropicana in *Eddie Does Elvis.*

This whole issue had an airing in London recently when the Performing Rights Society considered the question of licensing the *Elvis* musical currently running at London's Astoria Theatre. The show was considered to be more than just a concert and the Society turned over the licensing of it to the music publishers involved.

As mentioned in our original feature, a giant merchandising corporation called Factors Etc Inc acquired exclusive rights to produce and market Elvis memorabilia.

They're selling everything from 15 cent bubblegum to $850 gold medallions plus tack like Elvis Christmas-tree ornaments, Elvis wristwatches, and gold-plated replicas of the singer's army dog tag.

Other schemes include a do-it-yourself Elvis quilt kit, but the top award for crass opportunism must go to three speculators who bought up some land near Horn Lake, Miss., once owned by Presley, for $5000 an acre and now plan to gross $60 million by selling it off — at $10 an inch.

Meantime five year-old Dennis Wise, who walks, talks and wears his hair like Presley recently went into a hospital in Orlando, Florida, for plastic surgery to make him look even more like the genuine article. The operation was paid for by promoter Danny O'Day, who admits that he hopes to cash in on the lad by setting up a string of personal appearances once Dennis takes the bandages off.

The book and film bonanza continues apace. Rock, promoter Jerry Weintraub has announced that he is near agreement with the Presley estates over film rights for Elvis's life story. Meantime a cheapo, *The Living Legend,* starring Ginger Alden, said to be Presley's fiancee at the time of his death, is already shooting.

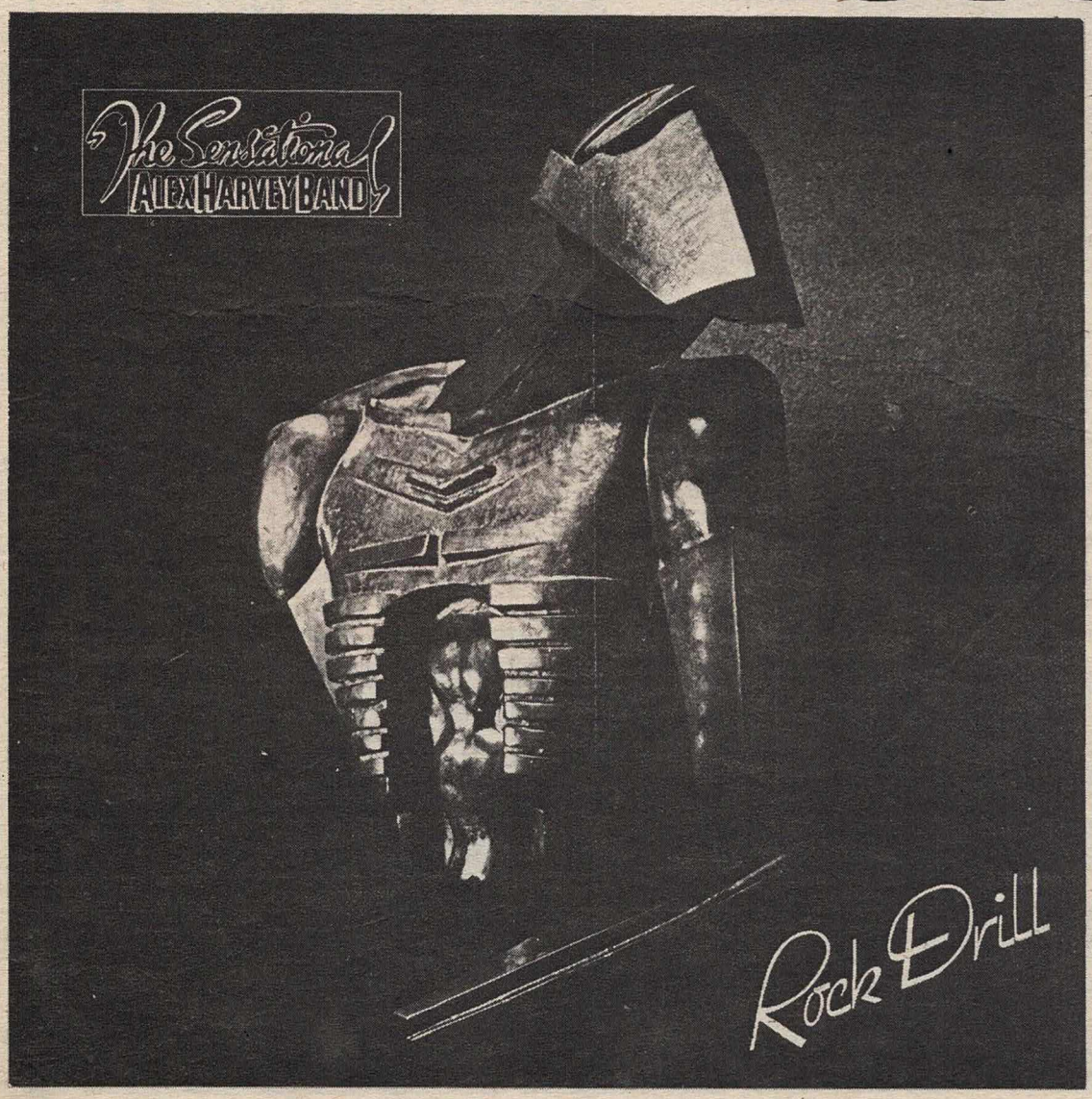
Bookwise, Vester Presley, Elvis's 62-year-old uncle who's still the gatekeeper at Gracelands, is writing a memoir entitled *A Presley Speaks.*

As a final word, a nine-foot white flowering dogwood tree will be planted near Elvis's grave. It was presented as a gift from the Elvis Is King fan club of Sunderland. Flowers among the garbage.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

The last bit.



Rock Drill. The last word from the Sensational Alex Harvey Band.

File under 'Genius' in your History of Rock index.

You'll never hear the like again.

marketed by phonogram

TOPS 114

MOUNTAIN RECORDS

KATE BUSH CITY LIMITS

THE KATE BUSH sitting opposite me bears scant resemblance to the doe-eyed female currently plastered all over London in poster form.

She looks out from the top of double-decker buses, peers at the weary commuter from inbetween the tube ads for *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* and *Dalton's Weekly* — omnipresent, Kate Bush certainly is.

On the posters it's a coy, soft-focused Kate showing enough breast to — well, at least titilate the passing passengers. Face-to-face Kate Bush is an impish hippy girl who belies her much touted 19 years.

Her debut *Top Of The Pops* appearance gave rise to Kate being described as "a dark haired Lynsey De Paul", but she is neither doll-like or petite, though hardly tall. Her faded jeans are mostly concealed under a pair of sheepskin lined thigh-high reddish suede boots, and are in marked contrast to her very feminine fringed top.

Without much time to scurry home to the South East London house she shares with her two brothers to wash her carefully dishevelled hair for an appearance on BBC's *Tonight*, Kate's in a hurry. Still, she remains charming and unflustered.

For a girl still in her teens, she's exeptionally self-possessed — especially since in recent weeks whe's shot from nowhere to becoming a household name, courtesy of "Wuthering Heights", her first single. The song was inspired by Emily Bronte's romantic novel of the same name and is sung in a voice not unlike that of a newly-neutered cat letting the world know of his predicament.

To compound her mercurial success, her first album "The Kick Inside" is also high on the chart. Kate is amazed at the way things have gone. "If you think of it in terms of people and not the money — 'cause that's not relevant — it makes me feel very humble," she squeaks in her sing-song voice.

She was signed to EMI three years ago, given a £3,000 advance and a four-year contract with options after the second and third year; i.e. if EMI wanted to drop Kate after either two or three years they could. Last year they resigned her and it seems certain the company will retain her throughout this year too.

Amongst the credits on "The Kick Inside" is the Floyd's guitarist Dave Gilmour. It was, she says, largely because of Gilmour that she got a record deal. Kate had played piano since she was 11, starting to write her own songs shortly after. A friend of the Bushes had offered to take some home-made tapes she'd recorded during her early teens round the record companies, but his endeavours were abortive — until he contacted Gilmour, an old friend from Cambridge.

Gilmour liked what he heard and offered to finance the recording of some professional demo tapes. It was also Gilmour who introduced Kate to arranger Andrew Powell, known for his work with Alan Parsons, who subsequently produced "The Kick Inside". The Gilmour-sponsored tapes received a warm welcome at EMI's A&R department.

Things couldn't have worked out more perfectly for the 16-year-old doctor's daughter. Fresh out of school with an armful of O levels, £3,000 in her bin and with no immediate pressures from EMI, Kate was free to pursue her ambition to dance. She applied to an ad in London's *Time Out* magazine and enrolled at Lindsey Kemp's mime school.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH
Kate laughs at Steve Clarke's clothes.

So why did EMI keep you under covers for so long? "They were worried about me not being able to cope with things. And I was worried 'cause I didn't feel capable of coping with it either."

So Kate spent her days at Kemp's school with barely an interruption from her record company. "Oh, it was great," chirps Kate. "I really got into the discipline. I had so much time and I could use it. For an artist that's such a delightful situation to be in.

"I came in to EMI on a friendly basis and that was good for me because it meant that I could meet people there as people and not as a big vulture business where they're all coming in and pulling your arm out. Also, I could learn about the business which is so important because it *is* a business."

The daily lessons with Kemp — 50p a throw — were very informal, "He taught me that you can express with your body — and when your body is awake so is your mind. He'd put you into emotional situations, some of them very heavy. Like he'd say, 'Right, you're all now going to become sailors drowning and there are waves curling up around you.' And everyone would just start screaming.

"Or maybe he'd turn you into a little piece of flame . . ."

Waiting for EMI to click its fingers did have its drawbacks, though: "Artistically, I was getting so frustrated at not being able to get my art to people."

Kate says that EMI did have a go at image building and at persuading her to write more commercial songs ("Not so heavy — more hook lines") but when Kate finally went into the studio last summer with half of Pilot and half of Cockney Rebel as her backing band it was on her own terms.

"Wuthering Heights" was originally scheduled for release last November, but was shelved at the very last moment because of, according to her, delays with artwork. By the time everything was right, the Christmas rush was on so Kate's debut was stalled a second time.

EMI had, however, already mailed out some copies of the single, one of which reached Capital Radio's Tony Myatt. Despite EMI's requests to the contrary, Myatt played the record before it was actually on sale. Ironically, Kate feels that Capital's championing "Wuthering Heights" is the key reason for its success.

So is it natural to sing that high, Kate? "Actually, it is. I've always enjoyed reaching notes that I can't quite reach. A week later you'll be on top of that note and trying to reach the one above it.

"I always feel that you can continually expand your senses if you try. The voice is like an instrument. The reason I sang that song so high is 'cause I felt it called for it. The book has a mood of mystery and I wanted the song to reflect that."

That she sings in different voices on her album is not, claims Kate, due to an identity crisis — to evoke each song's particular mood she has to alter her pitch.

Kate insists that she isn't exploiting her sexuality: "That's a very obvious image. I suppose the poster is reasonably sexy just 'cause you can see my tits, but I think the vibe from the face is there. The main thing about a picture is that it should create a vibe. Often you get pictures of females showing their legs with a very plastic face. I think that poster projects a mood."

But what about the album cover in which you're showing your legs with a vengeance? "The picture is creating a feeling of flying and movement. If you're up in the sky you're gonna be free. It would look a bit weird if I had a dirty great black serge coat on."

Again, one of the hand-out pics is particularly sexy — with Kate drawing attention to her crotch. "That came from a seven hour photo session where the photographer and I was trying to produce a vibe. It had to be a relevant one. A nice, simple, obvious one for me is the fact that I do dance, so we got a load of leotards and just did that, but still trying to create a vibe. Not necessarily a sexy one — although I will agree with you that it is — but from now on we're taking a more subtle approach."

So there'll be no more suggestive shots? "I don't know. It's hard to say. I don't really think it's important. I think I'm going to have trouble because people tend to put the sexuality first. I hope they don't. That's what I'm trying to fight.

"I want to be recognised as an artist."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

THE WHITE HOUSE ROCKS (FOOTNOTE)

PHIL WALDEN, president of Capricorn Records and longtime Jimmy Carter buddy boy, was among 16 people appointed to the committee for the preservation of the White House.

Commenting on his appointment Walden said: "They (President and Mrs. Carter) are extremely interested in acquiring some American art for many of the rooms, and since I've been involved in that area I would be expected to devote my attention. I am interested in both preservation and American art, and the opportunity to work in conjunction with America's most famous and historic home excites me."

Further developments on the music biz / politics link as it happens.

DICK TRACY

SNUFF ROCK TAKES A STEP CLOSER

In a daring bid for the Italians From Outer Space Snuff Rock Heavyweight Championship (Dear Albertos' manager, that will be £2.95½) Maurizio Arcieri planned to cut his left index finger off onstage. Perchance he had thoughts of sending it to the kidnappers in exchange for Signor Moro. Unfortunately, we don't know whether this useful act was crowned with success. All we know is that Punkieri fainted and is now in hospital, where we hope the Red Brigade will be safe from him.

Illustration: BENYON

MARSEILLE
The first single. THE FRENCH WAY. It's a great release!
BON 1
MOUNTAIN RECORDS
marketed by phonogram

Underneath The Labels
The Kids Are Alright

The Pleasers

First single on Arista Records

The Kids Are Alright

Produced by Tommy Boyce
ARIST 180

ARISTA

CAREFUL WITH THAT PINT, EUGENE

DRUG IDENTIFICATION CHART

Drug Used	Physical Symptoms	Look For	Dangers
CANNABIS. Slang Terms: Shit, pot, hash, charge, grass marijuana, joints, reefers.	Sleepiness, wandering mind, enlarged pupils, lack of co-ordination, increased appetite, hallucinations.	Strong odour of burnt leaves, small seeds in lining of packet. Cigarette papers.	Inducement to take stronger drugs.
AMPHETAMINES. Slang Terms: Speed, green & clears, bluies, bombers.	Aggressive behaviour, rapid speech, silliness, confused thinking, no appetite, dry mouth, shakiness, extreme fatigue.	Bottles of pills or capsules of various sorts. Chain smoking.	Inducement to take stronger drugs.
ALCOHOL Slang terms; Booze, grog, lush, wets, tipple, bevvy, wee dram.	Sleepiness, poor coordiantion, typing errors, aggression, vomiting, falling over, distended bladder, beergut, bad breath, impotence, blindness, slurred speech, talking in a Scots accent, terrible jokes.	Bottles, glasses, pools of blood, vomit and urine, prone bodies, shaking hands.	Death from overdose. Mental and physical deterioration. Damage to liver, kidneys, brain. Brewers' droop.

Left: An extract from the "Drug Identification Chart" issued by The Brewer's Society Training Centre, Buxton.
Above: A suggested addition from **THRILLS.**

LARGE NUMBERS of pubs and restaurants are training staff to be on their guard for clientele that may be under the influence of illicit pharmaceuticals — presumably with a view to handing any law-breakers over to the boys in blue.

The Drug Indentification Chart comes from the Brewers Association Training Centre in Buxton, Derbyshire. It lists various substances together with physical symptons, evidence of abuse and a collection of colourful colloquialisms to listen out for when eavesdropping on customers (under the heading "A Dictionary of Drug Addicts' Slang").

Do The Brewers Association honestly believe they have the right to set themselves up as a vigilante group safeguarding the morality of the nation by employing paid spies in their pubs? "I'm afraid I don't know anything about it," apologised A. Spokesperson for the BA. But a later call from a member of the BA hieracrchy confirmed that the Chart/Dictionary is the genuine article.

"We have two training centres for the landlords of our pubs to learn their trade. They are students and they go there to learn."

To learn how to spot a drug user?

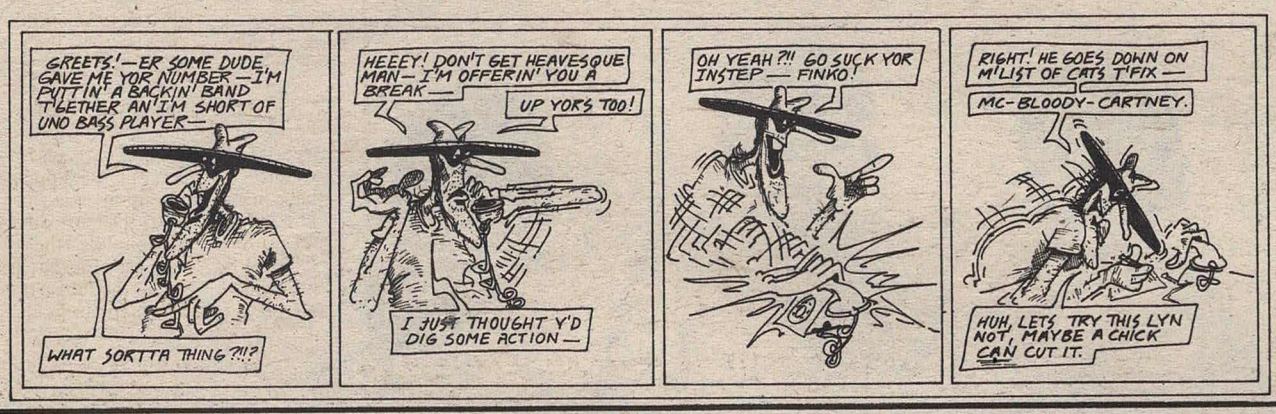
"Exactly."

You are being watched.

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

LONE GROOVER — BENYON


GREETS!—ER SOME DUDE GAVE ME YOR NUMBER—I'M PUTTIN' A BACKIN' BAND T'GETHER AN'I'M SHORT OF UNO BASS PLAYER—
WHAT SORTTA THING?!!?
HEEEY! DON'T GET HEAVESQUE MAN—I'M OFFERIN' YOU A BREAK—
UP YORS TOO!
I JUST THOUGHT Y'D DIG SOME ACTION—
OH YEAH?!! GO SUCK YOR INSTEP—FINKO!
RIGHT! HE GOES DOWN ON M'LIST OF CATS T'FIX—
MC-BLOODY-CARTNEY.
HUH, LETS TRY THIS LYN NOT, MAYBE A CHICK CAN CUT IT.

MUSICIANS!

NOW YOU CAN MEET THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE!

HUNDREDS of gorgeous drummers — and bassists, and singers annat — are waiting to hear from YOU!

So start dating today with Switchboard, the friendly neighbourhood service for out-of-work musicians, bands who need a replacement, or bands who just need work.

Switchboard, inspired by the San Francisco operation of the same name, has been operating in London for about three months. The aim is to set up a big agency for London musicians, in which (Provincial types are welcome to contact them, too) they can advertise themselves, find others to form bands with and generally groove behind a mellow high (the California touch, see?).

Musicians pay a fee of £3 per three months on registering. Bands don't pay at all until they're found work or a replacement. And obviously, the more band/individuals register, the better the system's going to work. At present, numbers are pretty low, although Switchboard already claim to have helped form about twenty bands. Eventually they hope to be in a position to run their own rehearsal rooms, music workshops, etc.

Sounds like this is for you, lonelyhearts? Then step round to:
SWITCHBOARD, 39 Mill Lane, West Hampstead, London NW6. Or ring 01 435 0133.

And I hope you meet the guy of your dreams.

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS

BETHNAL

DANGEROUS DATES

MARCH:
24th – NORWICH, Toppers
27th – STAFFORD, Top of the World
28th – COVENTRY, Locarno
30th – LEEDS, 'F' Club
31st – NEWCASTLE, Mayfair

APRIL:
1st & 2nd – SHEFFIELD, The Limit
3rd & 4th – MANCHESTER, Rafters
6th – SWANSEA, Nutz
7th – NEWPORT, The Village
8th – BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's
10th – WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall
13th – LONDON, MUSIC MACHINE

FIRST ALBUM NOW AVAILABLE
DANGEROUS TIMES

Agency-I.T.B. Contact Pete Fountain
01-629 4928 or Song Music 01-221 2291

AND FINALLY

From Daily Express 17/3/78. Sent by Jenny's Friend, Ivor.

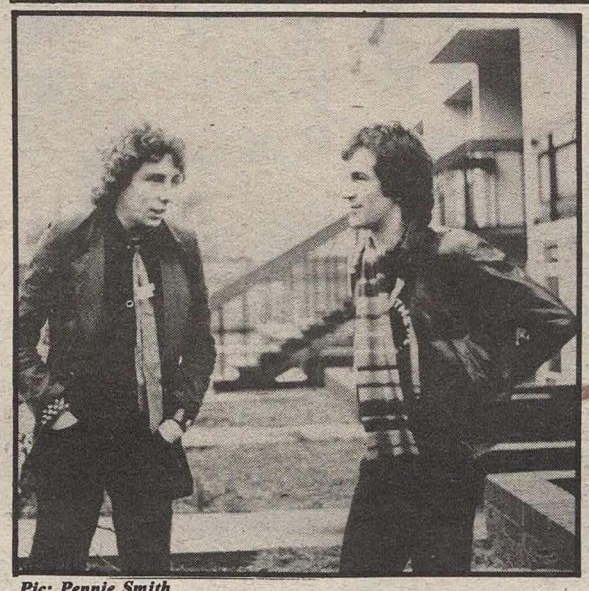
THRILLS

EXPRESS Friday March 17 1978

Islands back anti-Devo policy

SHETLANDERS yester- gave their islands' massive vote of vour of

Pic: Paul Slattery



Pic: Pennie Smith

Pic: Walt Davidson

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THREE KINDS

At Brighton in the cold, at the Roundhouse in pools of gob, and in a studio at Fulham. The nature and future of The Adverts remains very difficult to discern. KIM DAVIS does the encountering.

THE ADVERTS: half-way through a major British tour, a debut album just finding its way into the shops, the first punks on the *OGWT*, veterans of *TOTPs*.

Definitely a name band. I'd seen them on stage and on television, collected their singles and read about them almost weekly in the music press. The distant impression was of T.V.Smith, a young intellectual, Gaye Advert, a face of '77, and Howard and Laurie, two musicians who stayed out of the limelight.

Within a couple of weeks I not only met the band but encountered them three times. Even so it was like jumping in at the deep end, no time to really know them as people but sufficient opportunity to change some of my images.

THE FIRST encounter: an icy, painfully chilled trip to Brighton. We were late out of Fulham in a battered minibus, most of the unpunctuality blamed on Gaye's hairwashing.

Tim Smith spent the journey reading, his nose in a book about the atom age, pausing only to glance at the snowscaped horizon and wonder who had been spraying the countryside with shaving foam.

Gaye sipped vodka and talked quickly, almost incessantly about any subject that sprang to mind. A steam of consciousness defence against the tedium of tour travel.

In the front seat, guitarist Howard Pickup and substitute drummer John Towe (formerly of Generation X and The Rage) are trading anecdotes or napping. The Adverts' original drummer, Laurie Driver, has been ill; John took over for a couple of gigs and the Whistle Test but is settling in as a permanent replacement.

Howard and John seem already to have developed a rapport on and off stage. The former a tall, easygoing northerner, the latter a fine drummer and sharp conversationalist, they appear to share complementary personalities and a blunt respect for the other's musicianship.

The New Regency was not only a disappointingly small gig for the group (only on the date sheet because they had previously blown out the Top Rank) but also perhaps the coldest gig I can remember. That doesn't mean cold indifferent atmosphere, it means low temperatures and running on the spot during the soundcheck.

It also meant a quick retreat to the bar.

Tim Smith was besieged with requests for autographs on hands and cigarette packets as well as in books. Of course, he's a public personality now after a few television appearances. Strange that some of the autographs were for people who didn't appear to be going to the gig; strange also to see Tim surrounded by fans when artists better known by name (Pistols, Clash maybe) might have been ignored.

So Tim's a pop star, and so was Gaye when she returned from playing pinball.

I asked Howard whether the public prominence of Tim and Gaye within the band had been difficult for him (or Laurie) to handle. "Only in that I might not have got credit for some of the musical things that I've done; that's as far as it goes. Like someone said that Tim wrote me a guitar solo: that's ridiculous, you can't write guitar solos, they have to be stumbled over."

It turned out that Howard was trying to develop some new ideas in his guitar playing. We agreed that most top guitarists reach a similar level of proficiency which is probably not even worth trying to emulate because you end up sounding the same:

"One of the things I do is when I end a solo on a bum note I play it twice. That way it starts to sound all right and it sticks in the listener's mind."

Howard isn't holding the sound together now though; John Towe is a fine drummer and the all round improvement was reflected in the blazing set they played to an audience exuberant at the front, polite at the back.

SECOND ENCOUNTER: Sunday evening at the Roundhouse, the major London date of the tour. I'm dead on my feet after consecutive trips to Brighton and Birmingham so I'm not surprised to find Tim looking even worse than I feel.

No, those aren't plastic scars on his forehead or mock mutilation make-up. The abrasions are the result of an accident the previous night on the way back from Essex University. John had got out of the van before a car pulled out and hit them. But Tim's head is battered, and Howard is complaining about his thumb.

The general low feeling does nothing to lift the uneasy atmosphere at the Roundhouse. Sham 69 have just played a rough but thrilling support set for a wildly enthusiastic body of fans. When The Adverts appear they are showered with an interminable tidal wave of saliva, the most persistent spitting I've ever seen.

They play well and their fans enjoy it but all you can hear between numbers is the crushing chants of the Sham fans, ready to boo anyone except their heroes.

At the moment The Adverts' set is similar to the album: it begins with the defiant rush of "One Chord Wonders" and "Bored Teenagers" and crashes through all the best-known anthems. "No Time To Be 21", "Safety In Numbers," "Bombsite Boy," "New Church" with "Quickstep" and "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" thrown in.

One important contrast between this band and some of their contemporaries is the way they're willing to pace their set, take chances by adding a few contrasts. Songs like the new "On Wheels" create new dimensions on stage and in the studio.

The gig builds to a climax with "The Great British Mistake" but is not a triumph. Gaye has retreated to the back of the stage to avoid the spit and curb her simmering anger. Tim and Howard soldier on and after the rejuvenator of some successful nights outside London seem able to shrug off the depressing evening.

THIRD ENCOUNTER: Despite his thin, hunched frame and dark, rag-doll image, T.V.Smith is a compulsive stage performer. One recurring comment on The Adverts is that whatever their musical shortcomings, at least you can hear the words.

Off-stage, however, he is a less assertive figure. More remote than Howard or John, less eager to discuss the band's music, he just doesn't seem very interested in the peripheral matters of the music business.

Nevertheless, he was amiable enough when I eventually cornered him in a Fulham studio and stumbled through a restrictively formal interview. He hoped his manager's red wine might make him ". . . eminently quotable," but he seemed to find answering the questions an uncomfortable task.

The sum of his responses is a disarmingly unorthodox attitude to what he's doing. His lyrics are the work of a sharp, witty intelligence (the first two singles, "One Chord Wonders" and "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" are sufficient evidence of that.)

I expected him to produce a set of smart appraisals of his role as modern songwriter; after all, the themes of "Safety In Numbers," "New Church" and "The Great British Mistake" have an undeniable sermon-like slant.

Instead, he depicted himself as a person living very much from day to day. Whether he doesn't care about the future or is just being honest in not trying to plan it is anybody's guess. He's not even very forthcoming about the past.

So what about the present?

He was very disappointed with the Roundhouse gig.

"I didn't see any actual fights going on but you could feel the violence in the air. It was just very tense, very negative tension.

"Things were getting depressing on the tour in general until we changed the drummer over.

"There was a danger that we'd just carry on like we'd always been, but the idea has always been to change and keep things interesting. I'm very happy now with the way things are going; there's a really creative atmosphere about it all."

It's open to dispute that The Adverts have changed much at all thus far in their brief career. The album, after all, captures their regular live set and only opens a few new channels. Was it a deliberate policy to release it some time after their contemporaries had flung their debut efforts into the flood of new wave releases?

"We very rarely plan anything. We didn't want to push to do the album earlier." Even so, some of the songs they've been playing since their first gigs are still not in a very polished state.

"It's difficult to make objective comments about the record: it's just the way it is. It's up to a certain standard and to criticise it beyond that as good or bad just seems pointless to me. Unless it's falling apart the whole time, standards like that make very little sense as far as I'm concerned."

On those terms, it's a very impressive album. The looseness adds a certain spontaneity: it makes for eventful listening, and that appears to have been the intention: "Because we don't play perfectly it's more difficult for us to become staid like other bands. I'll try very hard for that not to happen, although in the future it may be relevant to let it happen."

Yes, it must be a hard life for someone who is sufficiently concerned with what they're doing to want to do it better, but is also committed to maintaining a degree of energy and unpredictability in the work.

There's no easy solution for The Adverts — who, with the addition of John Towe seem likely to progress as quickly as other punk originals who have survived as more than a novelty (The Clash, Buzzcocks, Radiators From Space etc.)

It appears that Laurie Driver has not been very popular with the three original Adverts recently, or vice versa, but surely the future now looks at least secure if not clearly defined?

"It's not really relevant to talk about the future. As long as something good is coming out of it all the time, it doesn't matter what direction it's going to take."

That's difficult to argue with, even if it does sound like a glib, punk generalisation. I wondered to what extent Tim was concerned with The Adverts being part of some almost intangible movement.

"Well, I always say there isn't a punk scene, but I suppose there probably was when we used to play down the Roxy because the whole thing was so small."

The Roxy was where The Adverts made their debut in early 1977. It seemed unlikely then that the diminutive, habitual songwriter fronting a distinctly untogether group of instrument bashers would a year later be seen as something of a thinking-man's punk.

"You must mean Howard Devoto . . ." Pauses to stare glumly into space, "I do believe in daring to think and don't believe you have to sit in a library all your life to be able to do it. You can think and still be a positive force. Or maybe that's just a reaction against the original cliche of headbangin' punk rockers."

What about the tendency of some of his songs to lay down the law on subjects such as fashion and attitudes to the new wave? Does he see his songs as a positive force to change things?

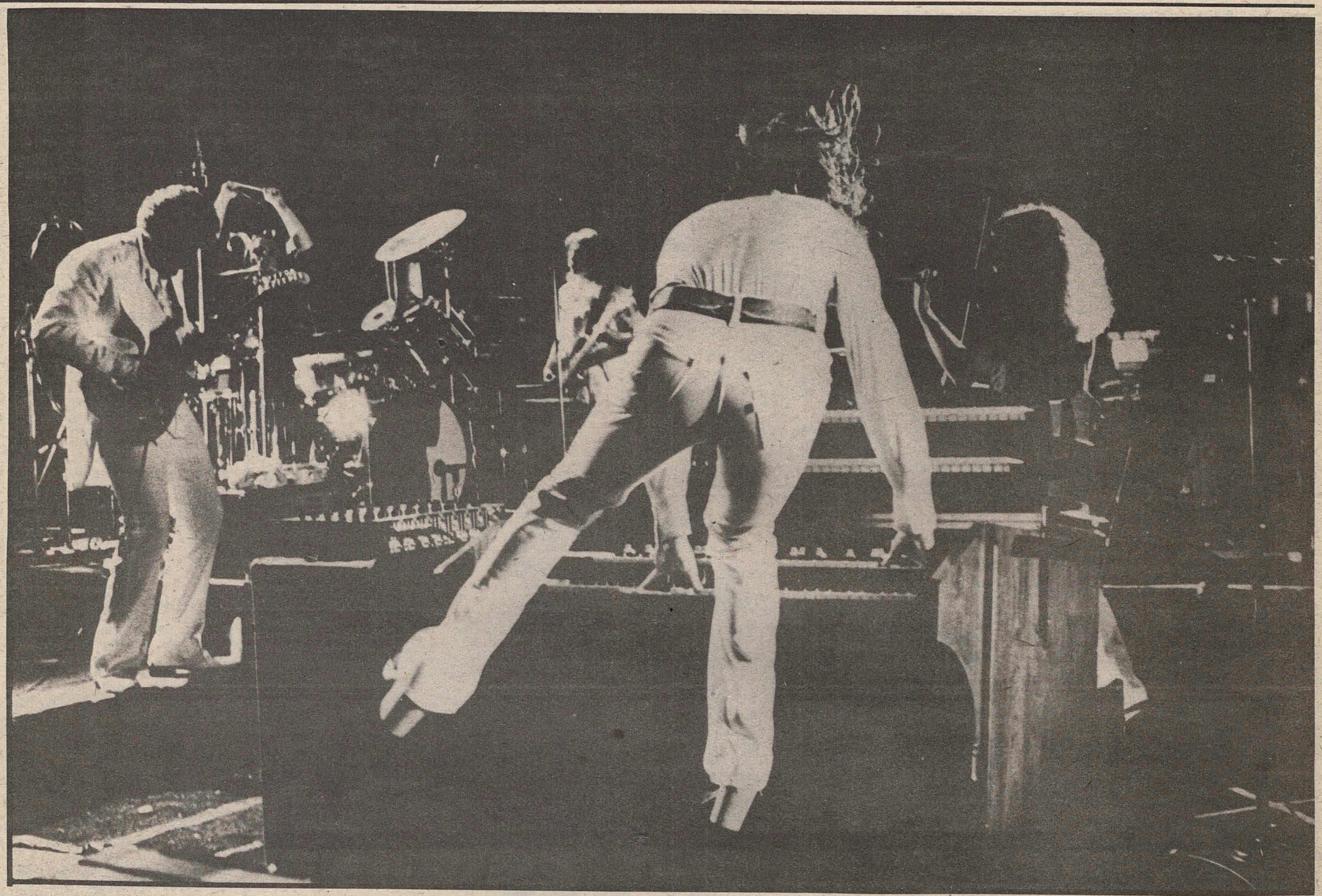
"To say I was attempting to change things would be a misunderstanding of the way I see a song. Having written and performed it, I leave the thing alone. It's beyond my control, I don't try and direct it.

"People latch onto something only if they have the potential for change within themselves anyway . . . does that sound like garbage?"

Tim believes, maybe cynically, that you can only preach to the converted. He wants to be a positive voice or at least a catalyst for action, but he's not interested in mapping out the future. There's no master-plan for The Adverts.

I'm aware of having just scratched the surface of what they're doing. At the moment, their past is neatly wrapped up. They know they've got to move smartly into the future to keep up with the accelerating spiral of the music machine, but apart from the hints in new material — such as "On Wheels" and "Drowning Men" — there's very little indication of where they go from here.

Tim's comments may seem uninformative but they also seem honest; after all, we all know ". . . the wonders don't care!"



Buffalo huntin' in Hamburg

A species threatened with extinction suddenly gains a new lease of life, and causes a big stir in the world of natural history . . . In this episode of "The World About Us", TONY STEWART reports on a thriving herd of American Heavy Metal Buffalo seen grazing not far from the Reeperbahn.

THE PROBLEM was whether or not I should wear the promotional Kansas baseball cap, either in a figurative or literal sense.

Under the circumstances it seemed the least I could do.

Something like a month ago their UK publicity machine clanked noisily into motion to prepare the way for the American band's brief visit to Britain. And first of all a package of promo gimmicks arrived.

There was this green baseball cap that's completely useless until the next time I emulsion the ceiling; an orange T-shirt displaying the artwork from their latest album sleeve which can readily be made into a tent; a jot pad with the name KANSAS as a bold letterhead; and a postcard version of their latest album sleeve containing a cardboard replica of their disc, autographed by all six group members.

"Be on the lookout for the 'Point Of Know Return', our new album on Kirshner Records," read the message above the signatures.

There was also the press-kit: a white folder holding a couple of soft focus pix of these Kansas people, a detailed biography and discography, plus some glowing testimonials in the way of reprinted newspaper articles. Clearly the intention was to let somebody else brag about the band's virtues, thus relieving Kansas of the responsibility and the attendant danger of being called big heads if they did.

No doubt the writer reading the stuff was also meant to think he'd be in good company if he expressed similar sentiments.

With the exception of the New York rock magazine, *Circus*, I'd unfortunately never heard of the publications in question, let alone the writers who're obviously so highly regarded by CBS, the parent company to Kirshner Records.

As if this wasn't enough to keep the paper shredder occupied for a couple of hours, next to arrive was an important looking white box bearing that by now so familiar Kansas logo.

This contained yet more printed bumpf, including an expensive looking "Official Tour Program", again featuring the latest album sleeve artwork: an illustration of an old fashioned sailing boat tumbling off the edge of the world.

But blow me, the actual album was in there too, along with their other four.

Allowing time for the promotional blitz to take effect there was then a follow-through phone call from Kansas's publicist. The purpose of this was obviously to make sure I read, listened to and digested the complete history of the band, and hope I'd then be sufficiently interested to write yet another chapter.

I couldn't resist smugly telling him that as long as two years ago the soundman at the Electric Ballroom in Atlanta got me into Kansas by giving them a simple but enthusiastic recommendation, without *any* of the silver platter promo trimmings.

But as a consolation prize I continued our conversation wearing the Kansas baseball cap.

Like I said, it was the least I could do.

YOU'D NEVER believe it but Kansas are now one of America's biggest acts, and this is why the bottom line to all the preliminary braying is that I find myself being shuttled out to Hamburg for a gig.

The band are lodging at The Plaza hotel, where it costs you five bob for a game of pool, a quid for an orange juice and a heart attack if you ask the price of a bed for the night. Apart from this luxury, there isn't the grossness of American superstardom, usually symbolised by bundles of dollar bills bulging out of the pockets of faded denims and swarms of eager frauleins clinging to the cowboy boots.

Kansas are the antithesis of the spirit of rock 'n' roll as embodied in other artists' songs about sex and drugs and an excessive lifestyle.

They are, as they admit themselves, dull. Even Rick Nielsen, from support band Cheap Trick, attracts more attention offstage. At least he wears his own promo clothes (a baseball cap, jacket and bowtie), and his pockets are packed with stickers, badges and plectrums all inscribed with the group's logo. Yes, you've guessed it: Cheap Trick are signed to CBS too.

Accompanied by their wives, Kansas look and act like a gang of tourists.

They all travel to the Musikhalle in a coach, and the main topic of conversation is a junk cuddly toy one of the women bought that afternoon. Otherwise, they all peer out of the windows, remark on the architecture and look for locations where they can take holiday snapshots the next day.

Germany's second most decadent city next to Berlin? Legalised brothels?

Kansas aren't interested. They seem to be waiting for Brothers Grimm to hitch a ride to the gig.

"Every American's a tourist," drawls writer/singer/organist Steve Walsh. "We're taking a zillion pictures and we're trying to have a good time, plus make a good living.

"That's really why we brought the wives along, so they could see the country too."

Five years together since they formed in the American state which gave them their name, Kansas apparently still have a healthy regard for their musical aims rather than exploiting the dubious delights the rockbiz offers.

Certainly the opportunities have been there, because out of necessity they've spent the best part of their career on the road.

When their first three albums collected dust on record shop shelves working on the road was the only way to survive. Then, when the sales for "Leftoverture" topped two million, boosted by the opening cut "Carry On Wayward Son" being a hit single, it was the best way to capitalize on their good fortune.

And luck it was; a fortuitous tug on the fruit machine handle that brought gold and platinum awards clattering down, much to their own happy bewilderment.

"It was a surprise to me," says Walsh. "We had four singles out before 'Wayward Son' and none of them did anything. I was convinced it was because we just weren't danceable or disco-ey or hook-liney, or anythin' like that.

"We tried all different kinds of ways to do it, in marketing and everything else, but it just seemed the time wasn't right.

"I think," he continues in slow southern slur, "every band is made a lot from luck, as well as just being at the right place at the right time.

"We see a lot of talented groups all around the States, but you know they're never gonna make it. Either because they don't have the ambition or the record company doesn't have the ambition to take the right direction with a new band."

Walsh, of course, can make such statements with confidence because their own success has since proved not to be an isolated fluke. "Point Of Know Return", although a weaker album than "Leftoverture", has made the U.S. top ten, and the single from it, "Dust In The Wind", is in the 20.

Now the band believe they can win similar accolades in Europe, even on this their first trip.

"It's really a great time to be over here breaking new markets in while the single's real hot," comments Walsh, expressing himself in business jargon.

"We're selling out almost everywhere. We hear stories about people sometimes having to wait all night for tickets. In Sweden they did that.

"It's a welcome surprise."

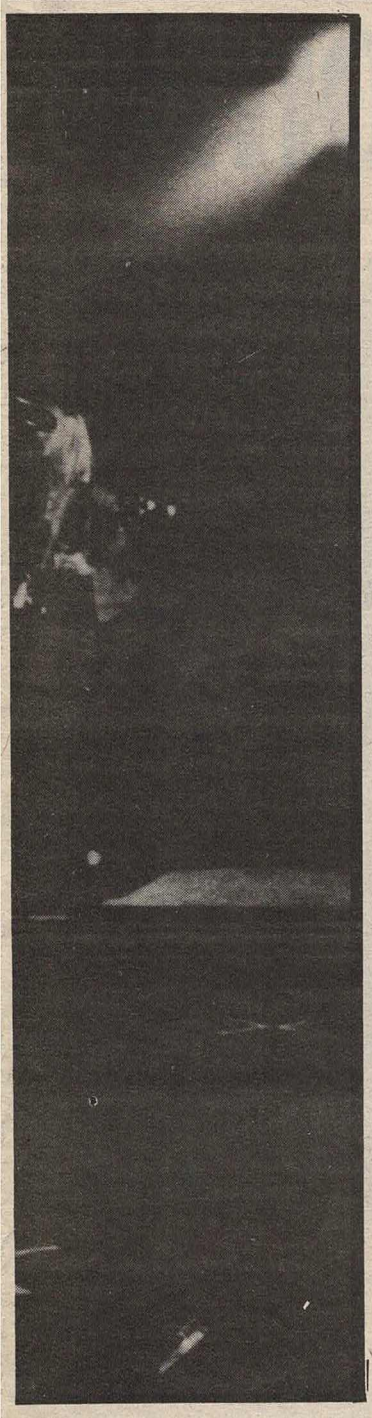
"Before we came over I was set on it being a bad move, because I thought there were many more markets we could've played in the States. We were playing in front of 15–20,000 people. The reason we are in Europe is because Europeans want to see Kansas. And the reason they like us is because they like the music."

Why else? Surely not for their devastating personalities.

KANSAS ARE a musical anachronism.

Opening with thunderflashes and a pre-recorded tape at the Hamburg Musikhalle, they work an act that shows they've been, ahem, *inspired* by almost every major British band from '69 to '76.

Their structure is flexible enough to exercise nearly every instrumental combination that's been tried



in this same period.

There's the possibility of dual lead guitars, two keyboards, synthesiser, dual lead vocals, violin and vibes and all are utilised with such religious respect for the source that they invite criticism as the world's greatest fakes. Yet, if they can pull off such an embroilment of ideas someone's bound to call them genii.

And pull it off they do.

Their style is totally derivative, and, because of that, completely unique. Nobody else has yet had the fearless imagination and such recklessness to plunder so many others' innovations.

Yes, Deep Purple, ELP, Genesis, Jethro Tull, and Queen have all had Kansas rifling through their creative pockets. The list's endless, even including such obvious American influences as CSN&Y, and some haughty classical riffs.

Travelling in the slipstream of British rock at least two years too late, you'd expect them to choke on the exhaust fumes. You'd also imagine they'd compensate for their own lack of real originality with a display of megadecibel thunder.

But they don't.

Their approach is hectic, but with a restrained volume control that never distorts their own instrumental virtuosity, which is astonishing even if at times misplaced.

Predictably, if unintentionally, they're also a very comic act to watch.

Fiddler Robbie Steinhardt lurks behind the speakers and leaps into the spotlight like a demented dervish; Kerry Livgren's facial contortions threaten to dislodge his moustache while he's guitar soloing; the other guitarist, Rich Williams, wears a ludicrous tuxedo and concentrates so hard on his playing his eyes almost bleed; and Walsh performs such a silly dance behind his organ that John Cleese would be envious.

Dave Hope (bass) and Phil Ehart (drums) pretend the frontline's behaviour is not their responsibility.

Walsh shrugs aside the list of their most overt influences as if they were unimportant. Perhaps that's reflective of ego, with Kansas now having two hit albums tucked under their beards.

Imitation is, he claims, better and more widely practised than innovation.

"Music is *awl* just borrowing from what everybody else has done. Everybody asks us what are our major influences. They're very current; they're things you've known from the past and they're things you're learning from day to day really. That is if you're at *awl* interested in your profession.

"And sometimes you hope that what you do will become an influence on others.

"I would agree that we sound like a lot of different bands lumped into one, but . . . I don't know . . . it's the songs that would make us different. I guess we sound like that because we could never hope to be as good as ELP, as good as Yes or anything. Yet we've drawn some kind of ideas on what we would *like* to be."

Steve Walsh is also surprisingly frank about the band's inadequacies.

We discuss an apparent lack of feeling to their recorded music, especially since "Masque"; the third set and axis between their naive experimentation on the first two, and them purposely cracking the identikit formula for the most recent pair. It's suggested that Kansas are into technique to the detriment of feel.

Walsh thinks this is the result of the pursuit of perfection, and reckons the next album will be more of a production-meeting-music job. He cites Alan Parsons' "Tale Of Mystery And Imagination" as the studio quality he personally aspires to.

"I'd say we were perfectionists and sometimes overly so. That's why I think 'Dust In The Wind' is becoming so popular . . . *feeling* is portrayed in the song.

"But a lot of times we really bear on to the music more than the vocals, and I think there's a machine sort of sound. It's somewhat symphonic and grandiose.

"Because of our complexity it's not our goal to go on stage and jam for an hour and a half. It's more like a play where you speak the same lines every night. Some nights it has more feeling than others.

"But if your memory serves you," he continues, on the verge of a major revelation, "you know your lines are the thing you can fall back on. Repetition, y'know?"

HOW KANSAS'S formula can prove to be a winner in the UK at the present time mystifies me. One can only presume that there's an audience who want to see a band expertly recreate an era of Brit Rock that's arguably fading.

Could it be nostalgia already?

Whatever, Kansas can sell out two concerts in Manchester and London over Easter weekend without too much trouble, and, more significantly, without any chart action here.

You'd have thought we didn't need America's heroes: we've got our own.

"Then you do need them," Walsh answers sharply, but offers no further explanation for their initial success.

"I will stand and see America called so many things," he arches his eyebrows defiantly, "but one thing it is, and that's a *great* country!"

Their invasion has started.

Wish I hadn't lost that Kansas baseball cap. It might've proved useful.

Next week in these pages

The latest British Invasion of the USA gets into high gear as

THE JAM

take their turn to strafe the USA (well, we had to send 'em something to make up for Fleetwood Mac and Peter Frampton). You guessed it: NME was there, and in next week's fab ish you can read Phearless PHIL McNEILL'S report of the goings-on.

We've also got a stunning survey of all the weirdness springing up around Ohio in the wake of Devo and Pere Ubu, and the start of another epic-length LESTER BANGS lolapalooza on the Dean Of American Weirdness himself

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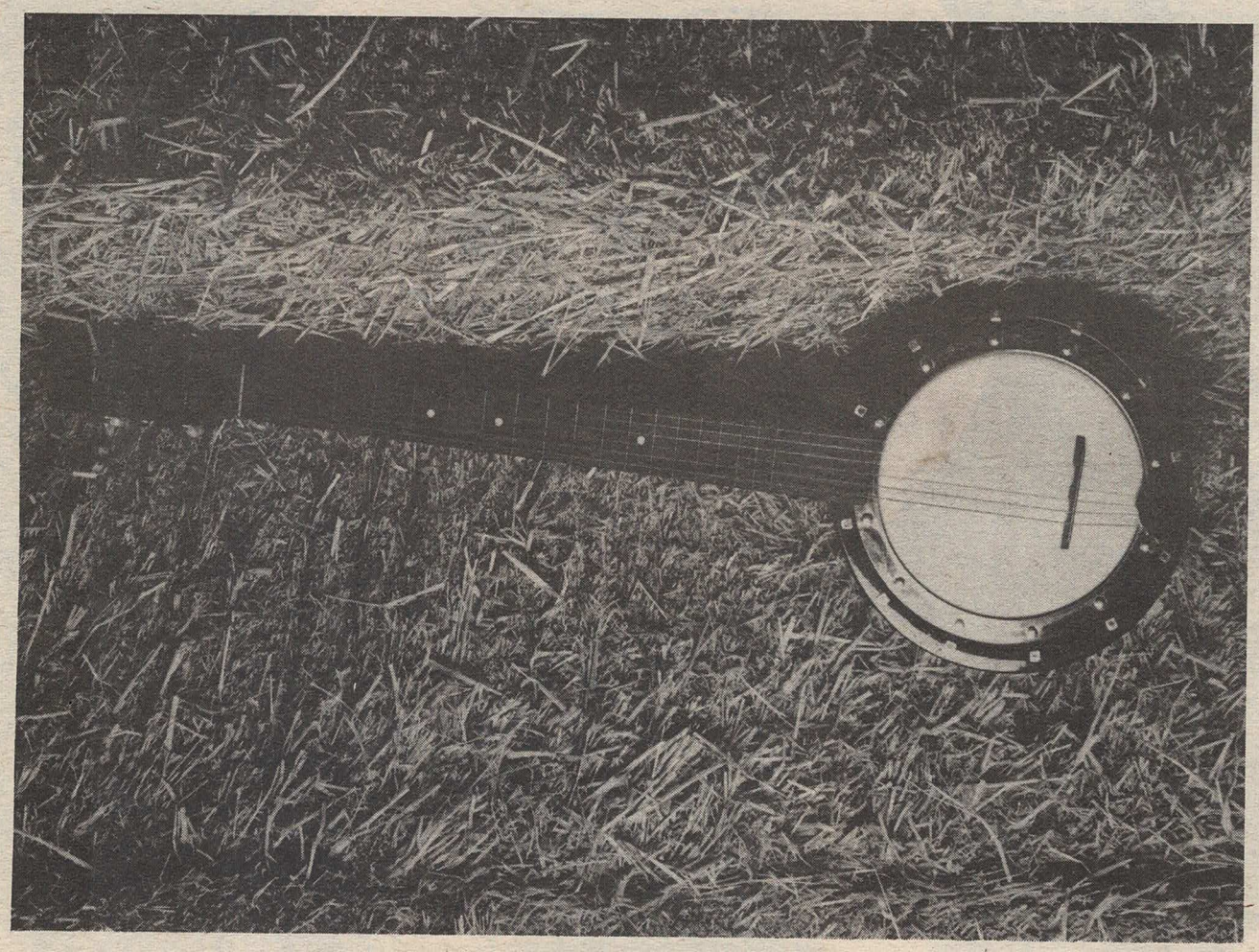

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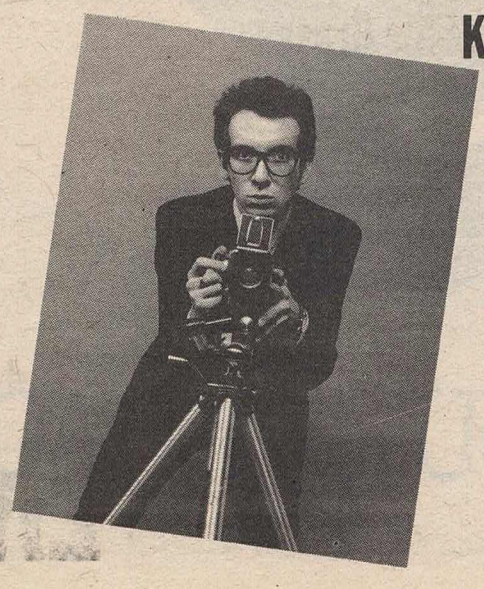

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I. to r. Mark P of ATV, Andy of The Brothers Gobb. Below: The Cuban Heels.

What Do These People Have In Common?

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (FIRST IN A SERIES OF THREE) THE MEKONS: Never Been In A Riot (Fast). 'FIGHT FASCISM' 125 incisive seconds of cacophonic commitment from the pyrotechnical radicals who make The Sex Pistols look like Paper Lace. The title and song are vitriolic high satire, lunging for the jugular of all showroom dummies who coo street-fighting-man ditties in the security-guard-shielded sanctuary of the emporium's stage-lights while invariably declining the perilous actuality of confrontation because they're being fitted for next month's urban battle fatigues. Luckily for The Mekons (lousy Milky Wave name, that) they don't play their instruments well enough to be branded punks, but here is a band for the fifty crop-heads who were *POGOING* in Birmingham a few weeks back as they chucked bricks at the National Front.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

CHEAP TRICK : I Want You To Want Me (Epic). If the cadences of Anglo-Power-Pop (Remember that? Me neither) had resounded with the subtle melodious contagion of Cheap Trick then I might have gone along with the rest of the hack-pack and dressed up as a school-girl.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

2.3: All Time Low (Fast). Infectious shot-nerved, manic depression paean that sounds like an out-take from the annals of the "Nuggets" album. Quintessential listening during a nervous-breakdown.

THE FAST: Boys Will Be Boys (CBS). Live cutlet from the vinylised documentation of Max's Kansas City, a jocular flick of the wrist from Uncle Sam's answer to Sailor.

"Some boys drink in street-bars/Some boys stay in school-yards/Some boys just get married/Some boys have a baby/Some boys get 18, of course/ But some boys call me crazy/Coz I joined the Navy/Shouting, "Ship Ahoy!"/Boys will be boys."

THE VICTIMS: (I'm) Flipped Out Over You / Television Addict (Victims Label) And you'll come a-pogoing, Matilda, with me — forget The Saints, blue, this is a truly *bee-ewwwt* double-A sided home-made digger-deviant single from a trio of Foster-bellied punky swagger-men who are surely destined to become Australia's most redoubtable rock-megastar boss-fellas since Rolf Harris first turned us all on to the manifold delights of Wallaby Beat way back in those fabulous sixties we remember so very well.

Unfortunately, however, The Victims are somewhat retrogressive cobblers — sorry, *cobbers — insomuch as they're still using the-year-before-last's cacophonic pneumatic-shrill paroxysms as an undistinguished musical backdrop for their trenchant lyrical endeavours, ending up cutting off their doo just to spite their dijeree. Blimey, blokes, bit blooming crook, it is, and you won't get 'em waltzing in the middle of the Earl's Court Road with such blatantly uncompromising nostalgia.*

V2: Speed Freak (Bent Records). Retching over the photograph of V2 on the reverse of their, uh, *with-it* picture sleeve, one concludes that the profusion of tallowy flesh gently rocking in the breeze as it hangs loosely over *denims* with *turn-ups* (oh, how could you?) seems to indicate the only things these Manchester lads are putting up their collective nose is their index fingers, simply not putting their money where their daily mirror is. Musically, V2 pack the aural-punch of a damp fart in a rust-corroded baked bean can, while in an effort to make the John "Natty Baldhead" Peel show, V2 cop the free-form jingle-jangle thimble-cymbal musical break in Led Zep's "Whole Lotta Love" and shove it in the middle of the mandatory mundane minimalism.

MUD: Cut Across Shorty (RCA). Iggy and Bowie's worthy stable-mates bleat fossilised tortoise'n'hare dirge that sounds like lack-lustre Glitter Band with a chronic case of piles.

CHICAGO: Little One (CBS). This ponderous limp-horned, vapid-stringed, ruptured-soul ballad isn't even mocking midgets, it's just another attempt to capture the paedophiliac market. They'll be burning this one before breakfast down at Rough Trade. A Hit.

JEFFERSON STARSHIP: Count On Me (Grunt). Arteriosclerostic West Coast coprolites striving to raise money for nose-jobs by changing musical direction from violent revolution to imitation Fleetwood Muck. The Jeffersons sag weakly in the middle of the Californian road with a nasty taste in their mouths.

THE CUBAN HEELS: Downtown (Housewives' Choice). THE PROFITS: I'm A Hog For You Baby (Radar). MIKE BERRY: Don't Ever Change (Polydor). The Cuban Eels are living proof that the boring old Power-Slop bandwagon is already a well-knackered write-off, a redundant commodity which just wasn't marketable enough to justify its existence because — unlike punkerama — it required a degree of melodic sensibility and lyrical panache that all those beaming, servile simpletons posing for the camera in their lank fringes and poxy, imitation Fab Farts whistle'n'flutes didn't have.

On their rendition of Tony Hatch's "Downtown", the loathsome Power-Sloppers only succeed in making the wretched listener pine for Petula Cooper-Clarke's interpretation of the song. If they've rashly given up their day jobs already, they'll soon be sleeping in the subway.

Can't understand why a band on the same label as The Dork Of Derivative would want to cover a Leiber/Stoller composition when they could have easily asked Basher-old-chap to change the title for them thus enabling any royalty-cheques earned (admittedly an unlikely occurrence) to be kept in the family. Compared to The Profits, Doctor Feelgood seem almost contemporary.

Mike Berry covers the ancient Goffin/King number scarcely trying to conceal his aspirations to become another capped-toothed, tongue-in-cheek, interpretative smoothie after the fashion of the late Brian Ferret.

I don't like their new singles thasswot!

SINGLES REVIEWED BY TONY PARSONS

SON OF PETE: Mankind (Berserkley). Those zany funsters who record Jonathan Richman's each and every gah-gah-goo-goo for artistic posterity now bring you more uncontrollable guffaws with what sounds like a silent-movie's organic soundtrack, with vocals supplied by oriental Barber-Shop chipmunks on the verge of hysteria. Too much. Rilly.

RAINBOW: Long Live Rock'n'Roll (Polydor). Anachronism in the UK. Yet more grossly moronic, hamfisted HM fare that will be predictalby lapped-up by all the cheesey-sneakered, peace-sign-flashing, Frisbee-throwing, dandruff-encrusted numb-skulls *(oh, you mean our readers — Ed.)* cognisant with the Idiot Prancing oeuvre. The big, butch warbler handling vocal chores wishes he was Robert Plant, albeit with a hairier chest. *Snouds* readers fawn at their fringes.

BREAD: Diary (Elektra). STEPHANIE DE SYKES: Nothing Goes Right (DJM). JACKSON BROWNE: Running On Empty (Asylum). A trilogy of melodic, mellow-melancholia with feisty Stephanie easily trashing the competition when it comes to evoking the true spirit of unrequited romanticism they're all striving for. *"I don't eat right, I stay out nights, I get in fights,"* she croons mournfully. *"I do a lot of lonely lines, Down and down, right? Quit stalling, Start calling, One syllable from you and I'll come crawling."*

The numerous references to casual aggravation, illicit pharmaceuticals and spicy subjugation should glean ample exposure on the wireless airwaves, and likewise for the six-year-old Bread being dished up again for the benefit of your Mum's palate. The mouldy David Gates composition concerns a sexually-warped paranoid with delusions of grandeur who gets his jollies by stealing a girl's diary and flogging the log (keep it bent in Lent) as he fantasises that the subject matter of the revelations therein is none other than himself. There's a happy ending, though, when the girl gives him a shrewd elbow.

The Jackson live-cut is the title-track culled from his current twelve-inch album release and wallows too long for comfort in a sludgy mire of self-pity that I'll put down as due to the disadvantage of Browne's geographical location, the factor which undoubtedly provokes his occasional whimpering lapses into the realms of errant pseudo-nihilism bullshit. The degree of humanity he displays on his finest work like, "Love Needs A Heart", "Here Come Those Tears Again", "The Only Child" or Browne's superb version of the Reverend Gary Davis song, "Cocaine", is disappointingly conspicuous by its absence.

THE REGAL DEWY: Where Would I Be Without You? (RCA) Not on sale for ten pence in a North London Oxfam shop Dewy?

LUCY LASTIK: (He's My) Skateboard Hero (Ember). SCOTLAND SONS: Hey , Argentina (EMI). PETER HOWELL AND THE BBC RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP: The Astronauts (BBC Records). Crass exploiters of the nurd kind. What's happening, baybee??? Oh face-lifted roller-skating craze for offspring whose parents can't afford to send them ski-ing for to break their bones; oh hallowed football tournament hosted by a fascist government; oh inter-galatic buffoonery touting for the trade of the waiting, watching wankers who would rather dream of a virgin planet unspoilt by human hands than help clean up the mess right here on Mother Earth. *You're what's happening, baybee!*

This week's specifics: remember the nudge-nudge, wink-wink, naughty-naughty, you've-slept-with-a-lady, what's-it-like? odorous ambience of all those patently impotent Judge Dread singles that made Edward Nugent seem the very paragon of subtlety? And remember the singalongaprole poppy-pap crap of "Johnny Reggae?" Well, so does ol' listless Lucy Lastik.

"Me mates all love to watch him, There's not the slightest doubt, Never mind the weather, He loves to take it out, His Skateboard's really something, And you should see his trucks, And with his great big shiny helmet, He looks a million bucks."

Instant hilarity, Lucy, I nearly watered me Y-Fronts, didn't I?

Scotland Sons do their bit for the mass Jock Police State package-tour with the usual insipid battle-hymn chanted with contrived gusto by team-game ehthusiasts (in this case Dumbarton Football Club and Slik, produced by Midge Ure) recorded warbling in unison while scrubbing in the communal shower. Stirring stuff. But when you have a drink on a Saturday night, Buenos Aires still belongs to The Junta.

Peter Howell and the Beeb bozos Radioactive Workship make contact with a commercially viable quasi-cosmic instrumental that is working from a fairly orthodox existentialist Was God A Discomat? outlook on the infinite universe — all synthesised Barry White saccharine-soaked symphonic backing-track-marks, decorous Devo-derived Spamdroid rhythm-section repetition plus an enlightened visionary awareness redolent of little green Karen Carpenter braying, *"Weeeeve beeeen upsuuurfin yoooo!"*

WAYLON JENNINGS AND WILLIE NELSON: Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys (RCA). DON WILLIAMS: I've Got A Winner In You (ABC). CARL SMITH: It's Teardrop Time (DJM). GERRY FORD: Someone To Give My Love To (Emerald). HELEN AND HARVEST: It Didn't Have To Be A Diamond (Emerald). The seasons come and go, but the annual blight of the Wembley Country Music Festival remains, and the increasing deluge of wholesome vinyl with a neck of vivid crimson being pushed for review under my cell-door makes me realise that the yearly *fiesta* for Anglo-Cowpokes will soon be upon us, complete with chartered accountants from Surrey decked out in ten-litre stetson hats, winkle-pickled high-heel boots (spurs optional) that make them irritable when they start tormenting their corns, and those rank buckskin jackets with frilly fringes that Roger Daltrey and David Crosby used to wear before they became punks. They call him Big Hank when he looks like Cyril.

"Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're hard t'hold," chides

● Next page

DELIVERANCE

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SINGLES

● *From previous page*

the nasal-twang of Wail Wail-on. *"They'd rather give you a song than silver and gold."* Tight bastards. *"Lone Star belt-buckles an' ol' faded Levi's and each night begins a new day,"* wee Willie warbles.

Don Williams manages to summon up a semblance of tender affection that don't sound like syrupy-sentimental-slush, whereas Carl Smith sounds like a back-yard full of howling moggies who just had their ardour dampened by a bucket of ice-cold bromide. Ex-President and stumbling White House court jester Gerry Ford once more falls flat on his boat-race as he tries to carve a new career for himself as a recording artist while the country-corn of Helen and Harvest is as low as an elephant's toe . . . so y'all sling y'hook now, y'hear?

Yer geetar won't *never* git better if'n y'pick it.

ANDY GIBB: Shadow Dancing (RSO). RUFUS: Blue Love (ABC). THE O'JAYS: I Love Music (Short Version) (Philadelphia International). PLAYERS ASSOCIATION: Disco Inferno (Vanguard). THE BAR-KAYS: Let's Have Some Fun (Mercury). KEANYA COLLINS: Barnabus Collins-Love Bandit (Grapevine).

GEORGE DUKE: Reach For It (Dance) (Epic). RUPERT Holmes: Let's Get Crazy Tonight (Private Stock). BYRON BURNS: Ooh Baby (Splash). BILLY OCEAN: Everything's Changed (GTO). DEE D JACKSON: Automatic Lover (Mercury). WILD CHERRY: I love My Music (Epic).

BILLY PRESTON: Wide Stride (A&M). THE FATBACK BAND: Mile High (Spring). MARTIN GRIFFITHS: Dock Of The Bay (Sittin' On The) (Sonet). EL COCO: I'm Mad As Hell (Pye). THE TEE CEE'S: Disco Love Bite (Part One) DJM). The impending unveiling of the Brothers Gobb's celluloid epic *Saturday Night Fever* has apparently inspired a record-breaking quantity of disco fodder to be hurled optimistically at the charts in the hope that somehow, somewhere something has gotta stick.

This motley lot just about covers the waterfront — the patented "We Vibrato" polite funkiness of another one of the buck-toothed brothers themselves, Andy Gibb, primed to help his kin-folk loot Wall Street as our colonial cousins firmly establish themselves as *the* most outrageously successful Stateside show-band of the seventies; the wild and whacky dance-floor antics of "Let's Have Some Fun", "Let's Get Crazy Tonight" and "I'm Mad As Hell", gradually bumping even the fattest lady over the edge and into total insanity.

The blood-sucked bruise you'll try to hide in the morning with a "Disco Love Bit (Part One)"; the gyrating libido of "Barnabus Collins — Love Bandit" and "Ooh Baby"; the mindless perspiration of such Locarno celebrations as "Reach For It (Dance)", "Disco Inferno", "I Love Music (Short Version)" and the more pointedly solipsistic "I Love My Music". The innocuous instantaneously-forgettable instrumentals of Rufus and Billy Preston; the intoxicating effect of over-exposure to perennially pulsating strobe-lights in The Fatback Band's "Mile High" and Billy Ocean's "Everything's Changed"; the cold Kraut punch-card calculation of Dee D. Jackson's "Automatic Lover", emanating all the soul of Tom Verlaine eating fish-fingers live.

And, finally, Martin Griffiths' unforgivable uptempo desecration of Otis Redding's timeless classic which has the shameless audacity to capriciously re-name, "Dock Of The Bay (Sittin' On The)"!!! Turn in thy urn, Otis. I hope you fall in and drown, Griffiths, you cad. Do the practitioners of this infernal, eternal beat hold nothing sacred??????

ALTERNATIVE TV: Life After Life (Deptford Fun City). On the evidence of this pathogenic, toe-tapping surrealism, Patriarch Of Fan-scenes Mark Perry is still aspiring to the prestigious status of Dada-figure. Pee discards the natural Anglo-dialect he employed on ATV's "Love Lies Limp (an estimable flexi-disc given away *gratis* with *Sniffin' Glue* 12), opting for a ludicrously contrived vocal reminiscent of a Rasta Barry McGuire.

"There's always gonna be that Pressure Drop/The Commies and the Fascists, they ain't never gonna stop. . ."

Yeah, more Howard Trevor-Devoto-like shot-by-both-sides self-important, vacuous drivel: Listen, mate, the Left didn't start these altercations. The Airfix-inhaling one seems totally oblivious as to what would be the fate of Black people in this country (not to mention the Black culture Perry claims to love so dearly) if the National Front ever got into power. Perry should get down on his knees in gratitude to the Left. All we are doing is defending. What are *YOU* doing, Mark?

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ELVIS

ELVIS COSTELLO is taking his guest-spot on *Top Of The Pops* in his usual sardonic stride.

Here in the proverbial lion's den, Costello and The Attractions are sequestered together off to one corner, waiting for their turn on the adjacent stage where they will in due course perform Tip For The Top "Chelsea", while casually observing the rest of those similarly lucky popsters going through their paces. Maybe it's the virtually surreal quotient of ludicrous pop cliches being blithely trotted out on the other twin stages that keeps the Costello collective so near-languidly amused.

Costello himself views the whole pantomime with a detachment that arguably typifies his recently-discovered professionalism. He's adopted his classic stance for the occasion — the Fender Jazzmaster cradled in his arms, the legs slanted somewhat askew as per usual — but the stance has become totally unselfconscious and his manner is strictly casual.

As Legs and Co troup onto their own personal little platform to go through the paces on Bob Marley's "Is This Love", Costello views the collective girly primping most sardonically, wondering out loud whether one of the stickers for his new album — "Warning: This is not this year's model" — can be surreptitiously applied to at least one of the, uh, dancers' physiques.

This *Top Of The Pops* encounter is in fact the second meeting with Costello in less than a week.

First time round we'd met some hours before a live taping of a Nicky Horne show for London's Capital Radio wherein Elvis would take over an hour of airtime to play some of his favourite tracks. At an Indian restaurant immediately preceding the taping, Costello seemed in fine spirits, leaping from topic to topic enthusiastically.

In the three hours of all-purpose casual reacquaintance-ship Elvis went into lavish detail about his songwriting plans — particularly his aspirations for other favourite singers as diverse as George Jones, Dusty Springfield and Ian Dury to record particular songs of his (he wanted Jones to record "Stranger In The House", Dury to do a new song, "Sunday's Best"). He also blithely ran through a list of non-originals he himself was toying with the idea of recording. Like, for instance, Marc Bolan's "Jeepster" and Abba's "Knowing Me, Knowing You". Costello has already performed songs like Richard Hell's "Love Comes In Spurts", The Damned's "Neat, Neat, Neat", John Sebastian's "Six O'Clock", Bacharach-David's "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself", while Ian Dury's "Roadette Song" has become practically a staple item of each and every Attractions' set.

Then there are the old songs he's rewritten — a new "Less Than Zero" which he's changed strictly for American audiences substituting Lee Harvey Oswald for Oswald Mosley as the song's lynch-pin — not to mention his amiable recollection of Nick Lowe's underhand swiping of the title "Little Hitler" which Costello initially intended as the title for "Model".

Costello has, however, not let the 'steal' go unchallenged, penning a song entitled "Two Little Hitlers" as a direct reaction to Lowe's theft.

FINALLY THAT evening came the Nicky Horne hour. Costello was initially undermined with nerves, producing a steady ingestion of wine and chain smoking. Once fortified however, he tended to overproject at times, providing the Costello watcher with intriguing glimpses mainly in the choice of records (the Dylan track "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window" for example: he later confided that a year ago he would never have dared openly choose a Dylan song, fearing that such a ploy would have been interpreted *then* as the young songwriter bowing to an overbearing influence) but also coming on a little too brash at certain junctures, principally when asked by Horne about the generally super-positive reaction via reviews and such that he'd been granted while touring the States.

He claimed widely that, "Well of course, Americans have never produced one decent home-grown rock and roll band, so when they're confronted with the real thing they tend to get a little over excited". In the sheer brashness of that statement (which was immediately undermined when Elvis next chose a Richard Hell and The Voidoids track as a fave pick) seemed to lay an essential quality of Costello when psyched up to confront the media. It manifested itself in a need to go to sometimes near-ludicrous extremities in order to make a stand, in order to *project,* dead against the grain of his professions' over-weening blandness.

Disgust! Irritation? Revenge! Obsession?

NICK KENT — whose 1977 interview with ELVIS COSTELLO was internationally quoted as the definitive piece on The Man In Glasses — goes back for a second encounter. CHALKIE DAVIES took the photos.

NINE MONTHS before our ultimate showdown interview, which eventually took place last Tuesday immediately after the *TOTP* taping, Costello and I had got together for our first ever meeting / interview. Due to numerous unforseen circumstances, this was an event that came to land Costello with an image as a true extremist — "Mr. Revenge and Guilt" in effect — that was reverberated throughout virtually very subsequent piece written on the man, particually those penned for the American market where Costello, having toured twice, has given only two very curt interviews.

The *TOTP* interview then was convened by yours truly in order to find out, amongst innumerable other angles, whether the extremities of Elvis' statements during our first encounter had become something of an albatross around his neck.

Also, the *TOTP* environ had been chosen in order to talk to The Attractions as well, seeing as "This Year's Model" is nothing if not a *group* album, with the other three players deftly committed to backing up the welter of emotions honed out by their leader with an equivalent overwhelming musical intensity.

The Attractions are an odd combination when taking on masse, mixing together the hard-bitten professionalism and experience of the rhythm section (Pete and Bruce Thomas) with the disarming naivete of keyboards player Steve Naive.

Taken individually however, they each have their own story to tell. Drummer Pete Thomas' vocational progression into The Attractions is probably the most conventional and logical of the trio, for example. Formerly drummer with Chilli Willi and the Red Hot Peppers he was thus more than slightly acquainted with Jake Riviera, the Chillis' manager throughout. After the 1974 Kokomo / Chillis / Feelgoods tour proved that there was no tangible light at the end of the tunnel for that particular combo, Thomas went off to the West Coast of America at the request of cult folkie John Stewart who employed him as his drummer for a couple of years. Eventually the drummer's dissatisfaction with the Stewart connection, coupled with his burgeoning excitement about the reverberations of England's new wave scene, sent him winging back to Blighty at the request and expense of Wilko Johnson who'd just split from Dr. Feelgood. Thomas and ex-Chilli's compatriot Paul "Bassman" Riley worked with Wilko for a week, until the general depressing untogetherness forced Thomas to throw in his option. The Elvis gig followed quickly enough, with Thomas' Riviera connection more or less clinching it from the outset.

BASSIST BRUCE Thomas was more of an outsider, though his credentials are arguably the strongest of all Attraction members. A former Quiver then Sutherland Bros / Quiver bassist, be became dissillusioned with the Sutherlands connection and split in a none too amicable fashion.

After that came a doomed one-off affiliation, name of Moonrider which got nowhere fast, and plenty of session work. "I've always wanted to be a member of ... y'know ... *the* group, the greatest band."

He'd heard "Less Than Zero" when the Elvis gig came up via an ad in the trades calling for members of a "pop combo" to apply to Stiff. When he came on the phone, Costello himself asked what other bands Bruce was into. "I replied that I liked Graham Parker and a couple of Steely Dan albums. Elvis immediately said 'Forget it'." Someone else though, who'd heard of Thomas' reputation persisted and an audition was arranged. Thomas, meanwhile, had secured the "Aim" album and worked out all the songs in advance. That, plus the fact that drummer Pete Thomas had always rated him, clinched it.

Thomas nowadays is an agreeable, wordly sort — desires and all that tend to change, he claims — while he wryly notes that older compatriots like the Sutherland Bros appear to be actively offended and frightened not a little by the new wave as portrayed by E. Costello.

"I saw them once backstage and Ian Sutherland immediately came up and said 'I'm not impressed!' while the drummer kept muttering 'I don't like Elvis, y'know. I don't like his songs!' It was all a bit sad really."

Keyboardist Steve Naive was the last to become an Attraction. More to the point, he's easily the weirdest guy I've ever, *ever* interviewed, almost languishing in his reputation as innocent young cove.

Continues over page

COST

Perversity! Intensity! Neurotic? Depr

From previous page

"I really don't understand," he rails out, blissfully unaware of the ridiculousness of each contention he makes, "why we're not as big as the Bay City Rollers! I mean, it seems very slow, this pop business thing."

Asked if he joined Costello in order to become a part of the next Bay City Rollers, he blithely retorts, "Yeah, of course". He's the only member with no prior experience in rock, coming instead straight from the Royal College of Music where he was studying composition. He stuck around long enough to take the exams but it was by the end of the Stiffs tour that he learnt that he'd failed.

Meanwhile, he claims agreeably that he's never even heard Garth Hudson or Ray Manzarek — "or the Mysterons, either" as he insists on calling ? And The Mysterions.

"The only rock albums I ever owned were by T. Rex and Alice Cooper. The only concert I ever saw was by Alice Cooper. That was great, that was."

When Naive first heard the "Aim" album he'd already secured the gig and "I couldn't stand it. Couldn't make head or tail of it. Still can't really." What he likes best about playing with Elvis is "when is gets weird and spooky. I really like those bits". He speaks of his eventual ambition which is to write soundtrack music, particularly for the likes of Hammer movies. Though, he adds, his favourite of all would be something like "Love Story". Michel Legrand, it turns out, is his favourite musician.

And oh yeah, what would happen were Elvis to suddenly decide to ditch that, ah, 'spooky' feel to his music?

"Oh well, I'd have to seriously think about sticking around then, wouldn't I."

The following Elvis Costello interview was taped after all the others and, without much need for preface, is simply shaped out in Q and A fashion as, on recurring listenings, it has become apparent that it was the only sensible way to document his statement.

N.K. — One of the first things that I think needs to be dealt with, however briefly, is your feeling about the first interview we did. It presented a very powerful, extreme portrait of you which many seemed to latch onto a little too readily. Like, Rolling Stone referred to you as "Mr. Revenge and Guilt", I remember.

E.C. — Well there are two ways of looking at that: one, in a professional capacity, and two, in a personal capacity. From a professional viewpoint . . . see, I never wanted to be simply one-dimensional . . . or two-dimensional, for that matter. But you've got to make a stand and go to some extreme in order to establish something directly opposed to all that awful blandness out there. Otherwise you're just another face, another number, so the fact that it's really extreme . . . I wasn't faking it at all, mind, but still it was right on that very hazy borderline of this whole professional/personal thing where I could've become like the Pistols who stated something totally unacceptable, who cut through everything and ended up cutting their own throats in the process and burying themselves. Just to make that stand, y'know. Personally I'm still not quite sure. There's certainly a lot of strange things going on in my head, a *lot* of strange things still happening.

Were those original statements of yours very much a pre-planned manifesto of sorts, then?

Not so much on a conscious level. See, I didn't know what was going to happen when we spoke — it was just a week after the album had been released — and I was still incredibly bitter about the business *which,* I might add, hasn't changed at all.

I still haven't forgiven them and I see no reason why I ever should. That's why I don't want to go to lunch with the *Top Of The Pops* producer. People in this fuckin' business just don't understand that I don't want to join their little club. I don't want to go down to the Roxy and hang out with Linda Ronstadt!

See, the music-biz as a whole — the crassness of it all — still actively disgusts me and any degree of success I may attain will not weigh against all that crap I went though initially. Even if I got to be as big as Fleetwood Mac, I still wouldn't feel any different. (Pause)

The music biz actively disgusts me. People in this business just don't understand that I don't want to join their little club.

But at the same time I don't want to sound obsessed about it, like Phil Spector. Y'know, "people are persecuting me". Like, I don't think anyone is persecuting me.

O.K. BUT THAT leads me on to referring to something else which I've noticed others saying about you — a strong body of opinion, so to speak, which was typified by something Ian Dury said about you in NME. It was something like — "Oh yeah Elvis is a good songwriter but he's not a mature human." — "He is just a boy" I think was the exact reference.

Ah yes, a couple of people have said that. Nick (Lowe) said something similar and some people on the Stiff tour did as well. It usually takes the form of, yeah they think I'm a good songwriter — they've got a certain amount of respect for my songs — they think my talents are mature but they don't think I'm a mature human-being. That I'm incomplete somehow as a human-being.

But then again, I'd agree with them y'know. I'm not a balanced, mature person as far as I'm concerned. I don't want to sound like some weirdo, but still. . .they're right, yeah. I would back them up certainly.

O.K. then, that said, surely the crux of the matter is — do you want to get more mature as a person and consequently get less extreme? Or do you consider those extremities, albeit immature or overly neurotic, as still indispensable as basic fuel for your songwriting?

That's a difficult one, you know. It's my "Will he have difficulty relating to success and will he still be as sharp as he was now he's been pulled off the streets?" dilemma. That tends to be the popular one that people get with their second albums. It was like that for Springsteen, wasn't it? Like, "What's he going to do now he's no longer on the streets in New Jersey?"

Ah, but that 'street thing' doesn't apply to you because you were never 'a man of the streets' as such. You were more into emotional extremities.

Right, so with me it's going to be "What's going to happen now he's a success? How are the changes going to affect him?"

O.K., well there are two ways around that. I could find myself 'playing' with people, projecting myself through them in order to write songs. Which I've already done, by the way. And then there's a dimension beyond that where that thing becomes a dimension within itself.

One new song of mine for example — "Dr. Luther's Assistant" — is a case in point. It's a new interest of mine, y'know — people owning people, people playing with other people like pawns. Not like a 'pawn of society' or even a 'pawn of the corporation'. Just one-to-one. So that's one new thing that's still just as emotional as before.

The other thing (Pause) you see, I don't necessarily think I'm going to become a 'nicer person' or a more 'complete' person as a consequence of all this. Because this job is not designed to make you nicer, or more mature, even. You can say — "Oh you're just immature, you'll soften up" but I fuckin' won't because . . . say, tenderness. I can feel tenderness and I'm not afraid of it and it isn't entirely absent from either of my albums. It's just that everybody with their typical lack of imagination chose to ignore any signs of that completely and plump for the other extremities instead.

See, people don't realise that I may not be mature because I may just not fuckin' want to be. I don't know what being grown-up is, see. And I don't think it's necessarily any better.

In other ways though . . . sometimes I feel 100 years old or certainly much older than I actually am. A lot of the time I think my reactions to many given situations are those of a middle-aged person — I'm not saying that's unique or anything — but therefore I do actively resent being called a 'kid' because I know there's no set pattern of maturity. Christ, when I was 18 — five years ago — I felt 30 and it's only in the last, say, three years that I've actually felt younger so to speak. At 18 I was really deadly, deadly cynical, and it's only been in the last six months that I've been feeling much younger, much less serious. If only because I'm starting to see the whole joke — the great joke of life itself. (Laughs).

On a different subject . . . the new album. I was playing various tracks from "Model" to a friend who'd previously not been too impressed by your stuff. He was certainly far more impressed but claimed that he was still turned off by the vindictiveness he noted coming out against the whole fashion-femme fatale-Vogue thing . . .

Well yeah, there is a quotient of vindictiveness there, but there are so many other things going on at the same time. For one, there are more positive aspects to, say, "Lipstick Vogue" than are noticed. The chorus *is,* afterall, "you're *not* another mouth lost in the lipstick vogue." That's positive.

In fact the negative side is actually turned in on myself when I say "Sometimes I almost feel / Just like a human being". Because often I don't feel quite human — I don't feel real. And that song was written long before other people started describing me as 'robotic' or 'an android' and all that.

It's almost like a self-fulfilling phrophecy y'know. In fact, there are quite a few things on

ELLO

Innocence! Extreme! ression? Guilt?

this album that are like that. Frighteningly so, in fact. Things I've had absolutely no control over. I mean, at least four of the "Model" songs came true after I wrote them.

Such as?

Well (pause), first of all you could almost break down my two albums and put songs under headings. Like, with the first album, it was Politics / Philosophy (general) / and Revenge. And with "Model" you kinda go — Politics, then Fashion and then whatever else . . . there's some other heading in there too. See, "Chelsea", "Lipstick", "Paradise", "This Year's Girl", "Pump It Up" are all kind of songs about 'fashion' so they do relate to me now even though they were written before I became a 'fashion'.

See, the self-fulfilled prophecy thing is exactly that: in a perverse way, I am currently becoming fashionable, a fashion unto myself (grits his teeth). I never ever wanted that, mind you. It's very frightening in a way because that's the very last thing I ever wanted to become. From the very beginning there was never any air-brush stuff. I could never imagine a lot of people wanting this ugly geek in glasses ramming his songs down their throats. And that's *exactly* what I'm in it for. I'm in it to disrupt people's lives.

SO LET'S TALK about individual songs on "Model". Like, I think one critic called you a misogynist because of "This Year's Girl".

Right, which is ridiculous because "This Year's Girl", if anything, is like a female "Miracle Man" in that they both deal with inadequacy — with humour, I believe. Like, "This Year's Girl" is not one girl — it's a song for and about all the girls who desperately follow this year's trends; the Biba girls or Fiorucci or whatever. And I'm not castigating them personally for swallowing that myth. In fact it's almost compassionate in a way. If it's an attack, it's an attack on the idea, or the notion.

What about "Living In Paradise" then? Is it about Los Angeles as I reckoned in my review?

Not exactly, no. Actually it's a completely different version of a very old song from the "Aim" sessions with a really ancient last verse attached to it. That's the form anyway but . . . no, it's actually me envisaging the future if I let certain things happen to me. This I do in two songs, one of which is "Hand In Hand", the other being "Paradise".

"Paradise" itself is a notion, an idea of what people think would be paradise but which in effect is so totally decadent that, were they to go along with it, they'd end up just utterly corrupt and perverted.

"Hand In Hand" is more complicated. Like it stems . . . I wrote it in fact specifically for Nick Lowe, who rejected it becasue at the time he was more into two-chord things but . . . well, that doesn't metter so much as the fact that at the time of "Aim's" mixing sessions, Nick was going through this incredible period of misery and depression as a result of the whole Rockpile episode with Swan Song and all that. Now I don't know Nick *that* well, though we work well together, but I don't socialise with him and I . . . I haven't seen his darker side, for example (Laughs). But he was so obviously just totally 'cut up' by this experience that I wrote "Hand In Hand" as a consequence of it all *not* simply for him but also because the main figure — the Jimmy Page-type who is actually stating those things, and let's not beat around the bush here with Swan Song and all that crap — is just the sort of unhuman monster type I could become if I let myself go *that* far.

So the song is totally given over to stating someone else's feelings with just the slightest tinge of . . . not 'fear' but y'know . . . yeah, that could just about be me, y'know.

That's actually a proven example of what I meant when I spoke earlier about using other people as mouthpieces. It may one day totally get like that . . . when I'm writing totally impersonal songs. See, I just can't carry on doing . . . y'know, 'more revenge'. Itt'd be like The Clash singing "White Riot '78" or something . . .

How do you see these songs then as opposed to the previous collection on "My Aim Is True"?

Actually I see the "Aim" songs as just 'a collection', really. On "Model", in the beginning, I was into creating something more complete — not a concept album but something more interlinked, yeah? Back then ehre was still "Detectives" which . . . actually though it's not on this album, "Detectives" was very important because it was the first song that proved to me that I could write in a whole new style. Like, I see this album as being generally more 'oblique' lyrically than "Aim".

Really?

Well, yeah, that's my viewpoint anyway. Like, the imagery is generally far more fragmented, in songs like "Chelsea" and "Lipstick" — very much in a non-linear fashion. Like "Chelsea" is more like snapshots intercut between two movies — *"Smashing Time"* and *"Blow-Up"*. But "Detectives", which I wrote in the first 24 hours of constantly listening to the first Clash album which I'd just bought, was the first song where I discovered I could write in that fragmented style.

But then again y'know, "This Year's Girl" is very specific. It was so specific at first that it read like a chronicle. I didn't see any emotion in it until later on.

WHAT ABOUT "Little Triggers"? That seems a very weird song.

It *is* a *very* weird song, yeah. Different things come to mind when I hear it now. It's more 'evocative' than direct. More like a poem though I hate poetry usually. It's weird — the way I see it now, it relates very much to "Alison". It's like the reverse side of the feeling in "Alison" though I certainly didn't plan it that way.

Ah yes, "Alison". That strikes me very much as a key song for you because it's the nearest you've ever got to a direct manifestation of 'tenderness' though, at the same time, you're recoiling from exactly that feeling.

Well that song is very, very personal to me and I rarely perform it now. Very rarely. I'm usually just not in the right mood. And it's almost frightening that, because when I find that feeling creeping up on me — when I perform that song — that I'm attaching more importance to my work than is reasonable. It's like 'yeah, it's only rock 'n' roll' but, at the same time, rock 'n' roll as such *is* my life. It's all I do, so these songs *are* me.

That's why people whose songs you admire are usually so disappointing when you meet them. Because their songs are their lives and they don't have a life outside their songs. And often I feel exactly the same way.

An inevitable question has to be: how do you currently view the third album?

God knows! (Laughs). I could completely flip out and do a "Radio Ethiopia" (Laughs). No . . . as a progression. I want to plough in more emotions, not because people have drawn this one-dimensional picture of me but just . . . for my own sanity, really.

How many useable 'new' songs do you have at present?

Oh, about 15. There's "Sunday's Best", which is nothing more than a commentary on the English way of life, as far as I can see. There's "Dr Luther's Assistant" which I mentioned before, where Luther is this Howard Hughes sort of figure and his assistant . . . well, you'll hear it soon enough.

There's another one called "Chemistry Class" which I do solo and also "Green Shirt" which is an offshoot of "The Beat" in a way. These songs will be more, uh . . . outward looking (Laughs to himself). Like, there's less humour on "Model" than the last, don't you think? It's more vicious overall but far less personal, though. But then my sense of humour is very, very bleak. *Very low key.*

Finally, two questions. First — do you consider yourself an obsessive?

Yeah, I guess I am. I can get very obsessive . . . it changes a lot, but I tend to get anything really.

So would you agree with the old Joseph Conrad quote that a man fixed with one idea is clinically insane?

Hmmm — possibly, but then I don't think I'm obsessed with one idea. In fact I know I'm not, or else I would be completely happy to play up to the image of me as a one-dimensional revengeful character all the time (Pause).

Actually I think I'm more devious than obsessive.

Final question. Do you consider yourself an 'artist'?

No, absolutely not.

Then you consider your vocation as being simply a singer and a songwriter.

Yes (Pause). No, not my vocation. That's a fair blanket description of myself but not my vocation . . . my ultimate vocation in life is to be an 'irritant'! Not something actively destructive just someone who irritates, who disorientates. Someone who disrupts the daily drag of life just enough to leave the victim thinking there's maybe more to it all than the mere hum-drum quality of existence.

I could never imagine a lot of people wanting this ugly geek in glasses ramming his songs down their throats.

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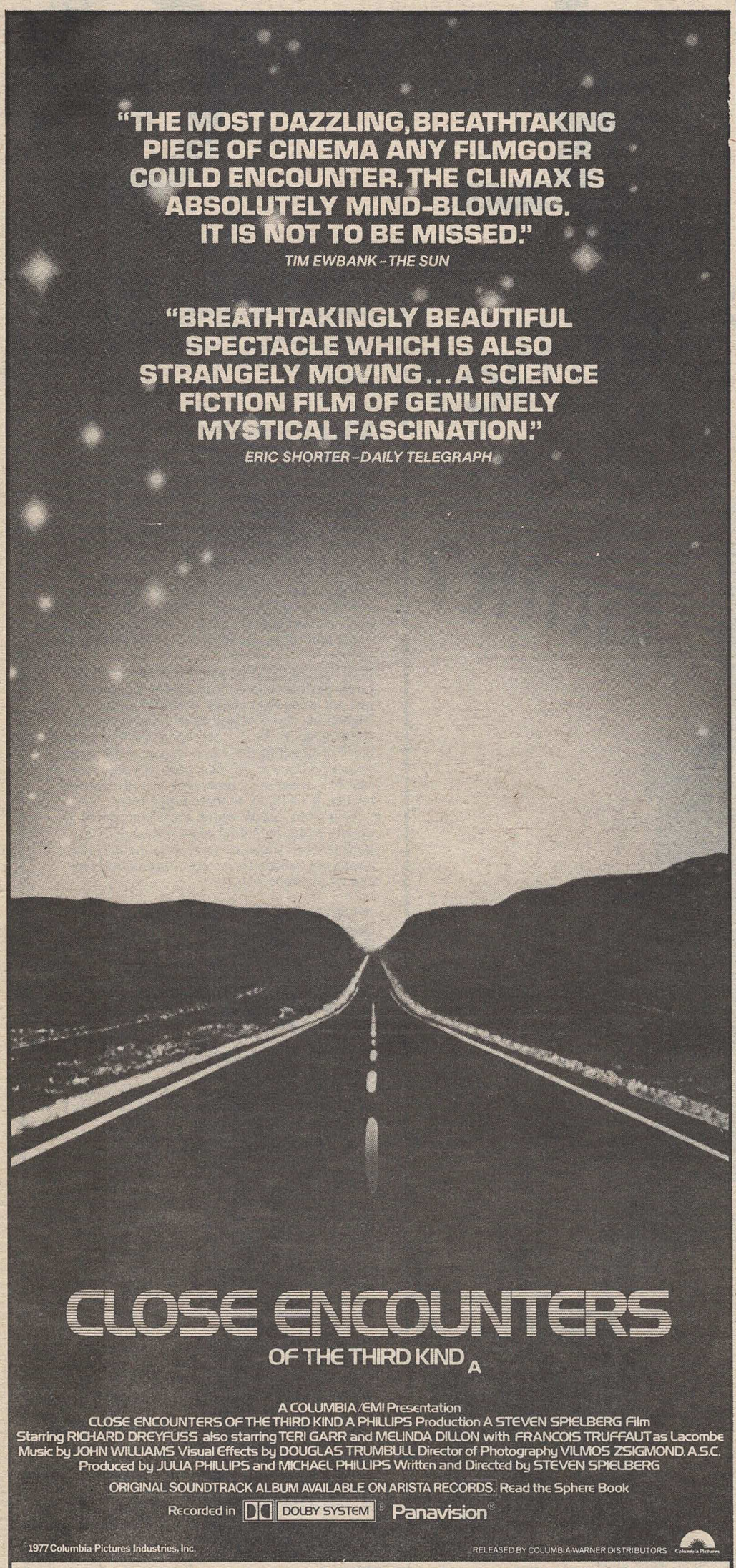

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Goodbar and Fever: variations on a disco theme

Looking For Mr Goodbar (X)

Written and directed by Richard Brooks.
Starring Diane Keaton (CIC)

THIS MOVIE could screw up your entire weekend. This doesn't mean that you shouldn't see it (after all, it screwed up *my* weekend so why should you get off lightly?), but don't expect to be a barrel of laughs when you come out.

Bleak? *Looking For Mr Goodbar* aims to condemn the morality (or what writer/director Richard Brooks considers to be the morality) of its heroine Theresa Dunn (Keaton), but ultimately the moral worldview that is the most profoundly depressing is that of Brooks himself, who has retained the structure and characters of Judith Rossner's original novel but completely erased the compassion and understanding that Rossner displayed for her protagonist.

The movie flattens the plot out to one situation periodically illuminated by flashbacks and the occasional fantasy sequence: Theresa Dunn is a saintly, patient, totally wonderful teacher of deaf children by day and a single-bar disco cruiser by night, picking up all sorts of guys and doing a lot of dope by night, always chucking the guys out before morning.

Yeah, I know there's no great incongruity or moral evil in living like that, but Brooks thinks there is and rams it relentlessly down the audience's throat at every possible opportunity. There's this horrific scene where Keaton accepts a quaalude from one of her pickups, Tony (played by Richard Gere in a performance which includes just about every mannerism displayed by Robert De Niro in *Mean Streets* and Taxi Driver and oversleeps. She arrives in class three hours late to find her kids rampaging around, wrecking the classroom and scrawling "You Don't Care" and skull motifs on the blackboard.

This is essentially ludicrous, since previous scenes had depicted Theresa Dunn as having an excellent and trusting relationship with her pupils, built up over a long period of time. In such circumstances, the kids would be more concerned than vengeful if their teacher misses a couple of classes, but Brooks jams his thumb down on the "Guilt" button to emphasise just how degenerate he thinks Theresa is.

We also meet Theresa's awful family (and thank Christ that an American movie finally shows an Awful Family which isn't Jewish. This mob is Catholic, which means that the father is the heavy instead of the mother), her airline stewardess swinger of an older sister (Tuesday Weld) — another opportunity for Brooks to sock it to the New Morality — her first lover (a narcissitic college professor played by Alan Feinstein, who tells her "I can never stand a woman's company after I've fucked her" and is therefore responsible for forming Thresea's own attitude to men) and the assorted jerkos that she pulls in the bars.

Round about this time, Brooks expects you to be asking, "But why can't she meet a Nice Guy?" So, of course, she does. James — played by William Atherton, last seen to any effect in *Day Of The Locust* — is a social worker and a complete wimpout, more into sucking up to Theresa's dad than giving her one. So no wonder she hangs out with leather-jacketed rough-trade and off-duty cops. Fortunately, Keaton gives Theresa Dunn a three-dimensionality that Brooks would seek to deny her. In Rossner's novel, we see the world as Theresa sees it: in Brooks' movie, we see Theresa as others see her, with only the brief fantasy sequences to take us inside her head. Rossner invited us to understand Theresa; Brooks invites us to condemn her, and it is entirely due to Diane Keaton that some of the depth and insight of Rossner's novel survivies the narrow moralising of the Brooks treatment.

When the movie reaches its horrific climax, you're left with Brooks' nasty little message, which is "Horny bitch, she got what she deserved", and *that's* why this movie bummed me out. Sure, disco love ain't the meat, it's just the motion, but this kind of corny, Old Testament wages-of-sin garf is purely from hunger.

Read the book and *then* see the movie, but only for Diane Keaton's exemplary performance.

Charles Shaar Murray

. . .by night, playing around with jerks

Saturday Night Fever (X)

Directed by John Badham
Starring John Travolta (CIC)

ORIGINALLY, I saw this grand homage to The Discos a couple of days after viewing the punk 'epic' *Jubilee,* considering beforehand the idea of pairing the two, probably to *Fever*'s detriment. After all, I loathed disco music, found the movie's soundtrack 'heroes' the Bee Gees a fairly grim prospect, plus I'd witnessed Saturday Night Fever's principal character John Travolta once before in the US TV sitcom *Welcome Back Kotter* — from whence he'd derived his initial rep.-popularity, and I'd thought he was pretty obnoxious to boot.

But . . . *(The big But, eh Nick? — Ed.),* well, talk about destroying preconceptions! *Saturday Night Fever* knocked me out, totally upending all those aforementioned biases and providing me with the most thoroughly enjoyable two hours of screen-dreaming I'd experienced since God knows when.

Based on a Nik Cohn article published in some deluxe NY rag about the Saturday night ritual providing working class Brooklyn kids with their weekly 'charge', the script and production together sculpt a compelling and totally convincing plot utilising Travolta (as Tony, the typically dumb but charismatic late teens Brooklynite whose a wiz on the dance floor) as the film's centrepoint.

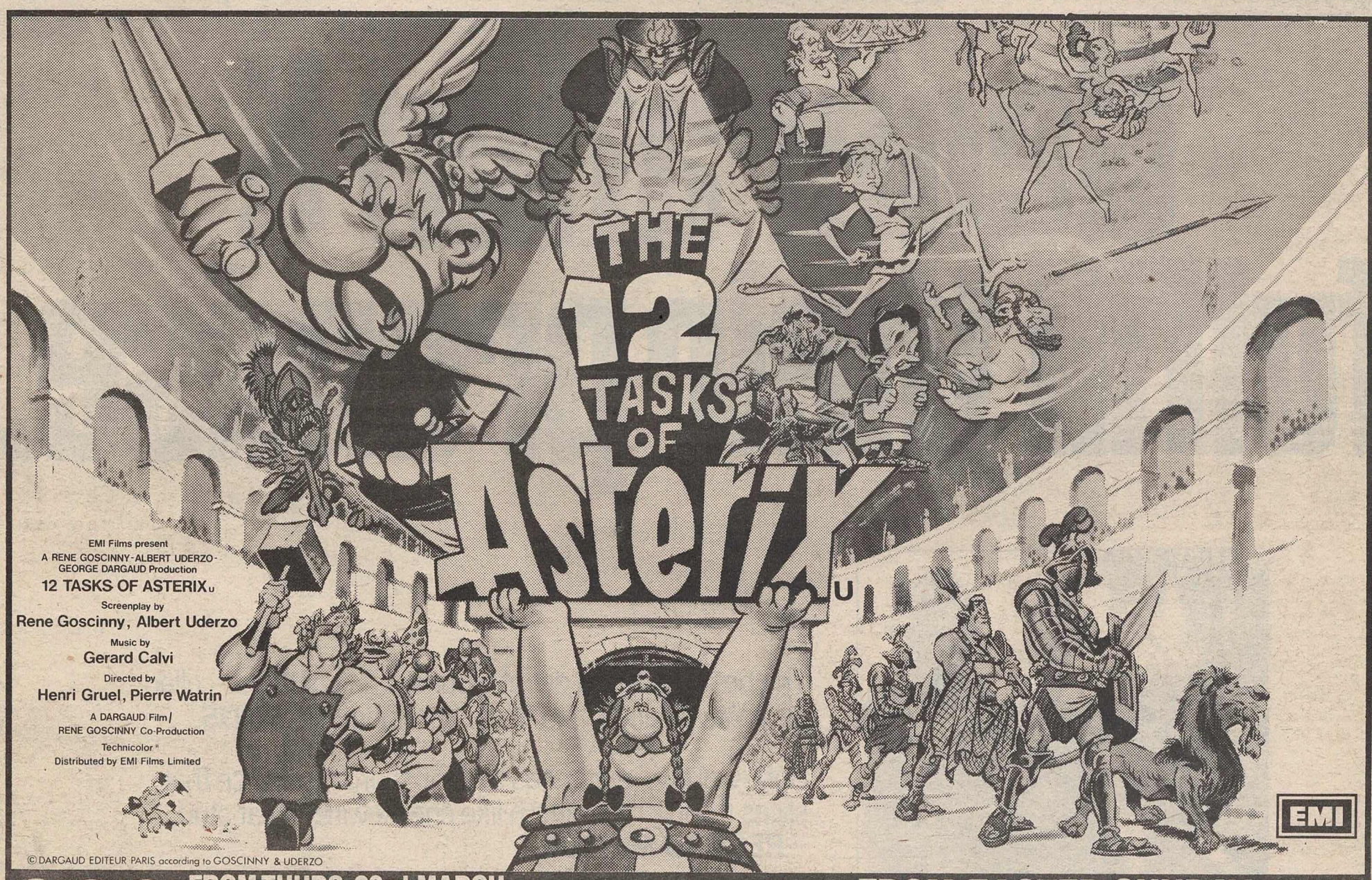
Tony has his gang, his inarticulacy, a brother in the church — who in consequence makes Tony the black sheep of the family — plus his vague aspirations for social self-improvement, which become crystalised around the film's heroine (Karen-Ann Gormley).

Ms Gormley plays a rather pathetic social climber, as dumb in her own way as Tony, but more pretentious and concerned about improving her lot. Anyway, what could have been just a string of cliches is galvanised brilliantly by Travolta's performance. Strictly in the contemporary Pacino/Stallone mould, where charisma goes hand in hand with bad grace, Travolta still has his own style, not to mention lending himself completely to the role.

It's already made him a massive star in the States and will doubtless do the same here. But that's only fair because he's absolutely as good as all the superlatives being currently tossed around by our national media. And the music? Well, the Bee Gees for one are a revelation with songs like "Stayin' Alive" sounding astounding within context.

It's a bizarre chemistry all told, but it works — spectacularly so, most of the time. And if you dare to miss out on *Saturday Night Fever* due solely to your own dodgy preconceptions (as I almost did), then you'll be the loser.

Nick Kent



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●*Continued from previous page*

Skateboard (A)

Directed by George Gage
Starring Allen Garfield and Kathleen Nolan
(CIC)

THIS HAD to come, of course — any film with this title would rake in loot at the moment. I've got a terrifying vision of hundreds of kids whizzing up and down cinema aisles all over the country scattering soft drinks and popcorn.

Skateboard is only going to keep you rivetted to the screen if you're fascinated by the sight of healthy young demi-gods speeding down concrete slopes with brightly-coloured plastic bowls on their heads.

Now I don't mind watching some of that; it *is* an exciting spectacle. They made their mistake, however, when they decided that this was actually going to be a feature film rather than just a visual tribute to the sport.

Inevitably, a rather superficial plot was devised to fill the gaps between the action and the skateboarding. It concerns the attempts of Manny (Allen Garfield) to mould a bunch of wholesome, clean-cut, fun-loving, West Coast brats into a professional skateboarding team.

Garfield's characterisation of Manny as a nervous, noisy, loudmouth coach gets a bit too overwhelming after half an hour. Then you get a headache. Manny's life is on the line thoughout most of the film: he's heavily in debt to some unsavoury operator. Trouble is, you don't really care if he comes through safe at the end if only he'd calm down for five minutes. Beaming blonde Leif Garrett plays Brad, the young racer who saves the day by winning the mile downhill against awsome opposition.

The actual sport scenes are well shot, dozens of punters flying across the screen at all sorts of impossible angles. The accompanying music is inappropriately ponderous LA dirges about soaring like an albatross etc. Names like Jefferson Starship and The Allman Brothers Band crop up in the credits but I can't tell one drone from another.

I'd always associated skateboarding with "Sidewalk Surfin' " style sub-Beach Boys anthems and I'd have thought the first people to make a major film about the sport could have produced a glossy, entertaining '70s surfing movie.

Instead you get a fairly matter-of-fact stroll through a dull story with a few thrills thrown in. Apart from some embarrassingly contrived swearing, this is good clean fun but no kind of definitive showcase for the subject.

Kim Davis

Tomorrow Never Comes (X)

Directed by Peter Collinson
Starring Oliver Reed and Susan George
(Rank)

ONE OF THOSE deeply mediocre movies that steal over the senses like a sashweight, *Tomorrow Never Comes,* is a weedy variant on Arthur Penn's *The Chase.* Stout Oliver Reed, in the police chief role so memorably occupied by the equally stout Brando, is humane, pacific, and has had it up to here. The action covers his last hours in office, a gory shift which finds him doggedly trying to operate the law in the teeth of a bloodthirsty crowd, a triggerhappy force, and a one-man township.

The drama revolves around young Frank, who returning home to discover that his intended (stout Susan George) has become the bauble of the town's titan (John Osborne in shades), gets into a bar-brawl which damages his brain. Bearding Miss George in the nest, he shoots a cop and demands that her seducer be produced, or else.

By this point, the movie is already foundering. Reed, unable to convey the depths of despair plumbed by Brando's Sheriff Calder, relies on a doggedness of carriage and dialogue: "I don't know. I really don't know. I really don't know at all."

The besieged pair, in a situation mainly desperate for script, editing and the thespian skills, dangle about sweatily while commentators tell us about timebombs waiting to go off.

Various guest apperances are wheeled in and wasted. Stout Raymond Burr as the Commissioner is issued with clockwork toys for his character quirk, while John Ireland, who would reform if only he could, leans heavily on his crowsfeet. Only Donald Pleasence, police doctor, eternal cigarette, cynic's lines, manages to suggest an off-screen existence — in fact, he acts the rest into the ground.

The one example of Reed's superior strategic gifts — the doped beer — fails to increase the tension. The trouble with waiting games is watching them, and the script never overcomes this basic problem. Susan George's pulchritude is bunged in and out of the shower — Miss George dry, Miss George wet — but spends most of the time statically rolling her eyes at her predicament. The human time-bomb, Stephen McHattie, a beaky bag of bones, registers — like Robert Redford's Bubber before him — as well as can be expected, to resort to hospital parlance in this invalid production.

My synopsis speaks of "a totally unexpected climax." Oh, I don't know. It might have fooled Pat Garratt, but we've all seen a lotta empty guns — and movies — since then.

Brian Case, stout fella.

AROUND the time Elvis (the ex-real one) was a proper rock'n'roller forcing pony-tailed boppers to stain their bobby-sox, this loveable bipartite was lurking in the lagoons causing similar discomfort to picture palace patrons.

Thanks to London's admirable Everyman Cinema in Hampstead, a huge cultural gap can now be, er, filled. From Wednesday of this week until Sunday (March 26), the Everyman is screening Jack Arnold's classic horror movie *The Creatures From The Black Lagoon* — in the original 3D version, too, which has never been seen in this country.

See! The Monster emerge from the stagnant primordial depths of a tropical lagoon . . . etbloodycetera. Actually, *Creature* is real Devo time, the monster being represented as a prehistoric species resulting from parallel evolution to, ahem, Man. Monster and Man are each superior within their own environment. Guess who wins. And have a good time.

Terence Fisher

Space Cruiser (U)

Produced, directed and written by Yoshinobu Nishizaki
(Enterprise Pictures)

HOLIDAY FARE from the Japanese animation studios sounds like fun. Billed as 'Light years beyond 2001' *Space Cruiser* is in fact twice the length it should be and distinctly second-rate compared even to the flawed *Wizards.*

In 2199 Earth is being bombarded by space invaders and the population has retreated far below ground to escape the deadly radiation. Then comes a message from the far off planet Iscandar where they have a Cosmocleaner which can totally remove radioactive contamination.

So our intrepid space heroes, led by a gruff Captain Birdseye figure, set out across the space lanes in the Space Cruiser Yamato and thereby hangs a tale. Yamato, we suddenly learn, was a famous battleship used by Japan in World War II, and sunk after a heroic action. Many years the famous battleship lay rusting in the murky ocean depths but now she is resurrected for a flight to the stars. A message to inspire Japanese youth with patriotic fervour no doubt.

Any energy aroused, however, is soon dispersed. The space cruiser encounters so many adventures that the viewer gets numbed and finally bored. Buy the end it doesn't seem to matter anymore whether Earth is saved or not. Some of the animation sequences are effective, most are not.

Dick Tracy

Generation X fulfill their promise.

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AFORE YE GO

Alex in Paris '76: Get an Eiffel of this?

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND
Rock Drill (Mountain)

ALEX HARVEY's "Low"? Alex Harvey's primal-scream "Plastic Ono Band"? Alex Harvey's "Rock Bottom"? Alex Harvey's "Who By Numbers"?

Fast-rewind action-replay instant-update: The Sensational Alex Harvey Band did a slow-motion disintegration number after Alex fell off a stage and did his back in. They recorded one last album — this one — and did a few more gigs, but due to this and that things were never quite the same again. Keyboard player Hugh McKenna, the musical ideas man of the band, quit and was replaced by Tommy Eyre, then the whole thing went smash in a mass of bad vibes and litigation.

Guitarist Zal Cleminson, bassist Chris Glen and drummer Ted McKenna stuck together in a band called Zal, but according to current reports they're — ummmm — sort of *interesting*, which presumably means that they're at trifle on the shambolic side but should be good if and/or when they get it together.

Alex, on the other hand, tried for a major comeback gig t'other week, but since Mountain did a legal on him which put the kibosh on his performing the "Vibrania Suite" which he's been working on for the last three or four years, he was forced to revibe half his show at the last minute and the results — going by what I've read in the papers, since I missed the gig owing to a bad case of being in the States at the time — allegedly made the Titanic look like the biggest success since Fleetwood Mac.

This would not seem to augur well for "Rock Drill": a posthumously-released elpee by a band which has not exactly set the world alight since dissolving into its component parts.

Bear in mind that most of it was recorded under conditions of intense physical and emotional stress: Alex was already talking vaguely about retirement; he was sick to death of the way that his gigs had become increasingly transformed into mere ritual; he was sickened by the rock biz; his back injury meant that for most of the time he was either in intense pain or else whacked out on painkillers.

Not exactly the circumstances — as you will appreciate — most likely to produce music of a rousing good humour or an uncomplicated raunch.

So — magnum opus or indigestable morass? Do the SAHB make their collective exit with a bang or a whimper? Read on.

"Rock Drill" has the slightly uncomfortable aura of an album which has been assembled after the fact. At times — particularly during the "Rock Drill Suite" that occupies the first side — edits flash by like telegraph poles on a train journey. The credits state "Produced by The Sensational Alex Harvey Band; Remixed by David Batchelor", which would seem to indicate that Batchelor was called in to turn the band's tapes into an album.

The "Rock Drill Suite" is an extraordinary mixture of the riveting and the tedious. The side is dominated by Eyre's massively portentious multi-overdubbed neo-orchestral keyboards: a towering edifice of art-rock excess which sets out to be ominous and Gothic but all too frequently ends up as being grandiosely redundant. Zal Cleminson's excellent guitar is sadly underexposed throughout, neglected in favour of keyboards, keyboards, keyboards and still more keyboards. Only Ted McKenna's rocking, powerful drums — recorded with a relatively unmodified "live" sound — eschew bullshit all the way.

Alex himself in onstage for only about half on the suite, and whatever energy and bollocks the side possesses come from him. When Alex is singing — or talking — the music ceases to be oppressively Wagnerian and is relegated to the status of scenery, and sometimes his presence hangs over the music even when he's not actually flapping his lips.

However, there *are* long slices of outright tedium, which would suggest that the "Rock Drill Suite" would have had enormously greater impact had its energy not been dissipated by extending it to a full side. Some judicious editing would have helped. As it is, some of the most powerful singing and writing of Harvey's entire career is buried in a piece of music so long and unwieldy that many potential listeners will be put off; there's an awful lot of sludge between the good bits.

The songs on the second side are lighter fare. After the brief instrumental "Booids" we get "Who Murdered Sex?", which starts with a bit of Harvey mouth percussion and leads into a number which is both zany and rocking as it features Harvey reciting a series of sexmag small-ads in a progressively mounting delirium that would do credit to Frank Zappa.

"Nightmare City" is the nearest thing to old-time straight-ahead SAHB rock on the album, and the splendidly loopy "Water Beastie", which opens up with a bit of yerractual Scots traditional vocalising, moves into a charming reggae-ish ditty about the Loch Ness Monster.

Now it gets weird.

Around the time that the album was being recorded, Alex and Chris Glen played me a tape of "No Complaints Department", a killer song which was one of the best things the band had ever produced, and I was eagerly awaiting the album so that I could hear it again. If you peel away the sticker that gives the track listing for the second side of this album, you'll see that "No Complaints Department" was originally intended to be the final track on the album, a potentially great farewell to the SAHB.

It's not here.

Instead, the album signs off with "Mrs Blackhouse", Alex's well-intentioned but ultimately fatuous song about Mary Whitehouse, a weak, ineffectual closer.

I loved the SAHB for their energy, for their wit, for their imagination and for the fact that they really cared about the kids they played to. It ended sadly and badly, and "Rock Drill" is an only partially satisfactory end to the story.

The worst of it is, as I've said, tedious in the extreme, but at its best it is truly desperate music for the desperate hours. If you loved The Sensational Alex Harvey Band only half as much as I did, you won't want to miss it.

Charles Shaar Murray

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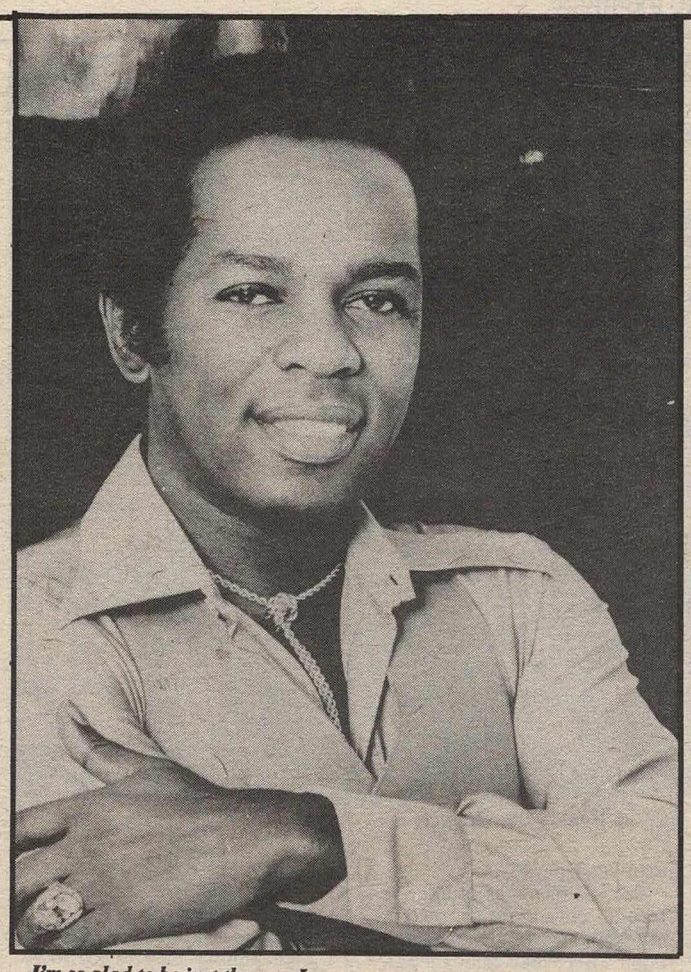


I'm so glad to be just the way I am . . .

But I wanna be black, be black . . .

Pic: DAVID WAINWRIGHT

LOVERS AND LOUSERS

LOU REED
Street Hassle
(Arista)
LOU RAWLS
When You Hear Lou, You've Heard It All
(Philadelphia International)

ORIGINAL TITLE of Uncle Lou's latest laid-back rant was "I Wanna Be Black", a song now relegated to a mere filler. Coincidentally, Patti "I'm a man's woman, rilly" Smith's "Easter" elpee was originally named "Rock 'n' Roll Nigger", another song now nowt but a track. They're both on Arista, too.

Now, do you suppose that even monumentally insensitive American pop stars have whiffed the faintest suspicion that "nigger" is an offensive word? Not to mention that it might be condescending, patronising and just so wonderfully middleclass. God, what a luxury, *slumming*.

It seems to be a failing of white American rock stars (Reed, Paul Simon, Iggy Pop, Frank Zappa) to be so self-centred that their own indisputable worthlessness seems to them to be the worthlessness of the world. They can't seem to accept that it's *them* who's trash.

Nastiness is the last sanctuary of the loser. Small acts of faith, hope and charity happen every day, but somehow only the scum gets a mention in rock and roll songs. All these hymns to hate — well, they're so mundane and tiring that I can't tell them apart anymore; even if someone like Elvis Costello is fashioning listenable tunes around these themes of disgust and anger, it's not enough. It's useless, pointless, endless.

Anyway, the most striking feature of "Street Hassle" is the absence of *any* tune catchy enough to persuade you to ignore the lyrics — *the* oldest rock and roll con. The words wallow in sado-masochism, human-type dirt, ugliness and that 'certain' state far beyond boredom: the usual roster of messiness that needs curing, not advertising.

Still, what do you expect from someone who used to sing about killing someone as the ultimate in sensuality? I don't care if Reed wrote "Kicks" with his tongue in his cheek or anywhere else, it was still an unforgivably STUPID thing to do, real Derek Jarman *Jubilee* debutante wet-dream garbage.

As a collection of NYC street-life cameos "Street Hassle" is about as valid as Odyssey's "Native New Yorker", though it'll be nowhere near as hot salewise. Maybe Lou should listen to The Bee Gees' excellent "Stayin' Alive", surely the least self-pitying, romantic, disgusted view of the Mangy Apple recorded.

Lou could also put a bit of Zest and Vim into his tunes. As muzzzzzzak goes, "Street Hassle" boasts a fey, unsuccessful *Van Der Valk* type orchestration, not to mention (but I must!) guitars and a rhythm section which sound like a Rush record minus the rich recording.

In fact maybe Arista should stop Lou making records and make him write to a problem page instead. He seems quite frustrated, and very ungrateful for his good fortune. All this stupid extolling of vileness when millions of people would give their eyes for an easy life in an affluent land.

Maybe he's been flitting up the blind alley of satire all these years, you hedge? Well, I don't care — it's all the same, satire or cynicism, just one big wank for college boys who don't know what real life is (Loopy Lou almost admits as much, incidentally, in the "I Wanna Be Black" debacle).

He's such a tired old boy, so flabby and numb in his New York City cocoon that he hasn't even caught on yet that positive thought/action is the ONLY way . . . he's *sooo* Transatlantic.

Lou Reed is apathetic, empty and defeated like 99 per cent of rock these days. Lou Rawls sings about life, love, fun and sex, and so is infinitely closer to the *real* spirit of youth music.

He's also had three top twenty singles, whereas Lou Reed has had one (count it), and is roughly Lou Reed's age (a spry 35) — so why is he so unhip? I suspect it's because he doesn't tout himself as a damned man — a big selling-point appealing to the multitude of merkins who like to see their own insignificant selves as bearing the mark of Cain (*a la* "Shot By Both Sides", etc).

Instead, Lou Rawls has a voice which makes Sinatra and Bennett sound like Lou Reed and a stable of smoochy musical adventures which make him a positive leper to the young and dumb.

He should worry. In a time when black music is a deaf and blind eunuch pandering to the whims of German technicians, Lou Rawls can lift the most indifferent song — and, momentarily, the genre itself — above any True Confession mire, unhampered by ethnic handicaps and in fact *helped* by the sheer humane arrogance of his voice.

But, poor guy, I don't think he's the kind of model Patti and Reed have in mind when they whine about doing a Rimbaud and having a pigmentation-change, you know? They'd probably call him a black WASP.

Goodbye, two Lous.

Julie Burchill

WHIRLWIND
Blowing Up A Storm (Chiswick)

IN THEIR infinite wisdom, Chiswick first pressed five-sixths of this rocking package on a 10-inch album.

No doubt it was a worthwhile promotional gimmick but, as someone who remembers 10-inchers first time around and loathed the stupid little misfits, 'im much happier with this 12-inch, *12-track* pressing. I hope that all you hasty cats who are now two tracks short are as content as me. (No matter, in 10 years time you'll have the more valuable of the two versions).

Whirlwind live up to their press. Although they were too loud and too stiff on the Robert Gordon tour, I'm assured that they're usually much better live — and I can hear for myself that they're already a league or two above the competition on record.

Reviving or recreating a style of music that was the product of circumstances long since defunct is a tricky business, especially when you're coming from a different culture to the one that originated the music. In this, the current British rockabilly movement (of which Whirlwind are a part) is batting on a similarly sticky wicket to that which was the killing ground of the '60s British blues scene.

British attempts at the blues were of three main types: academically accurate but emotionally bleak (Alexis Korner and pals — sorry Alexis), crude and inaccurate imitation (innumerable groups, now disbanded, thank God), and genuine original talent that was inspired by blues but developed into something altogether more personally distinctive (Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, even, I suppose, Fleetwood Mac).

The remarkable thing about Whirlwind is that, with their first album, they've sidestepped all three categories to bop along a fine line between accurate recreation and what seems to be natural expression. Without sounding phoney, these young guys play rockabilly in much the same way as the American southern country boys who kicked the music around for two or three years in the '50s.

Perhaps they're a bit more wholesome than the wilder southern cats (although many of them are gents at heart), especially on ballads — "A Thousand Stars", "Together For Ever" — which are more reminiscent of Britain's Billy Fury than, say, the Memphis Sun stable.

But even when they cut loose, either on old rockabilly favourites ("Rocking Daddy", "My Bucket's Got A Hole In It", "Blue Moon Of Kentucky") or their own material ("Don't Be Crazy", "Tore Apart") they sound, to my untutored ear, the equal of the majority of those artists whose obscure recordings are now turning up on numerous compilations.

The fascinating thing will be to see where all this is leading. Is it a temporary fad or the start of something big? And will British acts that play in a rockabilly style continue to interpret the American originators or begin to reflect their own culture?

In a recent *Thrills* interview, Joe Strummer implied in a passing one-liner that he was going to try to persuade The Clash to play some rockabilly. That, I suspect, would really set the pigeon amongst the cats.

Cliff White

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
The Best Known Works of Rick Wakeman (A&M)

ONE AIM of this project, no doubt, is to strengthen the notion that Rick Wakeman is rather more than a rock musician who can cobble together a reasonable tune. The suggestion here is that Rick is actually a serious composer; even the sleeve is the sort they use for classical records.

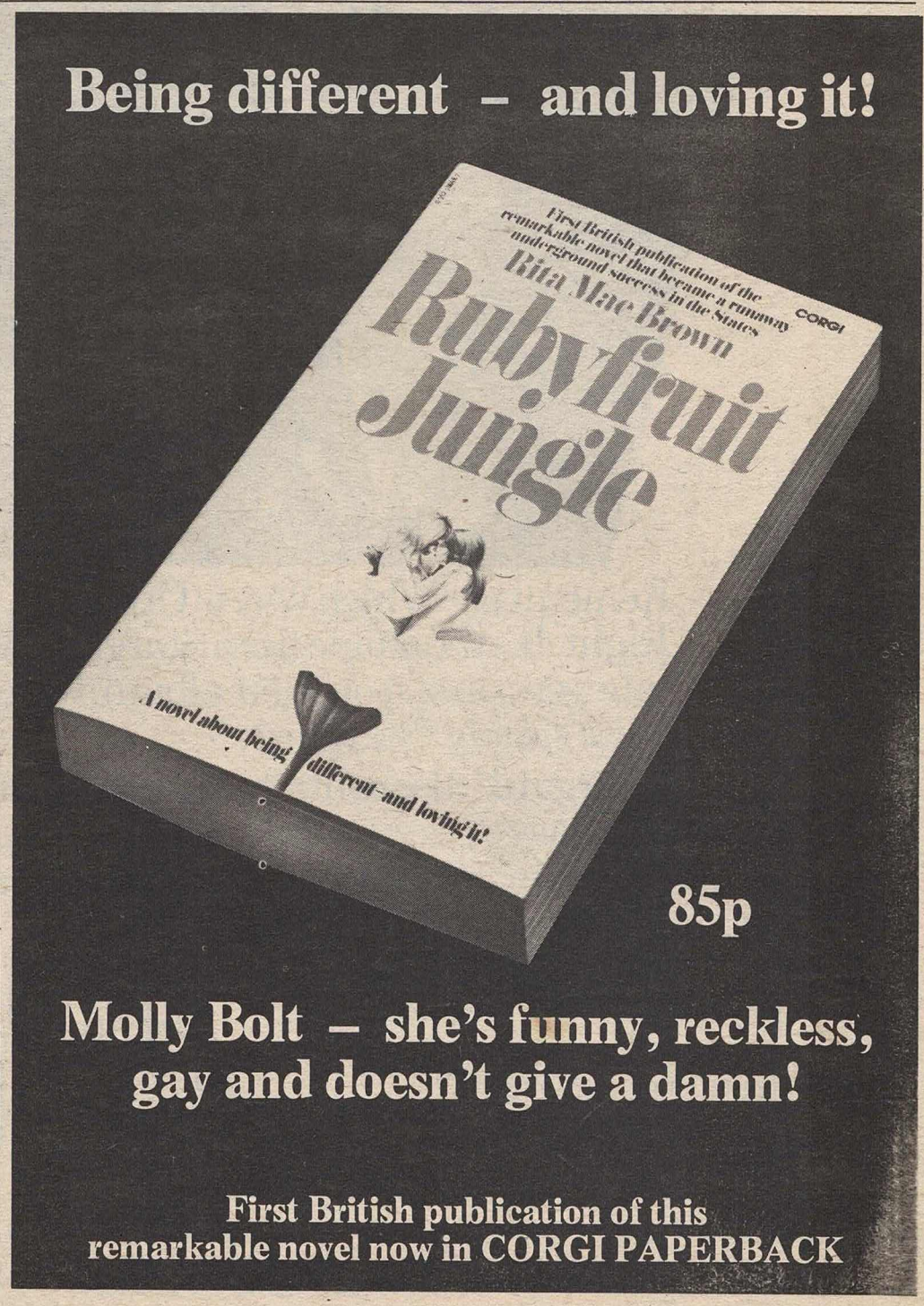
The weakness of this particular example of myth-making lies in the music itself. Unless you're already familiar with Rick's "works", you'll be hard pressed to decide where, for example, the extracts from "King Arthur" end and those from "Henry VIII" begin. That is not to suggest that all Rick's compositions sound the same. Just fairly similar.

Indeed, the truth of this assertion is underlined by the use of the orchestra. Far from enhancing the "works", the ork actually diminishes them by emphasising the characteristics they share.

In other words, most of this stuff involves a lot of bombastic crashing around. It could all be the soundtrack for a '50s cowboy film — and that's as true of "Journey to the Centre of the Earth" as it is of "Arthur" and "Henry".

Personally, I'd prefer to hear James Last play the Carpenters. The tunes are stronger, and with enough drink you can dance to it.

Bob Edmands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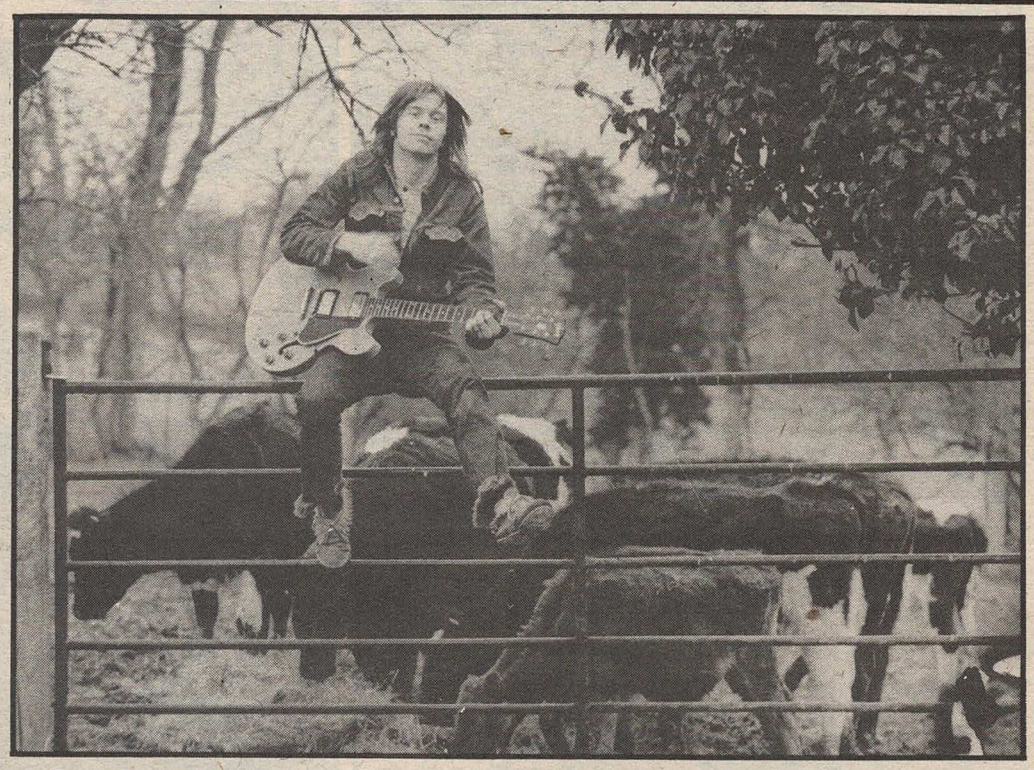


And now they say they don't play bass, so I guess it's all up to me . . .

DAVE EDMUNDS
Subtle As A Flying Mallet (RCA)

IF SCIENCE was a little further advanced than it is now, Dave Edmunds could have himself cloned and thus become the perfect rock and roll band. Fortunately, the nearest we'll ever get to finding out what the result would have been like is "Subtle As A Flying Mallet", one of the weirdest and most obsessive rock albums of all time.

Apart from two live tracks featuring Brinsley Schwarz, and a couple of guest appearances on bass by Nick Lowe, Edmunds plays everthing on the album himself, sings everything on the album himself, produced it, engineered it - one man's tribute to rock and roll.

As well as the obvious guitars, guitars and guitars, Edmunds provides bass, drums. piano, organ, synthesiser, assorted percussion, banjo, pedal steel, accordion and mouth harp in pretty much the way he did the non-vintage material from the *Stardust* soundtrack.

Singlehanded, he recreates Phil Spector's Wall Of Sound on "Baby I Love You", "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Born To Be With You", materialises the Everly Brothers in a cloud of ectoplasm on "Leave My Woman Alone" and "Let It Be Me", conjures up the authentic Americana of Ry Cooder on "Billy The Kid" and even becomes his own Jordanaires on "I Ain't Never".

The live tracks, both placed at the end of their respective sides, are Chuck Berry numbers; "No Money Down" to end the first side and "Let It Rock" to end the second. They're sloppy as hell and Edmunds sounds as if he's feeling no pain, but the strutting arrogance and outrageous flash of his guitar playing contrasts a little too strongly for comfort with the highly fussed and processed sound of the one-man-band pieces.

See, these tracks sound like records only more so: mixed, remixed and remixed to the point where they come on ultimately two-dimensional — brilliant but two-dimensional. Basher Lowe told me that Edmunds' tapes are edited so meticulously that "They look like doilies."

I'm glad that this album's been reissued; it should never have been deleted in the first place. I'm more interested in "Get It" and in the upcoming Rockpile album because with Nick Lowe at his side Edmunds can take his neo-classicist trip to its logical conclusion: Lowe can write songs for Edmunds which faithfully recreate and comment on the originals like "I Knew The Bride", which is the best Chuck Berry song since "Get Out Of Denver" (which Bob Seger wrote, anyway) or "Here Comes The Weekend", which was a perfect Everly Brothers number.

That multi-overdub trip is a bit too Mike Oldfield for comfort, even though, Edmunds being Edmunds, what comes out is pure rock and roll. "Subtle As A Flying Mallet" is, however, both a staggeringly impressive achievement and lots of fun to listen to even though its obsessive, ingrown solitude is completely contrary to the spirit of the music to which it is dedicated.

Charles Shaar Murray

respectively on saxes and trumpet.

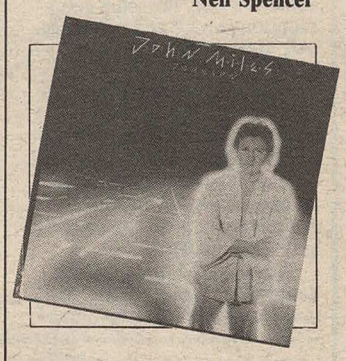
They weave haunting riffs and melodies over alert rydims struck out by the ubiquitous Shakespeare / Dunbar section. Ansel Collins and Bernard Harvey are among others helping out, the whole operation coming courtesy of Ernie Hookim's Channel One studio. Oh, and mixed at King Tubby's.

So much for the pedigree. It's amiable, yeah, "easy listening" reggae that you find suddenly hustling and hurrying you, an album that finds its way back to the turntable more than some of the big names.

The title cut — also a single — is the stand out, rimcrack shots exploding behind a serene blissed-out horn melody like sparks from a fire. Nothing else on the album quite reaches it, but there's no shortage of fine playing. The effect is cumulative, uplifting, mesmeric.

Almost indispensable for buffs, the rest can scarcely do other than buy the single.

Neil Spencer



JOHN MILES
Zaragon (Decca)

JOHN MILES is still confused about his visual image. This time, he's got himself up as a cross between Luke Skywalker and Todd Rundgren. Happily, there's no such uncertainty when it comes to Miles' music; over three albums now, he's stuck firmly to the same distinctive style — and once you get used to it, it's fairly impressive.

On a superficial level, it's easy to dismiss Miles as no more than just another pretty schmaltz merchant. But the strength of his melodies and his refusal to be maudlin in his lyrics tend to belie that image. What's more Miles has a nice, terse line in guitar solos to toughen up his sound.

TOMMY McCOOK & BOBBY ELLIS
Blazing Horns (Grove)

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IMPORTS

DETROIT ROCK? Yeah, you know all about that. Real hard-edged, gut-bustin' stuff — but with a lotta heart, real heart. **Billy Lee** and **The Rivieras** were the first to kick for touch, when in '63 Lee knee-dropped nightly in best manic James Brown fashion, causing the Motor Citizens to scream their appreciation with all the fervour of a last-lap racetrack crowd.

However, since, his records didn't exactly pan out as Formula One, he switched identity, became Mitch Ryder, leader of The Detroit Wheels, and steered such sides as "Jenny Take A Ride", "Devil With A Blue Dress On" and "Sock It To Me Baby" into high positions on the grid before eventually fading from the scene.

In the meantime, Question Mark puzzled over the complexities of three-chord punk up in the Saginaw Valley, just a few miles north of Detroit, and Bob Seger gradually settled down to become the Cobo Hall mainman, intent on maintaining the city's reputation for high velocity rock 'n' roll.

However, hearing the evidence presented by "Love Tranfusion", **Rockets'** debut album for Tortoise International Records, it would appear that Seger may have a fight on his hands. For Rockets — who feature two former Rivieras and Detroit Wheels in drummer Johnny "The Bee" Badanjek and guitarist Jim McCarty (also with Cactus) — are pure Detroit, non-stop rockers with high grade engine oil instead of normal run-of-the artery blood.

Their up-and-at-'em specials bear such self-descriptive titles as "Fast Thing In Detroit" and "I Got To Move", while even the occasional harmony-creamed loveshots like "My Heart Needs You" — which comes replete with a trite line in *"Wouldn't lie/goodbye/love/love you/break in two"* Valentine card lyrics — finally emerge as street corner anthems once the Rockets get their teeth into them.

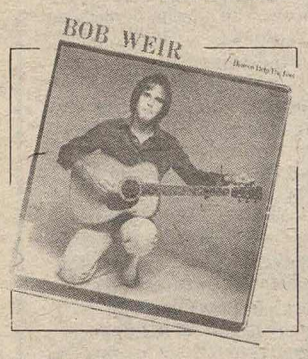
These skills are put to particularly good use on one of the album's epics "Nice Man Jack" which (garishly enough) is the story of a murderous surgeon. Heavy Metal riffs are rarely deployed with such success.

Miles has gone big on epic songs on this set. "Overture" is a dignified lament on a cliched subject — the sad lot of the misunderstood artist — but it's convincing for all that. "Plain Jane" is a song liable to offend feminists. It offers a world-weary cynicism about the ambitions of women. Once again, though, Miles endows it with integrity.

Amongst the rest, "No Hard Feelings" is an agreeable ballad that should provide Miles' next hit single, the title track "Zaragon" is a weightless space odyssey, and "Borderline" is a fine, angry rock song.

Chances are that Miles won't now achieve the big league in the way the business thought he might. It won't be a lack of inspiration that stops him.

Bob Edmands



BOB WEIR
Heaven Help The Fool (Arista)

THIS IS — in a manner of speaking — Bob Weir's fourth solo album. "Ace" came first, very much a Grateful Dead album slanted in Weir's personal direction. Then a couple of years ago Weir involved himself with the group Kingfish, joining them for a studio album and then 'sitting in' for a live effort.

"Heaven Help The Fool" is a considerable step sideways from the Kingfish albums, as far removed in spirit from Weir's previous recordings as the Richard Avedon high fashion cover is from Kelley artwork. At first listen it sounds as if Bob has turned in a high-gloss piece of LA session piffle.

"Easy To Slip" is a rock classic, but Weir lets all the air out by trying to turn Lowell George's song into a ballad — the result is in its way as puny and misconceived as the version of "Dancin' In The Street" that the Dead took a stab at on their last studio album. The rest of side one is for the most part pleasantly inconsequential; the listener is faced with the improbability that a member of the Grateful Dead has drifted into West Coast MOR (Rock Division).

Weir and Barlow have not fallen quite so low, and redeem themselves on side two. The title track has a conviction about it that has previously been lacking — for one thing it's a good tune. While Tom Scott's reeds tend towards the bland elsewhere, they're an effective embellishment when the material gets stronger.

"This Time Forever" is close in theme and mood to "Looks Like Rain" — although it doesn't eclipse the "Ace" track. The Robinson / Moore / Tarplin "I'll Be Doggone" rocks along a whole lot better than the other 'foreigner', "Easy To Slip". And so to the last track, "Wrong Way Feeling" — rock as it should be from the rhythm guitarist who gave us "One More Saturday Night" "Playing In The Band" and "Money, Money". Not a moment too soon.

Martin de Carteret

I ROY
Heart Of A Lion (Front Line)

ORIGINALLY TITLED "Fire Stick" on a US pre-release pressing, this latest I Roy excursion is the toaster's tenth album since his "Presenting" debut for Augustus Clarke back in 1973; his third for Virgin, to whom he recently signed a long-term contract; and the first release on the company's new national Front Line reggae label.

In my opinion, I Roy Reid has never matched his inspired performance on the "Presenting" set, with its classic titles such as "The Coxsone Affair", "Tourism Is My Business", doubleplus the outstanding exclamations of "Black Man Time" and "Pusher Man", among other redoubtable tracks. (Even though the toaster has nevertheless managed to remain at the DJ helm during this time, by virtue of some outstanding singles in his inimitable jive style).

Neither do I consider "Heart Of A Lion" of likely emulation. In fact, it's one of his weakest ever sets.

"Jah says blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the Eart' / and the wicked and the ungodly shall eat dirt," he opens the album, proceeding to skank his passage to its conclusion with essay of a variety of themes and rhymes, all of which have served previous utility in the I Roy recorded catalogue.

Harry J's overblown production, which makes extensive use of echoed vocal and achieves an insubstantial trebly sound, is a major contributory factor to the LP's weakness.

Among the better tracks is "Peace In The City", a toast of five minutes length to the tune of Ras Midas' "Trouble Town"; I Roy borrows freely from the traditional Jamaican "ring tune" of "Emmanuelle Road" — *"go down Emmanuelle Road / we broke rock stone; we broke them one by one / we broke them two by two / finger mash you no cry . . ."* — for his iteration, an

inspiration he makes further use of on the "Cosmos Town" cut as well.

Also of note is "Jordan River", a loose adaptation of the First Psalm, intoned to the foundation of a recent Melodians' "Rivers Of Babylon" version, recut by the group last year for a Harry J album.

I Roy is an idiosyncratic talker who has proved equal in keeping tempo with successive developments of the DJ idiom. For those of you not already familiar with his distinctive delivery, I recommend prompt location of the "Presenting" (Trojan), "Hell And Sorrow" (Trojan) and "Truths And Rights" (Grounation) sets. I hesitate in ascribing "Heart Of A Lion" similar endorsement.

Penny Reel

THE RUTLES
The Rutles (Warner Brothers)

YOU'VE READ all about Eric Idle's Rutles weirdness in *Thrills*, so there's no need to explain it all over again. This is the soundtrack from *All You Need Is Cash*, the upcoming TV special about the "Prefab Four".

Basically, an album of Beatles pastiches written, arranged and produced by Neil Innes with the aid of Ollie Halsall, Rikki Fataar, John Halsey and Andrew Brown. The sleeve and the booklet, with text by Eric Idle and numerous meticulously recreated stills of Great Moments In Beatle History, faked emphemera and record sleeves, is brilliant; it'll make you laugh out loud if you're a wrinkled old creep who can still (gosh!) remember The Beatles.

The record, however, is hardly worth the effort of removing from the inner sleeve. Innes has done a creditable job of pastiching the Beatles, but so do loads of other people these days, only they don't have the grace to admit it — thye just pick up their platinum albums and play Wembley. I wouldn't play their records either.

Presumbly all this stuff becomes relevant/hilarious/-wonderful in the context of the TV show; if I change my mind when I've seen it I'll let you know. In the meantime, spend five minutes grooving on the cover in your local record shop and let the record alone.

Charles Shaar Murray

Stiff addicts are hailing the Dutch version of **Jill Read's** "Maybe" single as the week's best buy, the single's "B" side being "Wang Dang Doodle", a hitherto unreleased item, produced by Dave "The Rave" Edmunds. And while dealing with singlesville, I'll add that the tulip-picker's version of **Nick Lowe's** "Heart Of The City" has "I Don't Want The Night To End" on t'other side.

I also hear that Bonaparte's of Croydon are lugging in a special line for **Residents** collectors — namely a sealed pack containing not only the band's "Duck Stab" EP but also a special T-shirt and poster. The price is fairly steep — expect to pay a fiver or more. But Bonaparte's reckon that buyers who purchase and retain an unopened package will be making an investment of great value. And who am I to argue?

More news now of **Kayak's** US Janus "Starlight Dancer" album, which I'm told features four tracks from the Dutch release of the same title, plus six from the band's "Last Encore" LP and one previously unavailable cut, Ton Scherpenzeel's "Ballad For A Lost Friend".

Delbert McClinton, who parted company with ABC just a short while ago, emerges again on Capricorn with a Muscles Shoals-recorded affair called "Second Wind", and **Cuba Gooding,** former lead singer with Main Ingredient, opts for a solo role on "The 1st Album" (Motown), a Lambert and Potter concoction.

Virgin are currently stocking copies of "Heroes" (MCA) — an album which has nowt to do with Bowie but is an okay idea for Fonz fans, being the soundtrack to a film starring **Henry Winkler,** with Jack Nitzche in the MD seat. And in the meantime, the continuing story of hogmanay funk continues with "Warmer Communications", **The Average White Band's** latest Atlantic offering and the ultra-successful Arif Mardin's most recent studio chore.

Fred Dellar

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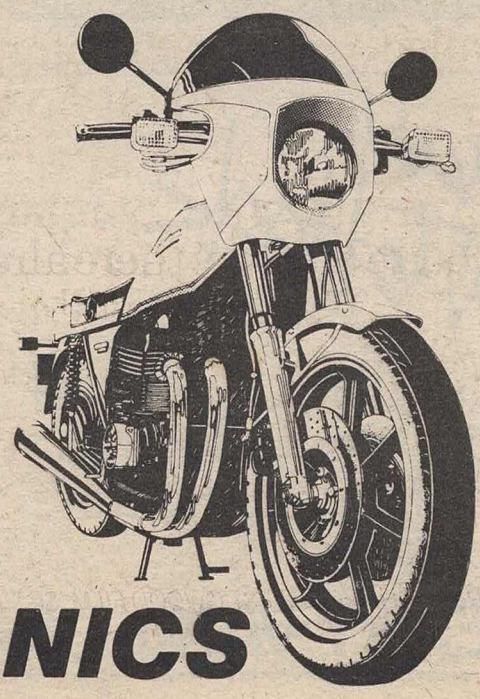

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DEL SHANNON
And The Music Plays On (Sunset)

They Weren't All So Fab Back In The '60s

THERE'S NO real excuse for grouping these three very different artists in one review except for the fact that all the recordings are at least ten years old and re-released on the same label. So, is it party-time with your old familiar favourites or three more collections of decayed fragments taking their final trundle to the bargain bins?

Well, I don't remember Johnny Burnette ever being a favourite of mine. He was churning out his wallpaper ditties a few years before my young ears were contaminated with the decadence of contemporary music, but during the tedium era (between "Telegram Sam" and "New Rose") I explored a lot of '50s / early '60s rock.

I missed out on Johnny Burnette. After this crash course of sixteen tracks I'm glad I did. The garish lavatory-pink sleeve hides a string of equally queasy songs from Johnny's own "Me And The Bear" through the sugary morass of "Dreamin' " to the most memorable territory of "You're The Reason" and "You're Sixteen".

I always had the dim impression that Johnny Burnette was a rockabilly star. His roots are certainly in up-tempo rattling guitars and slapping drums but that formula is diluted with a series of cutesy girl chorals and bursts of saccharine strings. The most obnoxious slice of tripe is the mock-grandiose "God, Country And My Baby", a whoopee-we're-all-gonna-die war hymn.

Despite a close perusal of the sleeve notes I can't decide what this album marks the tenth anniversary of. Burnette died in 1964, so perhaps it's best to think of it as an unfortunate mistake and assume Johnny sounded much better at the time.

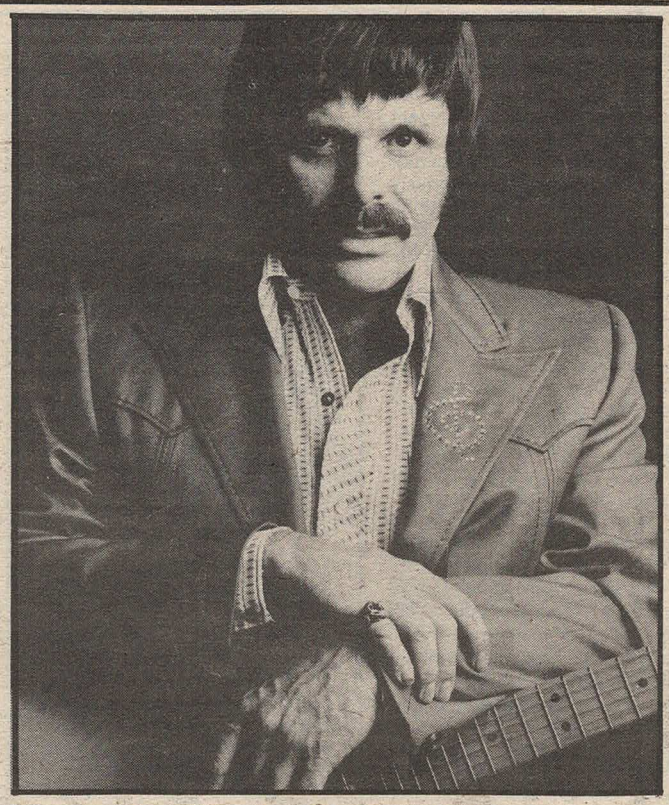
I have a suspicion that Sandy Nelson might be even less hip than Rolf Harris. Maybe there's a secret horde of percussion freaks who eagerly devour re-releases of Gene Krupa's skin-batterings and wait with bated breath for Nelson's instrumentals to thump once more around their living rooms.

For the uninitiated I should explain that Sandy Nelson was the Cozy Powell of the pre-Beatle generation. He notched up an interminable list of chart entries with swinging party raves like "Let There Be Drums", "Teen Beat" and "And Then There Were Drums."

Drums, cymbals, drums and yet more drums. I won't comment on whether he was a good musician because I'm no connoisseur and there aren't any of those frenzied solos which are supposed to prove a man knows his way round the kit.

In fact, the drums are an ingredient of the sound rather than the sound itself. The best description would be a typical Duane Eddy disc with the drums taking the guitar part. You get the honky sax and the shouted chorus-lines, the general jovial feel that palls into predictable dullness after a couple of numbers.

Plus my feet tell me this is fairly undanceable. Oh well, at least it's preserved him in all his unsubtle glory.



Del Shannon: They told me I could be Dave Edmunds when I grew up. . .

The Del Shannon disc is a different pan of turnips. It's not a collection of top ten tombstones but the product of some 1967 London sessions, recorded some years after the man's commercial peak. Shannon, you doubtless remember, was responsible for two essential pop classics, "Runaway" and "Hats Off To Larry". By '67 he had inevitably mellowed but was not as far sunk into the MOR swamp as some of his contemporaries.

The significance of this selection of mainly unreleased material is split, however, between the singer Shannon and his producers. Andrew Loog Oldham was the mind behind the eleven 1967 tracks. You also get two songs produced by Shannon himself and Dan Bourgoise in 1968 and the intriguing title track created by Dave Edmunds in 1974.

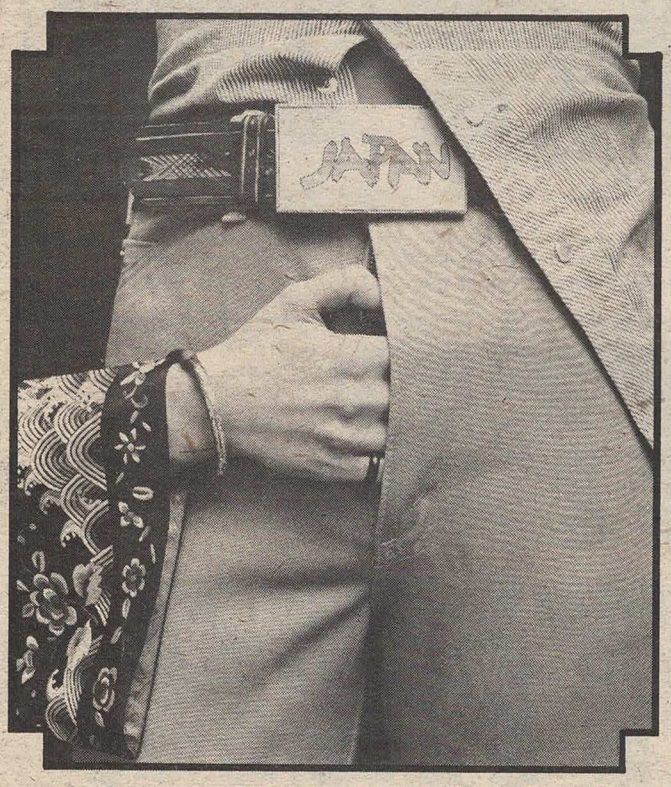
The Oldham sound is crisp and clear with high, trebly strings. The material is innocuous but catchy and Shannon retains at least an indentifiable edge to his vocals. The most curious item is "Runaway '67", a ponderously orchestral re-working of the original — a vast, over-the-top arrangement which actually works quite well, but Shannon doesn't even come close to his definitive 1960 performance.

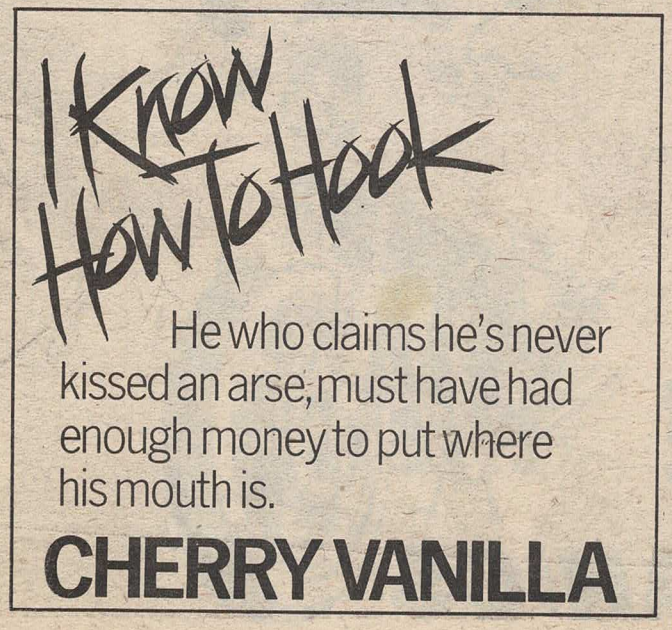
"And The Music Plays On" is a distinctive Dave Edmunds product; acoustic guitars, big hollow drums, screeching solo. This is too easy listening to be by any means an exciting album, but if there are any Del Shannon fans still weeping over "Runaway" out there, they might be interested to know where the man went.

Kim Davis

Sandy Nelson then. . .

And then again




I Know How To Hook
He who claims he's never kissed an arse, must have had enough money to put where his mouth is.
CHERRY VANILLA

BRITISH LIONS
British Lions (Vertigo)

IT'S SOMETHING of a shame. See, British Lions are the latest lineal descendents of one of the finest, strongest and most relevant British rock bands of the early '70s. Basically, they're the last Mott line-up with ex-Medicine Head singer / guitarist John Fiddler replacing Nigel Benjamin.

During their last three years with Ian Hunter as singer / composer-in-residence and ace face, Mott continually questioned the nature of their own status as rock stars at a time when others were milking it for all it was worth, and presented songs which made sense in terms of the lifestyle of their listeners.

Fiddler, on the other hand, was responsible for some fine bluesy hit singles, the last of which "Slip And Slide" remains a favourite to this day. A union between him and the Mott veterans would therefore seem by no means unpromising.

Unfortunately, it doesn't quite work out like that. Overend Watts, Morgan Fisher and Buffin — the old firm — seem undecided whether to stick with their guns and play as they've always played or to try and get hip to the new trip. What they've done is stay in the same musical bag while writing fairly self-conscious lyrics like *"When you're old, you're old, when you're young you're young ...When you're too old to pogo and too tired to strut"*, which nod to the New Wave in a fairly Hunteresque manner.

The best cuts are probably the single — the ominously title "One More Chance To Run" — and the two covers of other people's material. Garland Jeffrey's "Wild In The Streets" receives better treatment than it did at the hands of Chris Spedding, and Kim Fowley's "International Heroes" is turned out to sound just like "All The Young Dudes". Best titles are "Break This Fool" (which isn't as good as the title would suggest despite a fetching Bo Diddley beat) and "Eat The Rich" (ditto minus the Bo Diddley beat).

The Lions are in the unfortunate position of having a style which is too passe to be hip and too recent to be classic, which means that they sound dated. There's a fine line between Tired Old Men and Classic Rockers Returning In Triumph, and British Lions have their bollocks right on it..

I'm convinced that a group with the Lions' resources can do considerably better than this. Sit this one out.

Charles Shaar Murray

JOE ELY
Honky Tonk Masquerade (MCA)

"T FOR Texas, T for Tennessee" sang Jimmie Rodgers back in '28, cementing the blues alongside country music, thus helping himself to a million-seller.

Since that time, the affinity between "race music" (which ultimately became R&B) and "hillbilly" (a nomenclature used to describe C&W until the late '40s) has often been evoked in order to provide some of the most rewarding and groundbreaking sounds to emerge from the country scene.

The first musician to play the Grand Ole Opry was DeFord Bailey, a black mouth-harp player who ensured his place in history by rendering "Pan American Blues" one fateful night in 1926. And Hank Williams, who could justifiably be called the father of rockabilly (listen to his version of "Move It On Over" sometime), learnt his music from Rufe Payne, an itinerate black street musician.

Bob Wills, one of the most revered music-makers to ever come out of Texas, was seldom happier than when he was launching his Playboys into a healthy-sounding big band blues; and certainly Presley, Haley and Buddy Holly were among those who made it by mixing a little redneck with a lotta black soul.

Latest in the line is Joe Ely, like Holly a native of Lubbock, Texas. "Cornbread Moon", the opening track on "Masquerade", hits a Louis Jordan-like R&B groove, Ponti Bone's accordion and the band's guitarists blending to punch out riffs like a full-blown brass team, Bone simulating the trumpet tremelos that herald a joyous array of front-line exchanges.

"Boxcars", a Butch Nancock composition, is another mouth-opener, a railroad song unlike any other that's ever headed your way, Ely's hard-bitten vocal being punctuated by the band's awsome freight-loco moan; while "West Texas Waltz", a Butch Hancock delight that paints a musical portrait of a Saturday in some Lone Star Hicksville, is yet another brilliant achievement, the band high-kicking in spectacular fashion on what is basically no more than a piece of pure corn 3/4 hoedown.

But whether Ely's heading out boogiewise on "Fingernails" or merely huskily emoting on "Because Of The Wind", a fine, love song, his mighty quintet plays its arse off.

Lloyd Maines impresses as possibly the finest pedal-steelman on the scene today. Jesse Taylor provides yet another name to place high on your current guitar-hero roster. Multi-talented keyboardist Bone switches from authentic cajun capering to Grade A, gin-sodden honky-tonk with considerable alacrity. Behind them all there's that rhythm section of Steve Keeton (drums) and Gregg Wright (bass) fetching and foraging in a manner rarely associated with country bands.

Everything on the album is perfect, just perfect — but at no point on this remarkable release does the band's complete empathy register more than on the final item, a grandstanding rendition of Hank Williams' "Honky Tonkin' ", that finally picked me up and dumped me, completely exhausted, in front of the adjacent Wharfedales.

Fred Dellar

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JAZZ

BRIAN CASE

TAKIN' OFF WITH THE TENOR TORNADO

And not only tenor. GEORGE ADAMS sings, plays piano, bass, bassoon, bass clarinet, soprano, flutes. He's played with Jimmy Reed, Little Walter, Charles Mingus, McCoy Tyner, Don Pullen and Gil Evans. Adams is somethin' else . . .

SO HERE I am, a Schlitz in one hand, salt beef on rye in the other, rapping with George Adams at a party for the Gil Evans Orchestra in deepest Swiss Cottage, and wondering whether the chimes of midnight are gonna plunge me back among the mice and pumpkins, pushing broom.

The previous night, the orchestra had taken the Queen Elizabeth Hall by storm, confounding the doomsters who had predicted an all-electronic nothing much. No, it wasn't "Porgy & Bess" or "Sketches Of Spain" or "Miles Ahead" — the classic Gil Evans-Miles Davis collaborations which had netted most of the QEH audience — but it was the authentic Evans magic, the hovering veils of sound, the richness of textures activating taste buds and lining the vaults of the cranium with shot-silk.

The biggest hand of the night went to George Adams, a roar of approval and affection that simply burst out of the crowd, cracking George's shy down-cast face into a grin and chairing his heart shoulder-high. "Don't" says George "ever let anyone tell me English audiences are cold."

George Adams is one of those rare jazz musicians — Rahsaan had it, Dexter has it — capable of transcending the usual respect that audiences feel for a performer who can deliver the very difficult very well: George is loved.

"I was brought up in the church," he explains. "I played piano in church for a while when I was a kid in Covington, Georgia. It was like a beautiful relationship between the people and myself. A lotta the people, they didn't have trained ears, but they were like pouring themselves out singing those hymns.

"At that particular point in time, I saw it was very important for each one of us to trust our feelings. They trusted me — and I didn't know how to play that good. I could feel them trusting me, like thinking 'If I sing this note a little bit off-pitch, then the piano will cover it up.'

"So I developed a feeling towards music very early. Whatever feeling I got inside, or whatever type of motivation I have to play, I won't hold it back."

In fact, George Adams' urge to play is almost uncontainable. the first cat on stage, he lined up his tenor, bass clarinet, soprano and flutes, started licking his reeds into shape, and then performed the clearly difficult task of not bursting immediately into music.

When the spring was finally released, George's solo came off the silo like a rocket. Beginning in the sitting position, the tenorman seemed to be hauled to his feet by the centrifugal power of his playing, the tenor screaming and plunging ahead of him.

It holy-rolled and roistered among the pearls and twin-sets and numbered seats, tore like a tempest through the coiffures and After Eight, while behind the bickering instrument, George's eyes rolled up to show the whites like a communicant speaking in tongues.

He began in the marching bands, R&B outfits, playing Down South with Jimmy Reed and Little Walter.

"In terms of communication, the blues musicians exceeded academicism," says George. "They'd just come out and give the people themselves. You don't hafta have a trained ear to appreciate what they're doing — in other words, they were in tune with the heart.

"When I go to play, I feel like I'm blessed to be in the musical situation that I'm currently in, and I feel it's a duty to me to strip myself of all musical thoughts or whatever. This is the way I've conditioned myself to play over the years, even if I'm playing without an audience. The love that I have for the music, it always seems to keep some kinda fire burning."

"Playing all over the world, some audiences require a little more handling than others. What I mean by that, sometimes it might be like a bashful kid — you might hafta take them by the hand and cuddle them a little bit, let them know you're not there to frighten them or anything. It's about harmony.

"Then some places you go, you can be as militant-minded and it's all right — you have that type of exuberance in the audience. But basically all audiences are the same, and I can remain with my first premise which is to play as much as I can."

As a musician, he is omni-competent. He sings great blues — "I'd been around it for a while" — and plays most instruments. The velocity of his high-register work on tenor is something he developed initially on bassoon.

"I started off really studying the piano and saxophone, then clarinet. Most woodwind players start studying clarinet first, but I did the opposite. I didn't get to studying the bassoon until I graduated from High School. Bassoon opened up a whole new era of expression. I played fender bass in a rock group for a while to pay my tuition. This was a gig in Atlanta with Doctor Harmonica Zack. I think Little Walter might've been his idol — and he had a female singer, and I think La Verne Baker might've been hers. They needed a bass player more than they needed a saxophone, so I played bass.

"The situation was similar with the orchestra. The bassoonist left and they needed someone for the bassoonist's chair, so they said take the bassoon home over summer and see what you can do. So I went home and practised and come fall, I was ready to play.

"Both experiences really helped, because playing down in the bass register, it helps you to play the top a little clearer. It helped me hook both registers together. Playing a double-reed instrument, it gave me a thing with the muscles around this part of the mouth, so when I went back to playing saxophone, my embouchure began to change. I notice if I can just think certain notes are in the upper register, just putting that amount of pressure, they'll come out."

Everybody has influenced George's tenor — Bostic, Louis Jordan, Don Byas, Rollins, Rahsaan, Coltrane, Getz, Wayne Shorter — not in any slavish fashion, but just through the gills. Indisputably, he sounds like himself. He does not view the tenor saxophone as faker's horn.

"The tenor is one of the most difficult saxophones to play because of the weight and the amount of pipe you have to fill up. You can't just honk for 15 minutes and get over — there's something physical in the tenor that's gonna let you know you're jiving. It's something about the way the horn is built.

"Adolphe Sax really had something in mind when he invented the saxophone. It can get very personal. It's adaptable to your own personal projections. A few years ago, I stopped viewing it as a tenor saxophone — I said This is my tool of expression now."

He's had his Selmer 14 years, and won't be trading it in for a new one. He got the last of the good metal, before it all got requisitioned for weapons. He uses a number 3 Rico, 4 or 5 in damp weather, which he plays down to a 3.

Probably best-known here for his work with Charles Mingus, George left the Roy Haynes band to fill the gap left by the death of Booker Ervin.

"A coincidence happened. In 1967

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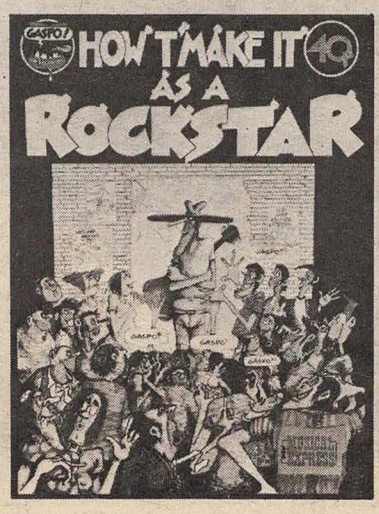

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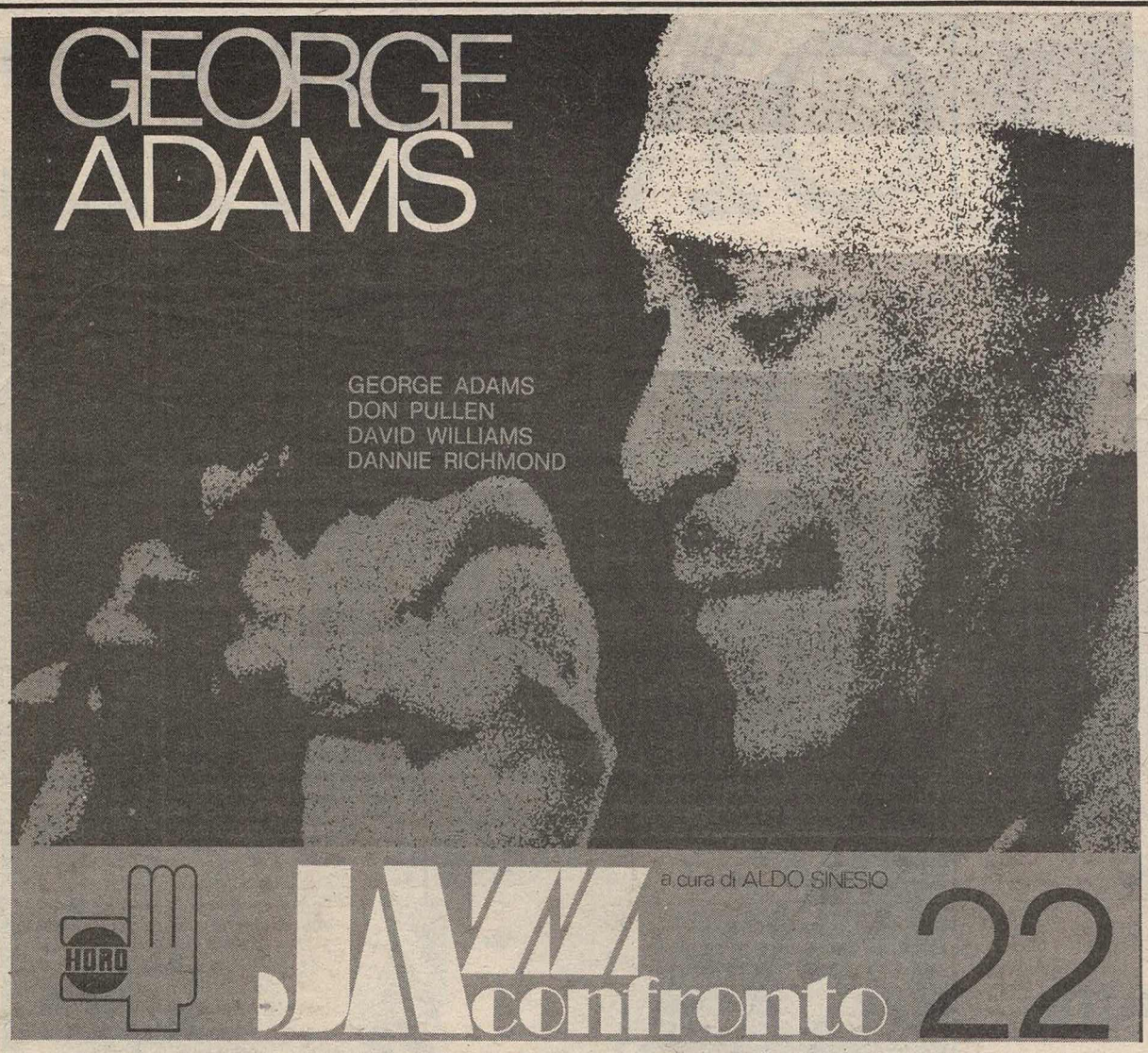

I was in Europe, and I was telling the cats in the band like 'Well man — when I get back to New York I'm gonna get me a job playing with Mingus'. It took five more years and it happened! One of the cats reminded me — I'd forgotten about it. It came true!"

Mingus has a reputation as a difficult man to work for, but George got on well with him.

"He was kinda amazed because when we had a rehearsal, he brought his music out and I could see it right away. That had been one of his problems — a lotta musicians read kinda slow, but they can play. Me being able to read and play too, he knew I wasn't going to be a problem.

"He's a great man. My relationship with him was from man to man. We didn't get off into like, 'OK — I know you have the reputation of being this kinda way, so I'm not gonna let you do this to me'. Nothing like that. I respected him as a man, and he respected me as a man.

"He's been kinda ill, he hasn't been working that much recently. I don't know, some say he had a stroke in October. I know the doctor was telling him he had to lose a lotta weight, or he'd have to amputate his leg. He's just recorded with a 22-piece band, but he didn't play. Somebody told me he was at the session in a wheelchair and he had a nurse. But as long as he's not in bed laid up, I belive his chances of survival are very great, because he has that type of will."

Mingus doesn't usually feature sidemen's compositions on his albums, but he featured one of George's, "Flowers For Lady". Two albums on the Italian Horo label under George's name feature plenty more, including the amazing "Song Of Adam" on which he duets himself on tenor and piano.

"That was supposed to have been Mingus's recording session, but he couldn't record because he was under contract in the States. As a matter of fact, the producer, Aldo Sinesio, asked me if I had any material to record as we were just walking back to the car. I said yeah.

"'Song Of Adam' was the last tune — the rest of the musicians had had it because they'd played the night before. I was sitting at the piano when the producer asked me to do a solo, so I just began to play something on the piano, and as I had the horn around my neck I began playing with that too.

"It started with me playing piano with my right hand and saxophone with the other, and then at intervals I'd change hands. Interest began to build up, and it turned out all right."

Further marvels of manual dexterity surfaced at Mingus's Carnegie Hall concert. The liner notes, way off beam, speak of Rahsaan Roland Kirk "cuttin' George at his own shit".

George laughs, tolerant, gentle, unconcerned. He sits beside me under his habitual African skull-cap, and tells it like it was. "That's not true. See, I knew Rahsaan back in the '60s in Ohio. He useta come there and chastise a lotta young saxophone players like Joe Henderson and me. Carnegie Hall was the first time I'd played since I was working with the Mingus band, and it was a great honour to be on the same date with Rahsaan.

"At the end of the concert Mingus called 'The Battle Of The Saxes' — he wanted to project it like that, right. We all started playing and then I looked round and everybody had gone except Rahsaan and myself.

"We was standing out in front, very close, playing, and I remember I closed my eyes for a moment, and I felt something grab my saxophone! Rahsaan had grabbed it and started fingering it while I was playing it! So I reached over and grabbed his — and we stood there fingering each other's saxophones. The people loved it!"

There must have been a world of difference between playing with Gil Evans and playing with Charles Mingus, I opined.

George didn't really agree. "Well, most composers like to see their music played pretty much in the way it's written down. Jazz composers, they usually leave a little space for freedom of interpretation. A lotta times, the written notes that we play can be a little different — a spirited attempt is sometimes more important than just reading the notes.

"It's important to cover as many moods as you can, because this way you can reach more people. Different shades — some might like orange and some might like blue. Gil Speaks about this, that it's important to cover as many moods as you can within one piece, and that's what distinguishes Mingus's music too."

We both look over to Gil Evans, who is lying peacefully on the carpet, with his ear next to the stereo speaker. "Gil," says George, "is one of the very few sage-like musicians left. He gives you so much freedom. He has his own unique way of putting sounds together, blending them. He reminds me of a musical tailor. He has a way of getting good production out of the musicians by keeping a high level of respect going in the band. All the guys, they love Gil."

And George too has something of the sage in his make-up. He leans forward intently, and tells me his findings.

"After I left the Jazz Workshop, I didn't take any gigs for maybe six months. I just wanted to get like my bearings. I stayed at home, played piano, took walks in the park. I believe that a musician has the right to live something in order to play something meaningful. If his life was just all music, it's hard for him to communicate with a world that's doing other things. I think a musician has to go out and intermingle and have a life himself so that the music he plays will have meaning."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:
Charles Mingus: "Changes One" (Atlantic), "Changes Two" (Atlantic), "Mingus Moves" (Atlantic), "Mingus At Carnegie Hall" (Atlantic)
Cecil McBee "Mutima" (Strata-East).
Don Pullen: "Don Pullen" (Horo), "Tomorrow's Promises" (Atlantic).
George Adams: "George Adams" (Horo), "Suite For Swingers" (Horo).

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And on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays from 11-12 midnight you can take a trip down memory lane with 'Gold Mine' presented by Tony Prince.

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Radio Luxembourg 208

It's not surprising we're Britain's top national radio station.

208m Medium Wave 1439 Khz.

PM	8·00	8·30	9·00	9·30	10·00	11·00	12·00 AM	1·00	2·00	3·00	3·45
MON	TOP 20 ROBB JONES		THE ROBB JONES SHOW		ROSKO IN EXILE	GOLD MINE TONY PRINCE	ALBUM of the NIGHT BARRY ALLDIS	THE BARRY ALLDIS SHOW	SUPERGROUPS MIKE READ		
TUE	POP CLUB ROBB JONES	THE TOP 40 SHOW BOB STEWART				GOLD MINE TONY PRINCE	ALBUM of the NIGHT BARRY ALLDIS	THE BARRY ALLDIS SHOW	MILLION SELLERS MIKE READ		
WED	TOP 20 ROBB JONES		TOP 30 ALBUMS BOB STEWART			GOLD MINE TONY PRINCE	ALBUM of the NIGHT STUART HENRY	THE STUART HENRY SHOW	THE MIKE READ SHOW		
THU	TOP 20 ROBB JONES		THE ROBB JONES SHOW		ROSKO IN EXILE	GOLD MINE TONY PRINCE	ALBUM of the NIGHT STUART HENRY	THE STUART HENRY SHOW	THE MIKE READ SHOW		
FRI	TOP 20 BARRY ALLDIS		THE BARRY ALLDIS WEEKEND SHOW		ALBUM of the NIGHT BARRY ALLDIS	STEVIE WONDER SHOW STUART HENRY	SOUND SYSTEM STUART HENRY		THE MIKE READ SHOW		
SAT	TOP 20 STUART HENRY		THE STUART HENRY SHOW		ALBUM of the WEEK STUART HENRY	BIG 'L' COUNTRY BOB STEWART		CELEBRITY DJs	GREATEST LOVE SONGS BARRY ALLDIS		
SUN	STREET HEAT STUART HENRY 7·30 start		THE ROBB JONES SHOW	THE TOP 40 SHOW ROBB JONES			MIDNIGHT SPECIAL BARRY ALLDIS		ALBUM of the NIGHT BOB STEWART	THE BOB STEWART SHOW	

ON THE

Presenting the welcome return of the TRB . . .

The leader harangues his troops *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

Will the real Tom Robinson audience please stand up?

Tom Robinson Band

LOUGHBOROUGH

A PRINCIPAL of rock music is that nobody should be subservient to any one form of political dogma, nor have allegiance to only one band.

Of the major performers who've emerged in the last year and earned a prominent position, the Tom Robinson Band are probably the ones who uphold this theory most convincingly.

And it's one reason why they'll survive.

They reject the now greying punk totalitarianism, with which they were wrongly associated at an early stage in their career.

Nobody *has* to accept mindlessly Robinson's opinions, and as he demonstrates at Loughborough University on the third date of another low-key UK tour, a lot of his songs have an in-built get-out clause.

This might be in the humour of his campaign rap as the self-appointed "parliamentary National Front candidate for Loughborough" during "Power In The Darkness"; or the theatrical moods of "Glad To Be Gay" that see him in a succession of character roles expressing firstly exasperation, then contempt and finally anger; or even in the simple dedication of "I Shall Be Released" to George Ince, not because he's innocent ("only Ince knows that"), but because "he didn't get a fair trial".

At whatever level, they're there.

In this respect Robinson is walking a perforated line across a lyrical canvas that could easily tear under the weight.

The idea is for him to remain rational and retain his balance, while having a firm foothold of credibility.

Sometimes he's guilty of misjudgement, and perhaps only to emphasise his daring commitment snarls at the capacity audience that they shouldn't just sing along with "the latest hip" NF song ("Power In The Darkness") but do something active, like going to a local Anti-Nazi League meeting, the date and time of which he announces.

A faction of the audience freeze, reluctant to join him on the canvas.

And in a way it's an unnecessary, though not futile, pronouncement of his faith. Because by the end of the set there's little doubt of Robinson's own convictions.

And that's the reason he's got one of the greatest rock groups together at the moment: his character is their inspiration.

Of course you can pick holes in their musical cloak and use it as a fishnet afterwards.

Tom's bass playing is often limited to a percussive embellishment, hands clamping the strings tight against the fretboard if he hasn't the time to find the notes.

Guitarist Danny Kustow is occasionally erratic, particularly on "Motorway"; Brian Taylor enthusiastically collides with his drum kit too frequently; and Mark Ambler sometimes self-consciously tries to disappear into his organ and tone down his playing when a spotlight traps him like a rabbit in its glare.

Their inadequacies are highlighted by the superb 90° Inclusive, whose collective expertise is equalled only by their spirit of adventure and exploration; resulting in some humorous and exciting juxtapositions of megarock phrases and reggae which open the night's show.

They reflect subtlety while TRB are a power combo, and perhaps it's just as well considering their inherent limitations which even extend into the framework of certain songs, most noticeably "Grey Cortina" and a new one about, Tom says, a psychopath, called "Day Of The Jackal".

In both instances the pace trips them, and they career through the pieces at an ungodly speed.

There is of course contrast, particularly early in the set with another new one, "Too Good To Be True" co-written by Tom and Brian, and derivative of the chording in "Gay".

"Martin" is the comic relief before "Winter Of '79" and then comes a fearsome growth of their dynamic intensity through to the end of the set with "Up Against The Wall" (their next single).

Robinson's vocal performance is the catalyst, projecting flush-faced anger and indignation that's counterpointed just as harshly by Kustow's splendid six-stringed diatribes, each possessing just as much character as a lyric line.

And Ambler plays his part in sustaining the pressure on a rackety electric piano or by heaving the guts of the organ deep into the song, which Taylor then hammers firmly into place.

By the end, the crowd now waving clenched fists and as inspired as TRB, you're not quite certain whether or not the band will explode.

Instead they return for "Released", only relaxing the pace and not the musical density, and then they're back into their convincing fury with "Right On Sister".

Unfortunately the days of this standard and intimacy of performance are possibly limited.

TRB's success will eventually dictate that they move in to the town halls and theatres. And even if they continue to avoid that transition, as they're not doing, ticket demand and rising popularity will ultimately make it inevitable.

Then the question will be whether Robinson himself can provoke the same musical and audience reaction, under conditions where he might not feel completely at ease.

After Loughborough, there's little doubt in my mind he can do it.

The canvas is tough enough.

Tony Stewart

TOWN

. . . and the hit action of today's charts!!

No. 30

Billy Joel

DRURY LANE THEATRE

Cocky and crafty (just the way he is)

AT A press conference last week, Billy Joel was keen to emphasise that his hit single, the perfect MOR of "Just The Way You Are", isn't a true indication of what he's all about.

You know, we should get to hear him live 'cause up there with his band he really kicks ass.

True to his words, Joel's live performance at Drury Lane on Sunday, his first-ever London gig, wasn't mere easy listening and his band — Russell Javors (guitars); Doug Stegmeyer (bass); Liberty DeVitto (drums); Ritchie Cantana (various reed instruments and keyboards) — are a powerful and skilled outfit, capable of covering a wide dynamic range.

Yet the ultimate impression I have of Joel is not of a particularly inspired 'singer-songwriter' (he rightly detests the label and all its connotations), but of a talented craftsman at work who draws his influences from numerous aspects of the rock arena; there's even a glimpse of techno-flash in some of Joel, after all a classically trained pianist, and his band's arrangements.

Joel's dexterity as a singer and pianist is beyond doubt. He rarely, if ever, misses a note when he's singing or playing.

A stocky figure clad in velvet jacket, slacks, collar and tie, and sneakers ("They neutralise my tie", went one of his better quips), Joel comes across like a successful exec who keeps himself in shape and has maybe seen one too many showings of "Rocky".

When he isn't wise-cracking, Joel spends a lot of his in-between numbers time shadow-boxing, something I found rather irritating — although I wouldn't like to be at the receiving end of a Joel hook, seening as how he used to box more than a little.

It's a curious persona for a rock performer to have.

During one particularly long (and tedious) rap, prior to "The Entertainer", which, like so many of Joel's songs, you can nearly whistle after an initial hearing, Joel seemed like he'd be just as happy telling jokes to a New York supper club crowd.

Perhaps the thing which most needled me about Joel's show was his — and his band's — infernal self-confidence.

Yeah, they're all show-offs.

Nothing new about that in a rock performer, but here there was something too smart for it's own good.

Like at the end of a particularly fine rendering of Ray Charles-influenced "New York State Of Mind", Joel singing with feeling and playing with finesse, damn me if he doesn't go and blow it with a tasteless display of sax pyrotechnics from the obvious very able Cannata.

One would have thought these kind of crass theatrics would have been absent from a performer of Joel's maturity. Drummer DeVitto didn't exactly believe in understatement either.

Maybe they're all trying to prove their rock credentials (that, for the above and less tangible reasons, remain dubious) and live down the MOR image.

Oh well, the audience, many of whom were American, dug it.

Steve Clarke

Joel refused to allow photographers into his gig, so this shot is an official CBS pic.

The Man-Tran Four: Alan Paul . . .

. . . Laurel Masse *Pic: GUS STEWART*

No. 22

Manhattan Transfer

LONDON PALLADIUM

Wundebar Wurlitzer

MAN-TRAN are a well-oiled, 78-stacked, glitzy, ritzy, Wurlitzer juke-box.

Clunk. The arm thuds down on Lil Green's Harlem blues-fave "In The Dark", Janis Siegel — upper class suburbia in out-on-the-town dress — handling it with appreciable flair.

Clunk again. Hey! It's "Candy", Johnnie Mercer and the Pied Pipers style, with Laurel Masse — about six feet of red-topped, ever-hula-movin' cleavage — coming on like Jo Stafford, real '40s and as smooth as fine denier stocking tops.

Ker-plop. This time, Tim Hauser, all Harry The Hipster, 52nd Street jive and Satchmo impersonations to order — leading the foursome through Woody Herman's "Four Brothers", each member going vocalese on the time-honoured Herman Herd sax-parts.

Impressive bop-de-boo stuff, Bob's your uncle, Brian Case's your dad.

And so the records tumble —, through palm tree bestrewn sets; through countless changes of attire; through sit - on - the - stool - and - let's - relax - with - a - soft - guitar periods; through everybody - change - places - for - the - next - tableau bumper fun spots.

Put another nickel in and the big surprise slams on the turntable.

For fourth Man-Tranner Alan Paul — good teeth, cravat, brylcreem and centre-parting — makes with an immaculate impression of Sinatra circa '39, emoting with "On A Little Street In Singapore" — all sailor-suit and "Anchors Aweigh" — then proving that the '60s also had something going for them by adopting a falsetto and hamming his way drop-knee, James Brown-goes-Jolson fashion through "Where Did Our Love Go?"

A veritable show-stopper egad. This way for Berry Gordy's office.

And so it goes on, the golden oldies show . . . hi-fi replays for Art and Dottie Todd's "Chanson D'Amour" — "Ain't it great, Mum?" — "Cherokee" — "'Ere, hark at 'em do the Charlie Barnet Band intro" — and "Blue Champagne" — "Cor, I love these old Glenn Miller tunes, they don't write 'em . . ." culminating in a great greaseball workout — Paul again — on "Gloria", with everyone doo-wopping in best street-gang mode.

One for the Ace Caff gang this.

Show-biz with the lid off, the audience encores till kingdom come.

At the back of my mind there's the quirky thought that The Hilos — perhaps the best vocal quartet of the '50s — would have blown Man-Tran all the way home to Greenwich Village.

Nevertheless, I join in the applause at low level.

I mean, there just aren't *that* many gilt-clad Wurlitzers around nowadays.

Fred Dellar

. . . and Tim Hauser and Janis Siegel. *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

No. 25

Nottingham Forest

WEMBLEY

ON PAPER, a Classic Confrontation: Liverpool, the English and European Champions — hardy perennials, pedestrian and purposeful by turn, the Status Quo of soccer — against the chart upstarts Notts Forest (No. 1 in the League, No. 25 in *NME*), a power-shot outfit who've taken everyone by surprise this season apart from, presumably, their omnipotent impresario Mike Yarwood.

In reality, a listless goalless draw. As has happened so often in the past, the League Cup Final failed to live up to the occasion.

No wonder the Liverpool fans were referring to it as 'The Mickey Mouse Cup'.

On the Wembley Park tube — awash, of course, with red and white — it was possible to tell apart the rival factions only by the accents.

WEMB-ERLY, WEMB-BERLY / Oh we're all pissed up and we're gonna win the cup"* was indubitably Scouse, as was *"All we are saying / Is Forest will fall."

The Foresters kept a low profile before, during and after the game. At one point during a boringly one-sided second half, Wembley's honorary Kop-end burst forth with *"It's nice to know you're here"* after one of the few Forest chants.

Before the kick off, the Liverpool players looked confidently relaxed as they smilingly kicked the ball about, waving at their fans. Forest appeared nervous, edgy, overawed, very much the virgins (as Cloughie had dubbed them).

Within 30 seconds they should've been deflowered, but Kenny Dalglish — put clear by Hughes' long through pass — hesitated fatally before tamely shooting wide.

Flustered Forest took some time to settle (McGovern was obviously struggling in midfield), but even so never managed the flowing, freewheeling style admired by millions of armchair admirers.

Liverpool's patient build-ups (inspired by the astonishing Callaghan) and quick breakaways (hampered by the one-legged Hughes) utterly swamped Forest after the interval but 18-year-old Chris Woods, who's never played in the First Division, proved a safe stand-in for Shilton, dealing confidently with crosses and covering well everything kicked at him.

Aside from McDermott's disallowed goal, the closest he came to being beaten was when his left back, Clark, volleyed viciously at him from a mere five yards.

Amazingly, Forest could've won it at the death, Withe ballooning the ball wide with Clemence hopelessly stranded.

As extra-time ground on, Lloyd (Forest) and Smith (Liverpool) were booked for no-nonsense fouls.

If Liverpool don't manage to win the replay (the result of which you should know by now), they'll have only the profligate wastefulness of Dalglish to blame.

Forest, surely, could not play so disjointedly again.

E. I. Addio

LIVE PAGE

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Tues. 28th March (Adm 70p)
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Wed. 29th March (Adm £1.10)
WIRE
Plus Guests and Jerry Floyd

Sunday 26th March
Easter Sunday Special
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Plus support & Nick Leigh
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Thurs. 30th March (Adm £1)
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6

Thursday, March 23rd Free
The Young Ones
Friday, March 24th Free
Head Waiter
Saturday, March 25th 50p
HEAD OVER HEELS
Sunday, March 26th 75p
THE STUKAS
Wednesday, March 29th Free
The Brakes

Wednesday, March 22nd Free
The Brakes

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday, March 23rd £1.00
THE REZILLOS
+ HANK WANGFORD BAND

Friday, March 24th £1.00
THE VOICE SQUAD
+ RITZ

Saturday, March 25th £1.00
SURPRISE SISTERS
+ Support

Sunday, March 26th £1.00
NEW HEARTS
+ THE BUSINESS

Monday, March 27th 75p
ADVERTISING
+ THE LOOK

Tuesday, March 28th 75p
THE BOYFRIENDS
+ THE YOUNG ONES

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Friday March 24th **PAPER LACE**
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Thursday March 23rd
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Friday March 24th
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Saturday March 25th
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JOHNNY THUNDER'S LIVING DEAD
Monday March 27th
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Wednesday March 29th
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are on holiday this week
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(opposite Belsize Park Tube)
8pm — 11 pm
Support act/bar/£1.00
Meanwhile buy our E.P.
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Saturday March 25th
THE CRANBROOK, CRANBROOK ROAD, ILFORD
Sunday March 26th
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Friday March 31st
THE SWAN, CHELSWAY, STEVENAGE
MANAGEMENT
GILMOUR PROMOTIONS
01-204 9976

DUKE OF LANCASTER

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Tel 01-499 0465
Thursday March 23rd
REBEL
Friday March 24th
IOU
Saturday March 25th
LOGARHYTHM
Sunday March 26th
PEKOE ORANGE
Tuesday March 28th
BLEAK HOUSE

THE ROCK CLUB

NEW WRITTLE ST., CHELMSFORD

Friday March 24th 8pm-11pm
BLACK SLATE
+ Invasion
Admission 150p, 130p S.U.

Sunday March 26th 8pm-11pm
THE GENTS
Single release Party
+ THE Accidents
Admission 70p, 60p S.U.

THE FFORDE GREENE ROCK SCENE

ROUNDHAY ROAD, LEEDS 8

Fri. March 24th FREE RIDE
Sat. March 25th DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
Sun. March 26th BEANO
Mon. March 27th DEAD RINGER

CRACKERS 203 Wardour Street, W.1.

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+ THE SUNDAY BAND

Bar till 1 am Admission £1.00
Next week: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

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UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday, March 22nd 60p
THE SOFT BOYS
Thursday, March 23rd 75p
THE BANNED
Friday, March 24th £1.00
GRAND HOTEL
Saturday, March 25th 75p
LEE FARDON'S LEGIONAIRES
Sunday, March 26th 75p
COMEDY FACTORY
Monday, March 27th 50p
MARSEILLES
Tuesday, March 28th 75p
LEE KOSMIN'S LOOSE SHOES
Wednesday, March 29th 75p
THE SOFT BOYS

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MARCH Sat 25	NEW REGENT, BRIGHTON
Sun 26	PELHAM BUCKLE, CRAWLEY
Mon 27	100 CLUB W.1
Wed 29	SPEAKEASY W.1
Thurs 30	DUKE OF SUSSEX W.II
APRiL Mon 3	ROCK GARDEN W.C.2
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Saturday March 25th
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+ Special Guests 90° INCLUSIVE

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+ Support

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+ Support

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Saturday March 25th
THE YOUNG ONES 30p
+ Air Aces
Sunday March 26th
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD 30p
Monday March 27th
HEAD WAITER 30p
Tuesday March 28th
THE SUNDAY BAND
Wednesday March 29th
WARM JETS
Thursday March 30th
THE VIPERS

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CLOSED
Saturday March 25th
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Wednesday March 29th
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Country time at Wembley

EASTER invariably means that it's country time again, and for the tenth successive year promoter Mervyn Conn presents the International Festival of Country Music at the giant Wembley Empire Pool. It runs for three days, from Saturday through to Easter Monday, with George Hamilton VI as compere. And these are the acts appearing:

SATURDAY

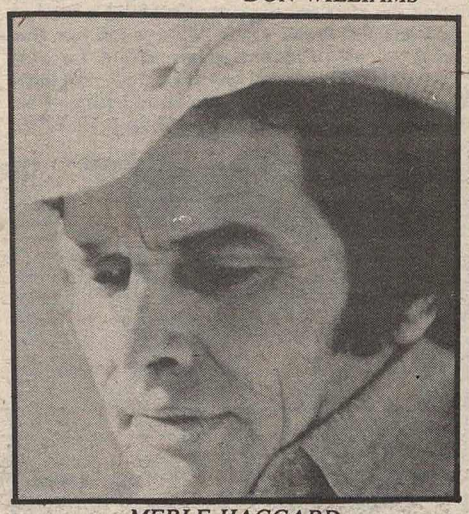
Don Willams
Don Everly
Barbara Fairchild
Jody Miller
Freddie Hart
Wilburn Brothers
Carl Smith
Carroll Baker
Jeannie Denver
Vernon Oxford

SUNDAY

Marty Robbins
Ronnie Milsap
Carl Perkins
Donna Fargo
Skeeter Davis
Lloyd Green
Charlie McCoy
Hargus 'Pig' Robbins
Lynch & Lawson
Dave & Sugar
Kelvin Henderson

MONDAY

Merle Haggard
Kenny Rogers
Moe Bandy
Larry Gatlin
Tompall Glaser
Barbi Benton
Joe Ely
Ronnie Prophet
Raymond Froggatt
Dottie West
Dick Damron
Ray Lynam


MERLE HAGGARD

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERGAVENNY Chevron Club: UNCLE PO
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: COCK SPARRER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle; SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: MEAN STREET
BIRMINGHAM Snobs Club: TROUT
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: THE BOYS
BRADFORD Royal Standard: GYGAFO
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRISTOL Crockers: FRENCH HOTEL
BRISTOL Granary: THE LATE SHOW
BRISTOL Yate Stars & Stripes: GENERATION X/THE JOLT
CARLISLE Twisted Wheel: MIKE ELLIOTT
CHIPPENHAM West End Club: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
COLCHESTER College of Art: 999
COVENTRY The Zodiac: RAW DEAL
CRAWLEY White Knight: SOUTHERN RYDA
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SLADE
DERBY King's Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: TAVARES
EXETER Groucho's: XS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: FLINTLOCK
GRIMSBY Mariners Club: BEANO
HAVANT Black Dog: HAMISH IMLACH
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE TRIBESMEN
LEEDS Roots Club: THE VIBRATORS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: ADVERTISING
LONDON ACTON Town Hall: RICO/REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON BRENTFORD Red Lion: PIN-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE VIPERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SMIRKS/CPT. WEBB
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: THE CRABS / THE SPITFIRE BOYS
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: PRAEGER & DUNGEY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JOHN MILES BAND/JOHNNY COUGAR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE BANNED
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Wine Bar: THE GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE REZILLOS
LONDON Marquee Club: SUPERCHARGE/29th & DEARBORN
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ASWAD
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: FIVE HAND REEL/NOEL MURPHY
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE/SUNSTROKE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLACK SLATE
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Tabernacle Community Centre: PLANET GONG
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE HEARTDROPS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PRAYING MANTIS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ZONES
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
MANCETTER Memorial Hall: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
MANCHESTER Playhouse: RENO
MANCHESTER Rafters: SUBURBAN STUDS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
NEWCASTLE City Hall: TANGERINE DREAM
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: OASIS
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SABRE JETS
NEWPORT Stardust Club: THE SUPREMES
NOTTINGHAM Ad Lib Club: SATAN'S RATS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
OLDHAM Tower Club: SATAN'S RATS
PENZANCE The Garden: WRECKLESS ERIC
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE STUKAS
PONTEFRACT Ferrybridge Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: TONIGHT
PRESTON Guildhall: MAX BOYCE
ROCHESTER Nags Head: SAMSON
SHEFFIELD Springvale Hotel: THEY MUST BE RUSSIANS
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: BICYCLE THIEVES
STOKE Jollees: FRANKIE LAINE
SUTTON Red Lion: NICK DOW
SWANSEA Circles Club: WIRE
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: THE PLEASERS
WARRINGTON Tender Trap: WHIRLWIND
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE REAL THING

Friday

ASHFORD Kempton Manor: TONY PRINCE
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: WITCHFYNDE
BASILDON Double Sex: COCK SPARRER
BATH Pavilion: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: NO DICE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIROMGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS / THE SLITS
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: J.A.L.N. BAND
BRADFORD Star Hotel: PETA WEBB & ALISON McMORLAND
BRIGHTON New Regent: PENETRATION
BURTON 76 Club: THE YOUNG ONES
CAISTER Holiday Centre: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: BLACK SLATE
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: BUNTER
COLCHESTER Odeon: GYPP
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: SCREENS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CROFTON Royal Oak Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CUMNOCK Town Hall: ROSETTA STONE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: TANGERINE DREAM
GLASGOW Patrick Burgh Hall: BERT JANSCH
GRANTHAM Fox Inn: KEITH MANIFOLD
GRAVESEND Music Bowl: PLANET GONG
GRIMSBY Findus Club: BEANO
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: MUCKRAM WAKES
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LIVERPOOL Erics: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WHIRLWIND
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEADWAITER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE VOICE SQUAD
LONDON Marquee Club: THE PIRATES
LONDON SOUTHALL Hamborough Tavern: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom:PAPER LACE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZONES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE BANNED
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: BOOMTOWN RATS / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
LUTON Royal Hotel: BAND WITH NO NAME
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: VESUVIUS
MANCHESTER Rafters: DEAF SCHOOL
MARGATE Dreamland: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NEW BRIGHTON Floral Pavilion: THE REAL THING
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: GOATS / SCORCHERS
NORWICH Toppers Club: BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow; LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NUNEATON Stockingford Pavilion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: ANY TROUBLE
OXFORD New Theatre: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
PEMBROKE Freshwater East Club: STEAMROLLER
PLYMOUTH Metro: WRECKLESS ERIC
POYNTON Folk Centre: EASTER FOLK FESTIVAL (for three days) with BRENDA WOOTTON & AL FENN / JOHNNY COLLINS / PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN / KITSYKE WILL / FIDDLERS DRAM / MARTIN CARTER / JOE BEARD, etc.
READING Target Club: THE EDGE BAND
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
SHEFFIELD The Limit: GLORIA MUNDI
WATFORD Red Lion: REDNITE

Saturday

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: VESUVIUS
ARDISHAIG Town Hall: BERT JANSCH
AYLESBURY Friars: THE RUBINOOS/THE SMIRKS / THE BOYFRIENDS
BARROW Rugby League Club: BLACK GORILLA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WRECKLESS ERIC
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Rock Club: SCHOOL SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: COCKY
BIRMINGHAM Rialto Club: DESMOND DEKKER
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Castle Hotel: THE REAL THING
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRIGHTON Clarence Hotel: CREPES'N'DRAPES
BRIGHTON New Regent: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS/CHINA STREET
BRISTOL Barton Hill Centre: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
BRISTOL Granary: FLYER
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: THE CRABS
BURTISLAND Half Cirle: EATER
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Cinema: SLADE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: TOM ROBINSON BAND
CAMBRIDGE Leisure Centre: MAX BOYCE
CANTERBURY Marlowe Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
CLITHEROE Cricket Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
COCKERMOUTH Twynham Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
DARLINGTON Polytechnic: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
DONCASTER Bircotes Leisure Centre: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
DORCHESTER Tavern Hotel: BULLET
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE PLEASERS/BENNY & THE JETS
GIRVAN Beach Pavilion: ROSETTA STONE
HAILSHAM Boship Farm Hotel: POSSUM
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: ENGLAND
HUDDERSFIELD Oakes Club: SWEET ILLUSION
ILFORD The Cranbrook: ROGER THE CAT
IPSWICH Odeon: DENNIS WATERMAN
KINGS LYNN Corn Exchange: TONIGHT
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
LEEDS Haddon Hall: ARC ROUGE
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHER'S DREAM
LIVERPOOL Eric's: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: JEVUTSHTA
LLANDOVERY Castle Hotel: WHIRLWIND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: KANSAS/JIM CAPALDI
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEE FARDON
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SURPRISE SISTERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE PIRATES
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: EARTHBOUND
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Astra Cinema: MATUMBI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH & BIG CHIEF
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: WARM JETS
LONDON S.W.11 Cornet of Horses: STATE X-PRESS/BLACK VOLTS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF COUNTRY MUSIC (see separate panel).
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: TANGERINE DREAM
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: THE BUZZCOCKS / THE SLITS
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE SAINTS/THE SNIDE
MARGATE Dreamland: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: FLASHCATS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TRAPEZE
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: GOATS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: THE VIBRATORS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: PENETRATION
PRESTON Guildhall: SHIRLEY BASSEY/NEW SEEKERS (for three days)
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE MOVIES
ROCHESTER Nags Head: PEKOE ORANGE
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's: GLORIA MUNDI
SHEFFIELD The Limit: WIRE
SNODLAND Bull Hotel: DAGABAND
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: FIVE HAND REEL
STAFFORD Stitchfield Hall: 999
ST. ALBANS City Hall: GENERATION X
STOKE EXRURIA Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STOKE Jollees: FRANKIE LAINE
STROUD Spring Festival: PLANET GONG
SWINDON Oasis Centre: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
TIVERTON The Motel: SOUL DIRECTION
TORQUAY 400 Club: DEAF SCHOOL
WIGAN Casino: SAD CAFE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Centre Halls: KESTRAL
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
WORTHING Pavilion: THE YETTIES

Sunday

ANFIELD PLAIN The Plainsman: SCORCHERS
AYLESBURY Kings Head: THE RIVVITS
BAKEWWLL Monsal Head: JEVUTSHTA
BARNSLEY Civic Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: SCOTT FITZGERALD / RAMBLER
BLOXWICH Nags Head: FORCE
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: TONIGHT/THE BRAKES
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Centre: BACK ALLEY PRINCES
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: JOHN MILES BAND-/JOHNNY COUGAR
BRISTOL Hippodrome: DENIS WATERMAN
BRISTOL Locarno: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: DUKES & LEE/BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Highlights

APART FROM the Country Music Festival at Wembley (see previous page), it's not a scintillating Easter from the gig viewpoint, but there are still a few items of special interest and worthy of bringing to your attention:

BOOMTOWN RATS are headlining a short tour during the next ten days or so, playing a total of eight selected dates. Three of these fall into this period — at London Lyceum (Good Friday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Croydon (Wednesday). Blast Furnace & the Heatwaves support on the first of these gigs, and Black Slate on the other two.

BOB GELDOF of Boomtown Rats

KANSAS, the highly rated U.S. band who hail from the state of the same name, are paying their first-ever visit to this country for just two major concerts — at London Hammersmith (Saturday) and Manchester (Monday). Jim Capaldi supports in London, and Cheap Trick in Manchester . . .CHEAP TRICK are another fast-rising outfit who fall into the powerpop category. They'll also be doing a few dates in their own right, the first of these at Plymouth on Wednesday.

MARTY ROBBINS and DON EVERLY, who are both appearing in the Wembley event over Easter, are staying on in Britain to co-headline a nationwide concert tour. They open in Gloucester on Wednesday, with plenty more dates to follow next week.

THE STYLISTICS also kick off their U.K. jaunt on Wednesday, in Liverpool. They'll be playing a mixture of concerts and cabaret stints during their protracted visit, plus a four-day season at the London Palladium. Special guest artists on all their concert appearances (including the Palladium) is chart star Candi Saton.

STEVE WALSH of Kansas

GONG play a one-off London concert on Saturday at Hammersmith, when they'll be augmented specially for the occasion by Mick Taylor and Darryl Way, among others. . . Also in London over the weekend are PROFESSOR LONGHAIR and TAVARES (both Sunday) and the TOM ROBINSON BAND (Monday and Tuesday). And there are a few other major concerts in town, which you can ascertain by glancing at the listings.

THIN LIZZY have a one-off at London Rainbow on Wednesday, which they've arranged specially for filming purposes. But it's already sold out, so if you're ticketless, you'll only be able to get in courtesy of the touts.

EASTER ON TELEVISION

XTC and **Steel Pulse** are in "Sight And Sound In Concert" on Saturday, **Eric Idle's** take-off "The Ruttles" is screened on Monday, and Tuesday's "Whistle Test" features **Cheap Trick, The Rubinoos** and **Spitballs** — all on BBC-2.

● On BBC-1 there are two "Snowtime Specials" filmed in Switzerland with **Boney M** and **Demis Roussos** (Good Friday) and **Manhattan Transfer, Three Degrees** and the late **Claude Francois** (Monday) . . . and on Tuesday, George Burns has his own show with guests **Gladys Knight & the Pips, The Captain & Tennille** and **John Denver.**

● **Showaddywaddy** are in "Swap Shop" (BBC-1 Saturday) and the next day there are the Swap Shop "Star Awards" with the winners on hand to collect their trophies. . .**Mary O'Hara** is in concert on most ITV channels on Friday.

CHICHESTER Festival Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridgge: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
CRAWLEY Leisure Centre: MAX BOYCE
CROYDON Greyhound: GENERATION X
DERBY Assembly Rooms: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILIP GOODHAND-TAIT
DUBLIN Stardust Club: GENE PITNEY (for a week)
DUMFRIES Stagecoach Hotel: CAFE JACQUES
FLIMBY Miners Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
GLASGOW Shuffles: ROSETTA STONE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: BEANO
LEYLAND Bradfield Arms Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: TANGERINE DREAM
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE VIBRATORS/THE CORTINAS/CHELSEA
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: EARTHBOUND
LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre: PROFESSOR LONGHAIR
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: JOHNNY NASH
LONDON FOREST HILL St. Germain's Hotel-:SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON HACKNEY Mayfield Kinema: BLACK SLATE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: GONG with guests MICK TAYLOR/DARRYL WAY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE STUKAS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: IGNATZ
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: NEW HEARTS
LONDON LEYTONSTONE Red Lion: THE LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SAINTS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON Palladium: TAVARES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PIN-UPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SORE THROAT
LONDON W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime-: DICK CHARLESWORTH QUINTET
LONDON W.C. 1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF COUNTRY MUSIC (see separate panel)
LONDON WOOLWOCH Tramshed: ACKER BILK BAND
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: THE BUZZCOCKS / THE SLITS
NEWCASTLE The Playground: SABRE JETS
NOTTINGHAM Katie's: EATER
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OBAN Gathering Hall: BERT JANSCH
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: PETER SARSTEDT
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: SLADE
SHEFFIELD Smithywood Road Club: SWEET ILLUSION
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DEAF SCHOOL
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: FRANKIE LAINE
YEOVIL Duke of York: BULLET
YEOVIL Johnson Hall: PLANET GONG

Monday

ABERTILLERY Rose Hayworth Club: SON OF A BITCH
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: THE BUZZCOCKS / THE SLITS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MATUMBI
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Red Lion: KEITH MANIFOLD
BIRMINGHAM Locarno: SCOTT FITZGERALD / RAMBLER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BIRMINGHAM Tower Ballroom: 90° INCLUSIVE
BLACKPOOL Hydro: SAD CAFE
BLYTH Golden Eagle: STEVE BROWN BAND
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: BACK ALLEY PRINCES
BRIGHTON Corn Exchange: MUNGO JERRY
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
BRISTOL Crockers: AXE (for three days)
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD AND THE NYLONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
CRAWLEY Sports Centre: SLADE
CROMER West Runton Village Inn: BEANO
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: TANGERINE DREAM
DEWSBURY Turks Head: ARC ROUGE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: NEW HEARTS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: MAX BOYCE
EDINBURGH Clouds: ROSETTA STONE
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
GLASGOW Satellite City: DEAF SCHOOL
HURLEY The Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Harehills Club: SWEET ILLUSION
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: DAWNWATCHER
LINCOLN Theatre Royal: "GODSPELL" (for two weeks)
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: IGNATZ
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE SHIRTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: HEAD WAITER
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: LEE FARDON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: EXZIBITOR / ANGLETRAX
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ADVERTISING / THE LOOK
LONDON Marquee Club: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour: MIKE FITZGERALD
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: CHINA STREET
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF COUNTRY MUSIC (see separate panel)
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON WILLESDEN Cavern: PENETRATION / THE VISITORS
MALVERN Winter Gardens: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: KANSAS / CHEAP TRICK
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE ACCELERATORS
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE MOVIES
MANCHESTER Placemate Club: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
MARGATE Dreamland: 999
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: THE SQUAD
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NEWPORT Kings Head Hotel: PLANET GONG
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE DEPRESSIONS
SEAL Stone Street Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
SKEGNESS Sands Club: THE REAL THING
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: FRANKIE LAINE
STAFFORD Top of the World: BETHNAL
SWINDON The Affair: THE PLEASERS
TONYPANDY Naval Club: DAYS OF GRACE
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: THE YETTIES
WHITLEY BAY Jonah's: HARCOURT'S HEROES
WORTHING Pier Pavilion: AFTER THE FIRE

Tuesday

AMBLESIDE Folk Club: BERT JANSCH
BELFAST Ulster Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
BRISTOL Corn Exchange: PLANET GONG/RED BALUNE
CARDIFF Top Rank: WRECKLESS ERIC
COVENTRY Locarno: BETHNAL
GLASGOW Satellite City: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
KIRKCALDY Y.M.C.A. Hall: ROSETTA STONE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: THE RIVVITS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE SUNDAY BAND
LONDON CHELSEA The Trafalgar: MARTY WILDE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: IGNATZ
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TANGERINE DREAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BOY FRIENDS/THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE TROGGS/PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: KESTRAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE HEARTDROPS/THE HEAT/THE ECHOES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PIN-UPS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RAPED
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE MONOS/PATRICK FITZGERALD
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE ZONES/THE WINNERS
MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall: FLINTLOCK
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: WHITE HEAT
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: HARCOURT'S HEROES
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: JEFF GRANT BAND
NEWCASTLE University: THE CRABS
NORWICH People's Club: NEW HEARTS
OXFORD New Theatre: MAX BOYCE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SHOWADDYWADDY
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: BOOMTOWN RATS/BLACK SLATE
READING The Hexagon: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
RAWENTSTALL White Lion Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
SHEFFIELD Manor Social Club: SWEET ILLUSION
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: TRAPEZE
WHITLEY BAY Red Lion: ACHILLES HEEL
WHITNEY Town F.C.: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS

Wednesday

BARNSLEY Swaith Club: SWEET ILLUSION
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Blackthorne F.C.: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: SON OF A BITCH
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SHIRLEY BASSEY / NEW SEEKERS (for three days)
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Yardley. Bulls Head: ROSES
BORTH The Borth Hall: PLANET GONG
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
BRISTOL Tiffany's: 999
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CROYDON Greyhound: BOOMTOWN RATS / BLACK SLATE
DUBLIN Stadium: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: MARTY ROBBINS & DON EVERLY
HAYWARDS HEATH Claire Hall: SKIDMARX / EDGE BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: JAILER
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE ROLL-UPS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: SYTLISTICS / CANDI STATON
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE RUBINOOS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: THE SATELLITES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PAINTED LADY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE PLEASERS
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WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: THE CRABS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE

Subway Sect
The Lous

MUSIC MACHINE

THE 'Club Left', as the Music Machine become known for such occasions is not exactly brimming over with punters tonight.

Instead, intimate cliques of New Wave luminaries sit in leisurely fashion relishing the breathing space afforded by the absence of crowds.

I ask myself if this 'elite popularity' is a result of the Subway Sect's low profile approach to publicity or is it just the Subway Sect themselves?

After nearly two years they still retain a firm hold on that elusive quality that might be termed 'cult status'.

The Lous *(les quatre filles Francaises en exile)* take the stage launching into their first number "Hey Stoned".

They play rough, sensual R&B-type music, typically French in that the influence of Patti Smith and '60s garage bands is particularly marked.

Their songs are good, their version simple and unclouded by pretensions. On stage they work hard, are impressively tight, but still manage to transmit energy and warmth.

All of these are positive qualities which I recognise, but which don't particularly endear them to me.

Not enough *sang froid* for my taste perhaps . . .

The appeal the Subwat Sect always had for me was that they were totally misunderstood by everyone and they seemed to want to stay that way.

Tonight they amble on stage with no more purposefulness than is usual for them, Godard looking misplaced and unassuming, decked out in Oxfam Shop woollen garb.

He has now taken to playing guitar (in addition to singing) with the result that the sound has been strengthened and dimensions added.

Their set now is mostly rearrangements of 'old' material, but the only songs I immediately recognise are "Derail Your Senses" and "We Oppose All Rock And Roll".

For some reason everything clicks into place only when they do a new number.

"This one might be pretty difficult for some of you to handle," Godard mumbles cryptically. He forsakes his position in front of the microphone and the band begins what turns out to be an instrumental.

Rambling textural lead from Godard (the guitar hero) over a heavy, evenly-paced drumbeat with the emphasis on a resounding snare (lost in the bad mix).

This number serves as an introduction to "Nobody's Scared" (out soon as a single) which is followed by "Eastern European".

They finish, somewhat prematurely. I might add,. with "Don't Split It" (the B-side of the single) where they are joined by an additional harp-player.

The applause in valiant, but scattered. Some of the audience migrate to the bar, some remain and endure.

In the middle of the floor a solitary dancer. Blank faces and knitted brows line the balconies. Subway Sect remain largely misunderstood.

Steve Walsh

The Look

NAGS HEAD
HIGH WYCOMBE.

AT 9 o'clock, when Urban Disturbance had just performed a surprisingly energetic set to no more than a dozen people, most people had given up all hope of enjoying the evening — but then no;one had taken into account the effect The Look might have

By the time they had finished their second encore — a version of the old Cliff Richard hit "It'll Be Me" — they had the entire crowd of 19 on their feet twisting, jiving, pogoing.

They opened with what I presume was their theme song as they constantly referred to having 'caught the look'. Anyone who saw Keith Emerson with The Nice must be wishing he had got involved with a group such as this, as they seem to combine Emerson's early attempts at pop music with the rock'n'roll energy of the Rich Kids, although they need to practice a bit more on their Beatle harmonies.

I only caught the titles of one or two of their songs, but they didn't seem to have any noticeable weak material.

Judging by the audience reaction, the next time they're in Wycombe, those 19 peoplw will be back, and all their friends will be there with them.

Isn't that the way a group really ought to make it?

Nick Duckett

LIVE

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Reggae Regular

100 CLUB

CONSIDERING THE brevity of its existence, seven-piece outfit Reggae Regular has caused considerable stir in this man's town in recent months.

Under the mentorship of Lloyd "TCB" Patten, the group has been recently fulfilling an awesome gig schedule throughout the UK and garnering release of two records on the recently established Greensleeves Records label.

The debut title, "Where Is Jah?", reached the number one spot on the British reggae chart, outflanking Greensleeves' considerably more publicised Alimantado "Born For A Purpose" 45, and even now maintains a lofty position re same; whilst follow-up "Black Star Liner" seems poised to emulate its predecessor's status in the forthcoming weeks.

"Where Is Jah?" has been a particular favourite of the 100 Club Thursday night reggae audience, who naturally turned out in volume to witness the two Rs clash for the first time at this venue, and they were in appreciative voice.

Reggae Regular consist of Errol "Sly" Francis (drums); Trevor "Seal" Salmon (bass); Alan "King Pin" King (lead vocal); Tony "Benjamin" Rockwood (vocals); Patrick "Chicki" Donnegan (lead-/rhythm guitar and vocals); George "Flea" Clarke (keyboards); and Norman "Junior" Ebanks (guitar).

This did not leave much elbow room on the 100 Club stage, but in spite of its size, RR maintained a surprisingly light sound, which even drummer Francis' controlled frenzy couldn't quite dispel.

With the exception of the two singles, the music was unfamiliar to the crowd, although this did not in any way detract from their vociferous approval of the group as its members paced the length of "Benjamin", "Not Any More", "Fools Game" and the lovers-rock "That Little Girl Of Mine".

This latter declaration of affection would likely have all the sisteren in their bretheren's arms were it to favour issue.

Following the show-stopping "Where Is Jah?" and "Black Star Liner" pair, Reggae Regular introduced a tribute to these Ron and Nanda Leslie Thursday night sessions with a tune entitled "100 Club", or so "TCB" claimed, in a hasty aside from his position at the mixing board.

After this, the group claimed its collective "Victim Of Life" existential and closed with "Going Home", suiting their actions to their words at the song's conclusion.

Penny Reel

Some Chicken

SANDPIPER NOTTINGHAM

CURRENTLY THE nearest thing the Sandpiper has to a house band, Some Chicken can now be found dismantling the club on alternate Saturdays, as well as supporting run-of-the mill punksters on midweek gigs.

Playing a set that would keep most bands in singles for a year, Chicken have been winning friends through live work for nigh on 18 months.

Raw Records sussed first, and released "New Religion" last October, and it's this lumphammer anti-TV paean which heralds their arrival.

From then on they let up only once; "St Ann's Well Road" is a nice slice of Nottingham geography.

Otherwise, it's full throttle through "Number Seven", the new single, "Arabian Daze", its flip, "Stretch And Seal", "Little Deluxe" and "Suicide NCP", all indicating that when they get around to an album it's going to be pretty vital listening.

Hard to say who snatches the limelight; Jesse Chicken, perhaps, hopping dangerously on one foot as he slashes razor chords from his milk-white Strat, or Mark Askwith who attacks his mike stand with a vigour close to madness.

It certainly isn't Mick Nowicki, he seems not a little bemused at finding himself on a stage with the other two, but he pumps out some vicious bass lines anyway.

This three-pronged lunge is inevitably underpinned by the snapstick drumming of Genial Bob Fawcett (crash cymbals toppled to order).

Look, I could go on, but may I simply end by recommending you to attend the upcoming tour? Your friends will snigger if you miss them.

Stephen Gordon

JAZZ DIARY

CHRIS BARBER'S Swing Is Here tour with American guests John Lewis and Trummy Young is being sponsored by the Austrian Hi-Fi company Eumig.

The tour will be at the New Assembly Rooms, Market Place, Derby on 12th April; Leas Cliff Hall, The Leas, Folkstone on 13th; Royal Exchange Theatre, St Anne's Square, Manchester on 14th; Whitla Hall, Queens University, Belfast on 15th; Usher Hall, Lothian Road, Edinburgh on 16th; Southport Theatre, Southport on 17th; Digbeth Civic Hall, Digbeth, Birmingham on 18th; Guildhall, West Midlands Road, Southampton on 19th; Fairfield Hall, Croydon on 20th; The Forum, Lemsford Road, Hatfield on 21st; Melborne Village College, Cambridge on 22nd and Town Hall, Huddersfield on 23rd.

John Lewis

This year's Northsea Jazz Festival runs from 14th July -16th July filling six halls continuously.

Artists include Basie, Peterson, Ella, Dizzy, Rollins, Bill Evans, Zoot & Al, Freddie Hubbard, Buddy Rich, Hamp, Ramsay Lewis, Betty Carter, Jonah Jones, Blakey, Randy Weston, Carla Bley, McCoy Tyner, Illinois Jacquet, Konitz, Shelly Manne, Coryell, John Lewis, Bo Diddley, Bill Daggett and about 200 other assorted cats.

The Pizza Express, Dan Street is presenting the Max Collie Band on 31st March, and the Bob Wilburn-Dave McKenna Quintet on 6th April. The Phoenix has the Alan Jackson Quintet with Don Weller and Henry Lother on 29th March. Following John Williams into Ronnie Scott's is Miss Tania Maria and the Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Quintet.

Rumour — or rather, Fred Hopkins — has it that two further albums have been released in the States by the incredible trio, Air — one for Nessa, the other for Arista. Chico Freeman's first can be found on India Navigation.

The new Karma label devoted to the New York avant-garde has Sunny Murray's "Charred Earth" and Frank Lowe's "Doctor Too Much."

Brian Case

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The Albion Band playing live on the south bank of the Thames, outside the National Theatre, where they will be appearing in "Lark Rise" from the end of the month.

The Albion Band
ASTORIA THEATRE

AT LAST, with the album the Albions have been threatening to make — "Rise Up Like The Sun" — just released, their recorded potential is finally realised.

Gig-wise they've always put on a good show, but at the Astoria recently they were firing on all cylinders.

The evening opened with Six Hands in Tempo (syncopated guitarists, I hasten to add) a deft three-man trio from Nottingham, who entertained with songs by Irving Berlin, Noel Coward and an outrageous medley of ATV theme tunes.

Their pleasant set was only marred when one of them tumbled into the orchestra pit at the end. Hope the damage wasn't permanent.

Then on tropped the Albions, augmented on this occasion by Linda Thompson, in an all-too-infrequent appearance. Husband Richard was represented, alas, in spirit only by the inclusion of a couple of new songs in the classic Thompson mould, "Rainbow Over The Hill" and "Time To Ring Some Changes", demonstrating that whatever he's been doing (or not doing) these past few years it hasn't diminished his talent for writing superb songs.

The set opened with a storming "Uncle Bernard's/Jenny Lind", and off they went through everything from a Sussex hillbilly song to stately 16th century French dances.

There would be nothing easier than for the Albion Band simply to play an evening of "Hopping Down In Kent" singalong, stamp-your-feet traditional tunes, the rhythm brought to the surface by Ashley Hutchings bass; but at the moment they're like a sponge, soaking in all manner of influences — from John Coltrane to sea shanties — and only squeezing out vintage juice, offering a balanced and versatile set.

Singer and accordionist John Tams shone on the epic "Gresford Disaster" and the rousing "Poor Old Horse", and displayed a penchant for one-liners that would have had Bob Hope's writers sweating blood.

The nine-man line-up blend so well together that it would be unfair to single out any individual, although Greame Taylor's eclectic guitar, and the massed percussion of Dave Mattacks and Michael Gregory deserve a mention.

The next album should, by rights, be a live one, so that you can recapture the magic of an Albion gig in the comfort of your own home.

Rise up, like the Albions

Until that happy day "Rise Up Like The Sun" will suffice, and if the band carry on improving at their current rate, it'll be Empire Pool next stop.

Patrick Humphries

Gordon Giltrap Band
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

DESPITE being force-fed with frightening frequency to the youth of the nation on shows like *Swap Shop* and *Calendar Kids,* Gordon Giltrap fails to fill the City Hall with prepubescent persons.

The kids are alright, I guess.

I confess I find myself baffled at Giltrap's success.

How can he obtain an audience of *any* size with the anachronistic drivel which comprises "Visionary" and "Perilous Journey"? Those albums are so *boring* you expect to hear Bob Harris muttering "Really nice" between the tracks . . .

The set — split into halves corresponding to the albums — starts with a few band numbers, all unmentionably dreary, before Giltrap goes it alone on "Fantasia".

The band return for "Revelation", of which Giltrap says, "it's quite possible this piece could change your whole life."

It doesn't, although there's no denying he's an extremely competent technician on whatever type of guitar he picks up. And a very nice, amicable gentleman, too. Quite a pain, in fact.

Clive Bunker, formerly of Jethro Tull and Steve Hillage, provides the evening with its only memorable moments, rolling round the tom-toms and desperately trying to inject some punch into the flaccid proceedings. He fails, of course.

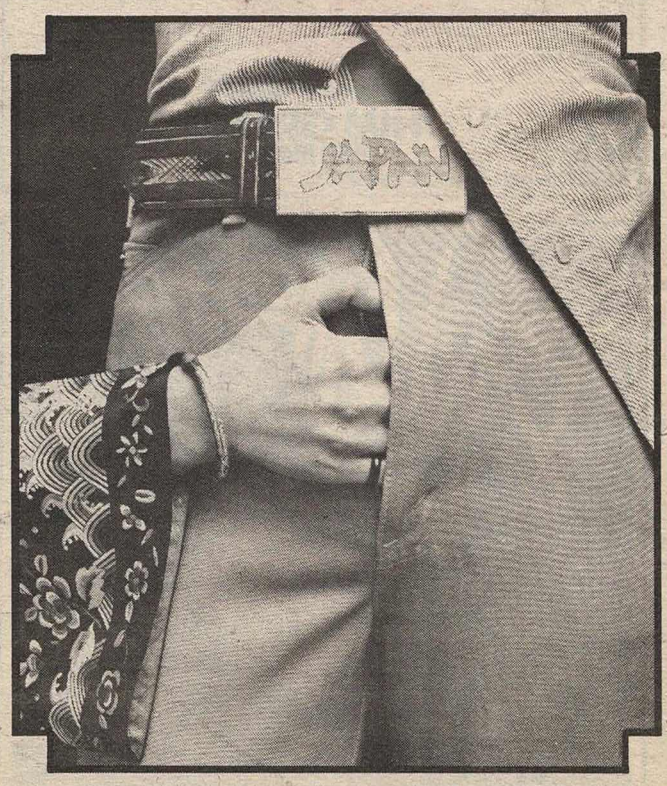
With very few exceptions, bassist John G. Perry — who's suffering from a severe lack of either taste or money — isn't pushed at all, and keyboard players Rod Edwards and Eddie Spence do naught save plaster bombast over everything in earshot.

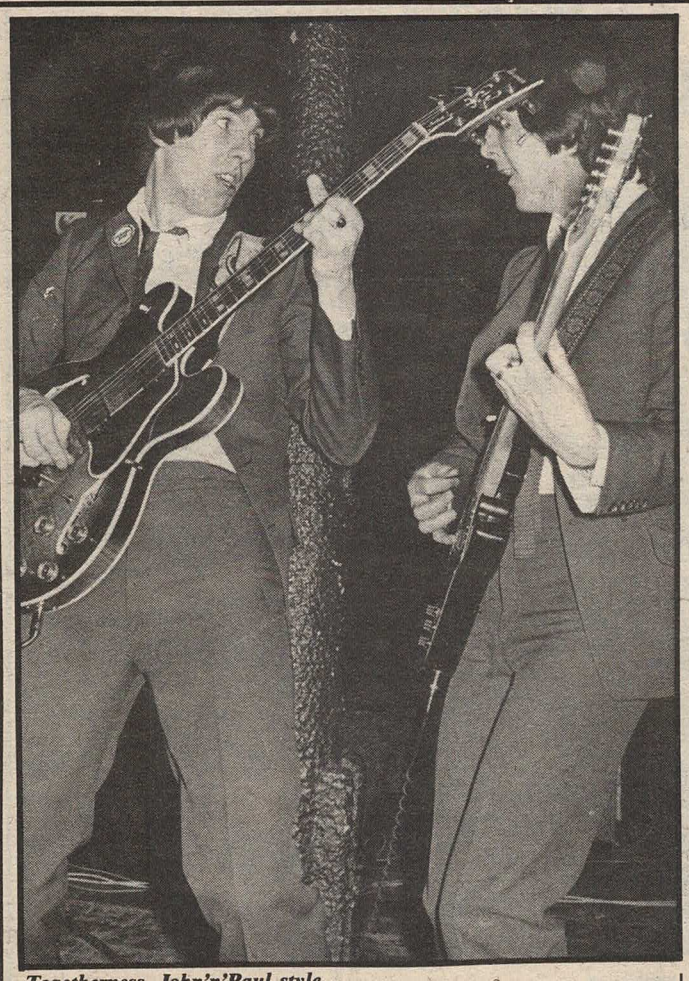
For "Cascade", (where *does* he get these titles from?), Giltrap employs a taped guitar-track, over which he plays lead lines.

At the conclusion of the piece, a wag in the audience calls out: "Seeing as you pretend to play, we'll pretend to enjoy it!"

There's many a true word spoken in jest.

Andy Gill





Togetherness, John'n'Paul style

Paisley's crew help undermine Arista's lot

The Pleasers

ERIC'S LIVERPOOL

THE NEW Beatles went to Liverpool, and nobody screamed. Indeed, nobody did anything very much.

And that was mainly because there was nobody much there to do anything.

The response of the Mersey population at large to the visit by The Pleasers was one of massive indifference. And that of the handful of people who turned out to see them was mild enthusiasm.

This was despite the massive publicity the band have had in both the rock press and the nationals. And despite advertising on the local commercial station, Radio City.

Admittedly, it was a dumb night to pick.

Liverpool were trouncing Benfica 4-1 at Anfield. But by the time The Pleasers went on, at eleven, the game was long since over, and there were only 150 people out front.

Still, they lined the edge of the stage five deep, and The Pleasers did get an encore. But the 150 stalwarts couldn't quite sustain the applause until The Pleasers got back on.

If power pop, or Thamesbeat, or whatever they call neutered new wave is the Next Big Thing, you'd never know it from this gig.

In some ways, that's a pity.

There's simply no denying that The Pleasers are an excellent live act. They perform their collection of impressive little songs with a competence and energy that '60s beat groups would have envied. They deserve many of the accolades flung in their direction.

As crowd-pullers, though, they've clearly still to establish themselves.

What this adds up to is that the decision to put The Pleasers on at Eric's Club, and then invite rock press coverage, was a PR stunt virtually on a par with shipping the then-unknown Brinsley Schwarz off to the Fillmore.

Eric's is the nearest you can get in Liverpool to the original Cavern Club. It's even in the same street. So when The Pleasers went on there, they were almost treading on hallowed ground, and certainly tampering with treasured memories.

Over the years, of course, there have been lots of bands who've aspired to the Beatles' mantle. Those who've been mentioned in the same breath include: The Dave Clark Five, The Bee Gees, The Humblebums, The Monkees, 10cc, ELO, Klaatu, Badfinger, and The Raspberries.

But the truth of the matter is that no-one has followed the original Beatles blueprint so slavishly as The Pleasers.

They sing like them, play guitars and drums like them, dress like them, wear their hair like them, and write songs like Beatles' album tracks.

When The Pleasers say in interviews that they're *not* out to copy The Beatles, turn the page and read something else that might be believable.

If the similarities are indeed accidental, then it's a coincidence worthy of the *Guinness Book of Records.*

At Eric's it was a little like seeing those old films of the Moptops, except it was in full colour and blasting at you with all the extra musical muscle provided by modern electronics.

The Pleasers' version of "Money" is uncanny. The arrangement is a direct lift from "With The Beatles", and the lead singer does the most immaculate Lennon vocals you've ever heard. At times, he sings Lennon better than Lennon.

For a boring old fart who got excited over the original version, The Pleasers' rendition is a total bliss-out.

According to reliable sources close to the band, they were offered £300 a week to perform in a London version of *Beatlemania,* the Broadway musical that simply recycles the Beatles songs.

Since they're currently earning £30 a week each, this must have been a considerable temptation. Anxious, though, to preserve their integrity, they turned down the offer. Perhaps they were wrong.

The fact is that The Pleasers' "original" songs rely upon sounding like Beatles songs and the old rock songs that the Beatles made their own.

So you get soundalikes of songs like "Long Tall Sally", "The Girl Can't Help It", "The Night Before", "I'll Follow The Sun", and others you can't quite pin down.

But let's keep this in perspective.

The Pleasers give more than value for money. They play their songs with such exuberance, they're hard-pressed to reproduce the clinical style that George Martin seems to have imposed upon the Fab Four.

In other words, the band would like their songs to sound snappy and severely edited in the way that their mentors' classics were. But there's simply too much adrenalin flowing for them to cope.

At times, it seems that they've even got a hankering to ape Status Quo, and churn out a little brain-crunching boogie. Maybe they should let those instincts express themselves a little more.

The weirdest part of the act is when they do "The Kids Are Alright", which was the opening song on The Who's first album. "Kids" always sounded like Pete Townsend was heavily influenced by Lennon and McCartney, if only for the one song.

So we're left with the odd spectacle of The Pleasers imitating The Who imitating The Beatles.

Deja deja vu, or retread retread?

Incidentally, the wristers at Arista claim that "Kids" is The Pleasers' first single. This is not strictly accurate.

The Pleasers have already put out a single on Arista called "You Keep On Telling Me Lies". This flopped. But the fact that it had two songs on the B-side allows Arista to call an it EP and rewrite history.

Of course, if The Pleasers really were the New Beatles, "Lies" would have gone to number 18 in the charts, and "Kids" will go to No.1.

But don't let's write them off just because they're oversold.

If The Pleasers only manage modest record sales, they'll go on providing fun evenings for club audiences for years.

Bob Edmands

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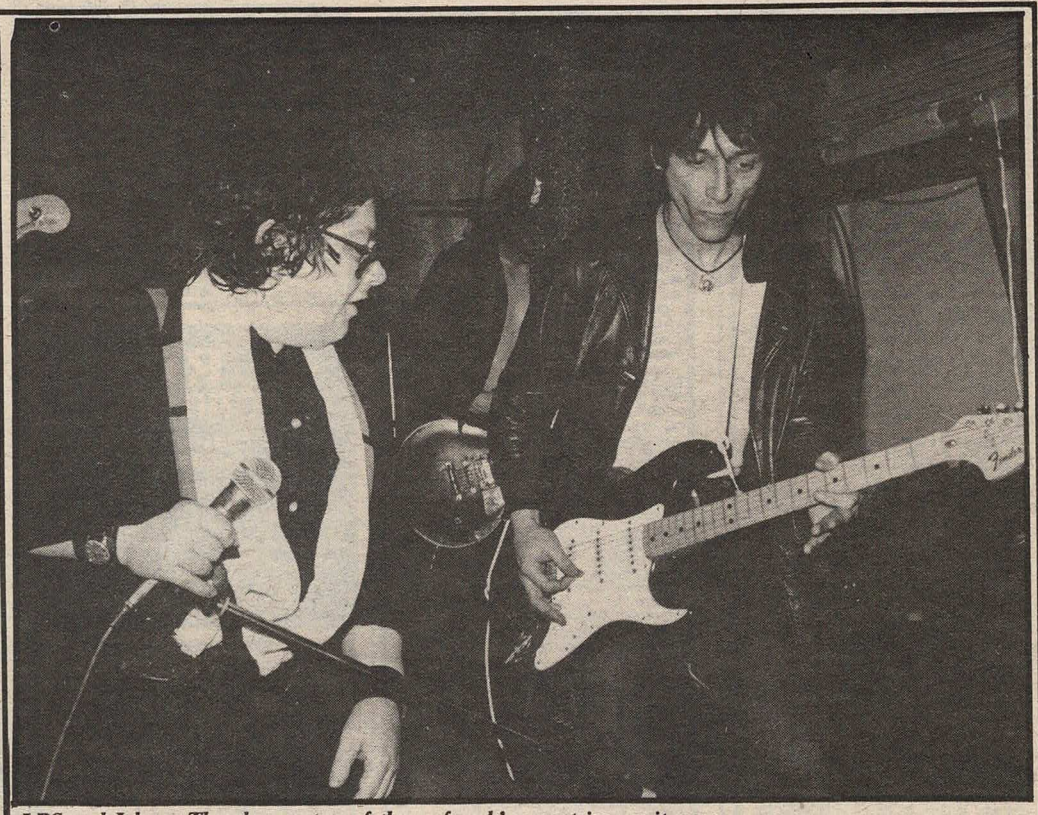

LBS and Johnny Thunders — two of three of rock's eccentrics, as it were.

Little Bob Story

DINGWALLS

NOT ONLY a lot of fun but an important night as well.

Little Bob's blown out the rest of his British tour, so this was the one prestige date.

The problem's in the drumming department. Paul Balby, ex-Count Bishop, has been sitting in with the band since the departure of Minou Quertier. He's a fine R&B drummer but there are communication problems between him and the four French rockers.

That didn't show in the set, however, the best I've ever seen from the band.

It started slowly with "Baby Don't Cry" but accelerated, despite an apathetic audience, to a roaring, fun-time, rock 'n' roll climax.

LBS present a fascinating live spectacle.

Dominique Lelon, with glasses and long dark beard played natural rhythm bass. Guy Georges Gremy, the enigmatic one, is one of the most immaculate guitarists in the rock / R&B style I've ever heard, and with his slim, mysterious image is almost as charismatic on stage as any guitar hero you want to name.

Serge Hendrix, with copy-book good looks, plays rhythm guitar and sings most of the harmony vocals. He's gonna be a teeny heart-throb within a year, if only he gets the photo coverage.

And that is the crux of Little Bob Story's problem. They're a fine band with an excellent repertoire: they don't get full approval however, because the audience aren't entirely familiar with their material.

In France they're hot stars, but in the UK, despite several tours, they're still basically an unknown quantity.

"Off The Rails" was a gem of a rock album but the British crowds just don't know the songs.

That syndrome was perfectly illustrated at Dingwalls. There were a few knowledgable London R&B fans, even some continental Little Bob followers.

The rest of the audience seemed impressed but unmoved.

The whole focus of the show was, as always, Little Bob Piazza.

A tiny, rotund figure with red leather jacket, bulging braces and shades, he vaults the stage like a rock cannonball. Endless energy and plenty of guts (trying to make a Dingwalls crowd sing with him) contributed to a stunning performance.

He's a totally unique stage mover, mainly because of his unique dimensions.

Unfortunately, that means people don't notice that he's a remarkably talented vocalist and songwriter. His voice is a high, powerful warble, aptly suited to his hard, bluesy material.

"You Make Me Crazy" is a slow number which allows him to flex his vocal chords.

"Baby" is an old '60s song, revived in all the clarity of the original by devoted copyists.

"Round The Corner" and "High Time" are up-tempo stormers executed with panache, Little Bob sweating and straining to take the crowd with him.

"Nothing Else Can Give It To Me" is rock's ultimate, unsurpassable boozing ballad and the fans are swaying in their shoes. The Small Faces' "All Or Nothing" provokes audience response.

Then it's "Riot In Toulouse" and Bob's describing this hot town in the south of France where every rock 'n' roll gig is tense and violent. The song captures it succinctly, and more importantly, with genuine passion.

The show ends with a riotious peak of "Mr. Tap" and the cold, cynical "Little Big Boss.

By that time the joint was buzzing. This set was being recorded live for a Chiswick album and the atmosphere of an Important Occasion was heightened when Johnny Thunders stumbled on stage for a ferocious encore.

Next thing you know the whole mob is back again for "Roll Over Beethoven" and "Lucille."

Johnny's wandering happily across the stage picking shrill licks, Bob's still the centre of attention yelling the lyrics and suddenly Johnny Moped's on stage striking macho poses and bellowing along with them.

Three of rock's eccentrics sharing the same boards and shedding confusion, pure noise and rock 'n' roll bliss.

An exhilarating concert to punctuate the gap until LBS move to England as residents, later this year.

Kim Davis

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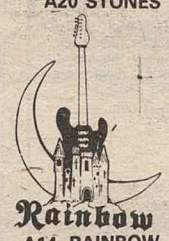

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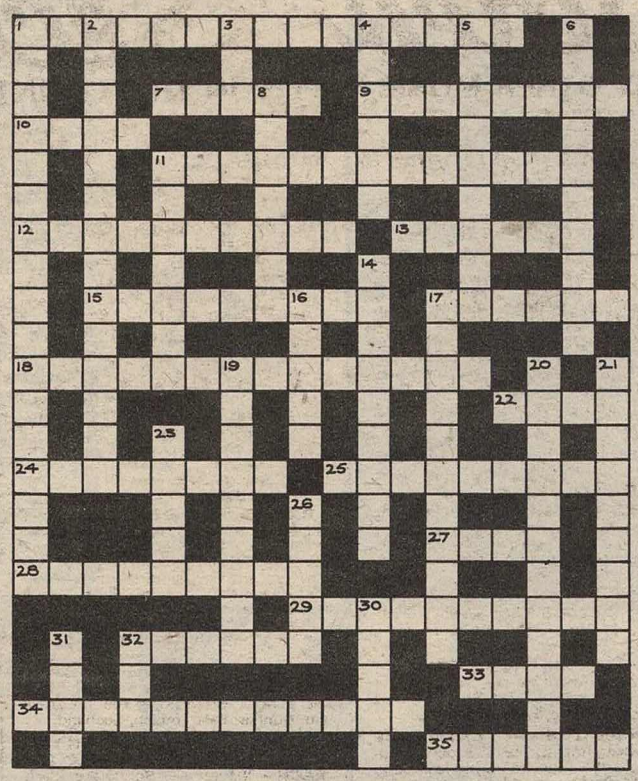

ACROSS

1 Not yer convential reggae artist — his is the Cairo rather than Kingston kind! (8,7)
7 Formerly Starkey
9 Sometimes called the Welsh Billy Connolly (3,5)
10 The English one who linked up with 13 across after the other two split
11 Didn't loan rats (anag. 5,8)
12 Singer/songwriter — daddy's a greek restaurateur (3,7)
13 The American one (not Bing) who linked with 10 across when the other two split
15 "Boris The Spider" is probably still his best-known *writing* contribution
17 See 31
18 Dylan once described him as America's foremost living poet (6,8)
22 A.k.a. Don Juan's reckless daughter
24 Pre-"Detectives", an Elvis Costello single (3,5)
25 Fumping great '60s hitster, currently undergoing TV campaign revival (4,5)
27 Oops! Wrong crossword! — Utopian adventurer
28 Drummer with The Band (5,4)
29 McCartney relation — one third of occasional satiro-pop combine (4,6)
32 Dee Dee's brudder
33 Jesus of how was that again?
34 See 17 down
35 See 30

DOWN

1 The barracuda bassist and new wave stud (4,7,6)
2 And we always figured Bruce Foxton as a *Sunday Times* man! (4,2,3,5)
3 Backwards and forwards, a Steely Dan LP
4 Stones' debut 45 (*your dad'll remember*) (4,2)
5 Biggest of the brace of hits Peter Green wrote for Fleetwood Mac, and just about due for its third revival
6 He replaced Brian Jones (*one for your older brother, this*) (4,6)
8 Hammerstein's oppo, or the one from Free!
11 After which the Mop Tops turned in their wigs (3,2,2)
14 Guitar-playing former-journalist sidekick to Patti Smith (5,4)
16 West Coast weirdoes in situ best of all!
17 & 34 In 1974, evidently, Bryan Ferry was very hard to pin down, assignation-wise (7,4,7,5)
19 Sleeve tailor, made his name by his covers for Yes (5,4)
20 Of Magazine and receding hairline (6,6)
21 Kinks skinsman (4,5)
23 The other Cassidy
26 Dee Dee's udder brudder
30 & 35 Aged Eddie Floyd soul item, covered by David Bowie
31 & 17 across Formerly of Family, more recently mixed up with ex-Purple renegades

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 "Jesus Of Cool"; 6 Nico; 7 "Never Mind The (Bollocks)"; 10 "On The Beach"; 11 (Roy) Wood; 12 Alan Stivell; 14 "Roadrunner"; 16 "Rumours"; 17 Dope; 18 Dave Vanian; 21 (Steve) Jones; 23 (Gram) Parsons; 25 Steve (Jones); 26 "(Save The Last Dance) For Me"; 27 Stephen (Stills). **DOWN:** 1 Junior Murvin; 2 "Save The Last Dance (For Me)"; 3 Syreeta; 4 Can; 5 Roy (Wood); 6 New Wave; 8 Ducks DeLuxe; 9 "(Never Mind The) Bollocks"; 13 Lou Reed; 15 Burning (Spear); 19 (Beck, Bogert) Appice; 20 (Bill) Nelson; 22 Spear; 24 Rods.

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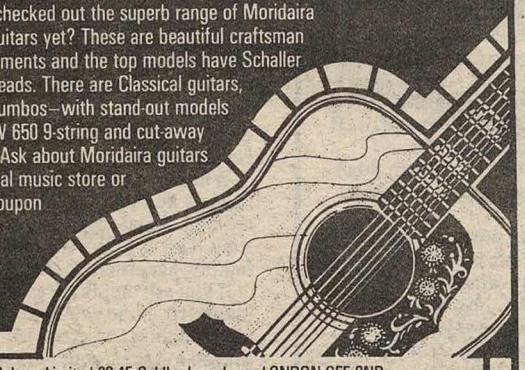

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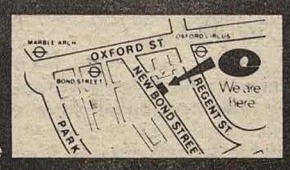

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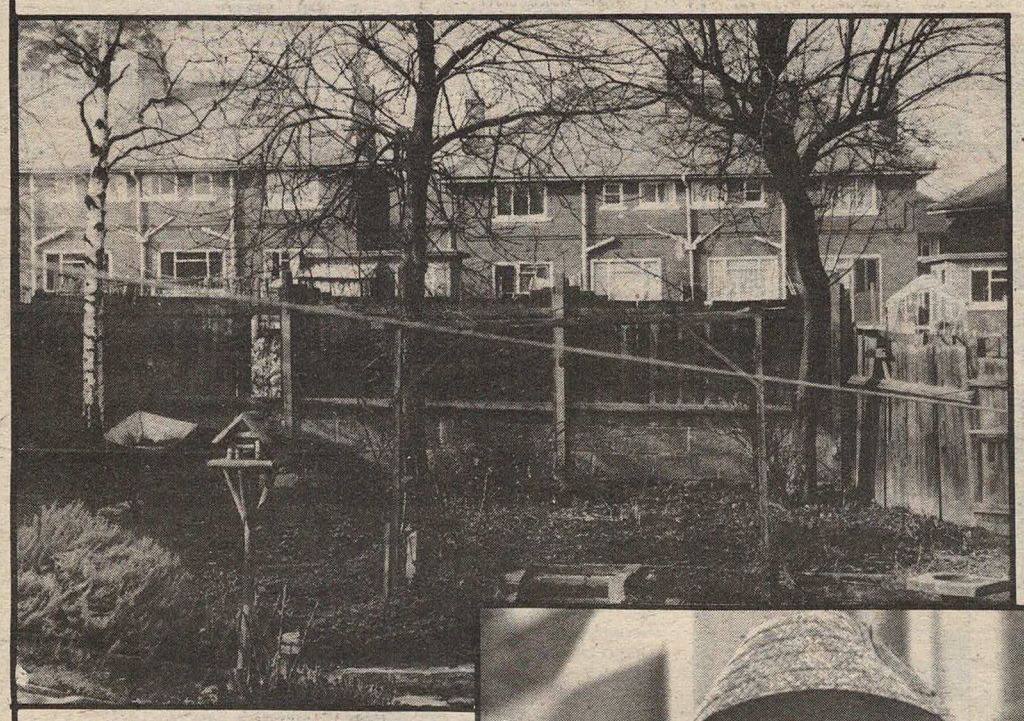


The South Surburbiton Show — Presented by Man of the Arts Melvyn Gasbargg (above)

SO ON BBC2's *Something Else* The Clash issue forth with pearly words of wisdom on the political state of Britain and young people's attitudes to the government.

Strummer complains that you can't affect the system or change it in any way, and when asked by MP Joan Lester, "How have you tried?" he answers, "Well, you learn in school about how it works — well at least I did. Except I've forgotten. It just doesn't interest you." (Strong, positive, forward thinking, Joe).

Yes, Paul Simonon does see political changes coming in the future: "I can see things getting much worse than they are. Generally, you've got the Fascists on one side, rising, and you've got the Communist Party, in which nothing seems to be happening except sort of combatting Fascism." Basically, he doesn't trust any party, although he believes kids should vote. Of course, "there's one (party) better than the other . . . but they're just as bad as each other." (Yes, the Clash standpoint becomes clearer).

A direct question is put to Joe: "What can you put forward in place of what we have at the present time?" Hitler would have applauded his reply: "I reckon if you got all the people who own the factories . . . if you got rid of them somehow — put them in a camp or something, the factories could go on working and you'd save a lot of money."

Are these people representative of their generation? I don't find it laughable, I find it pretty frightening. I mean who the hell are these people going to vote for?

At least the "alternative culture" of the '60s was positive and constructive, not a mess of naivete and ignorance. Perhaps there is, after all a lot of sense in raising the voting age to 25. How should it be put?

"Ah, but I was much older then — I'm younger than that now." Or, more to the point:

"While one who sings with his tongue on fire/Gargles in the rat-race choir/Bent out of shape from society's pliers/Cares not to come up any higher/But rather get you down in the hole that he's in."

What do you say, Joe?
JOHN SAYER, Bletchley, Milton Keynes.
I'll tell you what I say, mush. You watch the wrong bleedin' channel. And what's all that pretentious guff at the end mean? — M.G.

THE FACT that *NME* writers feel strongly enough to attack the NF and that a member of the NF felt he "must protest" shows just how inseperable music and politics are.

In 1978 there is no such thing as "keeping out of politics" (ask the seals). All issues are political issues, politics itself is a mass of lies, evasions, foolishness, hatred and schizophrenia. When the general atmosphere is bad, music must suffer; but the rebels manage to produce great music (e.g. The Clash, Sham 69, TRB).

Looks like it's gonna be a long hot summer until the winter of '79, oh and if you're glad to be gay don't tell the NF.
WILD YOUTH, Just outside Ilford.

AS A REGULAR reader of *NME* I must protest about the amount of pro-NF items being printed in your paper.

I find it intolerable in the past few months, we have been exposed to an astronomical 32 lines of Front propaganda.

Any more of these dangerous tendencies and you'll be rivalling the *Socialist Worker* and *Beano* in their remorseless drive toward a Fascist state.
GREEN & WHITE, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

DEAR MR. Taylor,

The NF are anti-Punk, anti-Funk and a load of junk. They want law and order (does this mean hanging for everyone). Have you ever been to an R.A.R. gig mate? A bloody good night's entertainment is what I've had, what's your alternative? Marching bands, Wagner (with a V)?

The Fall hit the nail on the head: "Hey Fascist".
FRANK MANLEY, Urmston.

OY! What's this 'ere? A letter from an NF member! (NO FUTURE). By 'Socialist Press' does this mean the *Morning Star*? The rest's not Socialist. Can I just point out one or two things to this loony please?

1. Britain is a net exporter of people.
2. More whites than blacks enter Britain annually. So stuff you mate. (I'm not telling you my address 'cos I always was a coward).

I think that's enough about that nutter — everyone knows the NF are insane (but dangerous) — or do they?

Togliatte's letter's very good. I tried playing "Denis" at 33⅓ — it does sound a bit like a bloke, but so do all other women played at a slower speed. P'raps they're all men, and women don't exist, they're just transvestites really. Wow!
ALBERT
Like you say Albert, that's enough about that nutter. Personally, we here on South Bargg have never heard of NF — are they one of those Reggie bands, or something? As for women, well I don't know of many of them either, even though I am profoundly rugged.—M.G.

WITH THE advent of so many young bands coming into the limelight perhaps it's no wonder that *NME* reviews read like school reports at the end of term. Re. Kim Davis (3.11.78) on 999 LP: "Excellent, a very pleasant surprise."

How old are you guys anyway?

New LP, another exam passed until they take their O levels and actually achieve fame on our green and pleasant lands. Next step? What else but the big A level capturing Uncle Sam's fair land, then who needs O levels when you've got the big Apple? Quite a paradox.
A VITAL BODY, Clifton, Bristol.

Good effort, bit clipped, grammar poor. As for age, we average out at 16½. Roy Carr is 73 and the rest of us are under five. — M.G.

IN A recent issue of *NME* an article by CSM with Howard Devoto brought to the readers' attention the fact that *Snouds* had once given a group interview, complete with photo, before they had bought all the necessary gear to enable them to play.

Well, the point of this letter is to offer you the chance of keeping one better than *Snouds* because our group, "John Doe's Nameless", will let you be the first to interview us.

Like the other band we haven't got all our instruments; in fact, all we have got is my bass and a lead guitar with no amplification.

The drummer's parents refused to get him drums for Christmas (he got a distasteful suit instead), and as for the lead singer, well up to yet all he has got is two broken legs given to him in a car crash. Our keyboards player Ann Onymous has yet to be found.

We've got stacks of original material, enough to fill a double LP in fact.

Our fans, I prophesise, will soon be advertising our first rehearsal in the form of multi-coloured graffiti on our beautiful city walls. How soon depends on how quickly my dad gets his redundancy money to lend us for gear and spray cans.

Look forward to hearing from you. We're game if you are. Should make a very interesting double page interview with lots of photos.
JOHN DOE, Nameless Bassist, Woolton, Liverpool.
You lot sound like a bunch of ponces to me. Get a proper job. — M.G.

HAVING SPENT what might otherwise have been the most sensational years of my life pointlessly whipping my brains into a fondue over Certain Aspects of the Modern Beat, *(and getting paid for it — Ed)*, I was more than delighted to encounter Paul Rambali's confrontation with Devo in last week's fab ish. (In fact I'd venture as far as to declare that I was relieved — of a burden, even).

"Any statement made, the reverse is true. There's no other way to project it other than to do it."

Such clarity. The authentic wisdom of the idiots. The most important article in *NME* since my review of "Low" last year (You can trust me, pop-pickers).
IAN MacDONALD, London, N2.
Can anyone get a letter in Gasbargg? — KATE PHILLIPS.

THIS WEEK I went to see *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* and I hated it. Hollywood slush . . .

A couple of weeks ago I went to see Throbbing Gristle at the A.A. and I loved 'em.

On Sunday I went to see Devo at the Roundhouse and thought they were crap.

I like ABBA coz they make me happy.

Am I normal? . . .
A CONFUSED NME READER.
Horribly so. — M.G.

I'VE just seen Peter Powell on *Top Of The Pops*. That's taking the piss out of being a prat.
BILBO BAGGINS, Hole in the Hill.
What a way to spend Easter. — M.G.

THE DAUGHTER of the boss of the wife of our Chemistry teacher used to live with one of the men recently tried for the LSD "thing".
Q. Does this make our chemie teech a B.O.F.?
A. No, he gave us the formula for LSD.
ROSALYN MATRAVERS, Somerset.
What, you mean he's a counterfeiter? — MG

I HAVE now, like many other people, completely lost faith in British Justice. How can the ridiculously high sentences in the much publicised LSD case be justified when murderers can get away with 2 years (after having the charge watered down to manslaughter) and thugs that go to football matches get away with fines of £50 or so for violent, threatening behaviour that endangers life? These people are the real menaces of society, not the likes of Richard Kemp and Christine Bott, yet they get far lighter sentences for far more serious offences.

Live and let live is my motto. If you object to a book, then don't read it. If you object to a film, don't go and watch it. If you're not into acid, don't take LSD and don't knock people who do.

LSD is a beauty drug, it enables people to appreciate the real beauty of things that they otherwise take for granted, or don't notice, like fields, flowers, trees and the sky. It helps you to the spiritual high. *(Carries on like this for ages. — Ed.)*
A POT HEAD PIXY, Yeovil, Somerset.

AFTER LIVING the Best Years of my Life in a commune in New Hampstead during the hippie era I would just like to express my feeling of pity for the kids of today who are caught up in the Punk scene. What these kids are really looking for is Peace and Love, man, but their minds have been blown by J. Rotten and the likes of him. I hope someone has the sense to plant the first real seeds of hope in the hearts of Tomorrow's People. Let's have another Woodstock with its atmosphere of Peace and Love. If I ever meet J. Rotten I'm gonna hit him with a table.
Peace & Love, THE MAN.

Farm on, man, farm on. — M.G.

THE MOST amazing thing about Stephen Dowse's article on Radio Birdman and the Australian music scene was that it was roughly accurate but still managed to give the wrong impression. Saying that Birdman are the only decent Australian band was a mistake. So was trying to judge the whole scene from a list of the bands that sell lots of records and pull big crowds because England is just as bad as Oz when you try doing that. Both countries are overrun by the likes of ELO, Fleetwood Mac, Abba, German plastic soul and so on (and on), but when you look harder you find the good bands.

How about Skyhooks for starters? The Hooks' three albums are full of 3-minute '70s classics. What about Ariel and their "Goodnight Fiona" album? Pop isn't a dirty word anymore, and you won't get much better than Dragon or The Ferrets ("I Don't Fall in Love"). Graham Parker & The Rumour always seem to remind me of the Richard Clapton Band. And then there's the Kevin Borich Express, Stiletto, Ross Wilson — even Mother Goose, Hush, The Dingoes or (dare I say it) the Little River Band. Ross Wilson, incidentally, used to have a band called Daddy Cool who sold bundles of records. Naturally they recorded the old Diamonds' hit; and their second (1972) album was called "Sex, Dope and Rock and Roll (Teenage Heaven)". I don't know why we Aussies think Oz bands get ripped off, all you Darts and Ian Dury fans out there.

Anyway, the point is that there *are* bands in Australia worth listening to, and because they've always had to fight to get anywhere at all, the scene is still very much alive.
W. N. CATFORD, St. Catherine's College, Oxford.

Don't go round knockin' Darts 'n' Dury, me old diamond, ovverwise me an' the lads'll sort you aht. Anyway, you bloody convicts is always arguin' amongst yerselves. See next letter. — S. E. PECKHAM

AFTER NOT seeing a copy of *NME* in any Brisbane newsagents for a year or two I finally located one the other day.

Christ, has your paper gone down the sewer since Punk first laid its first few turds. *NME* is full of crap about Punk and covers little else. At least us Colonials had the sense to ignore it. You only need look at the record sales to see how unsuccessful Punk is. You can keep the ex-Aussie group The Saints also, as they are not needed on our island. I hope you all do the Punk dance Pogo until your balls fall off and England sinks in shit.
M. KENNY, Australia.
Charming. That's the last time I have Robert Helpmann on my programme. — M.G.

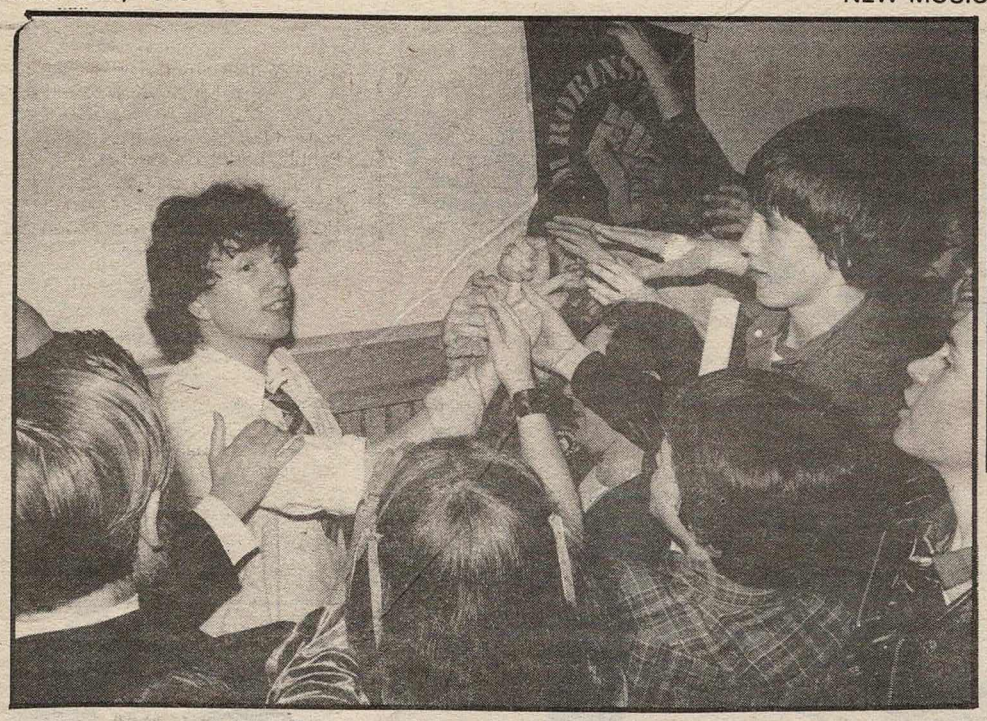
I DID (unfortunately) happen to be reading the *Daily Express* when I came across a rather nauseating article on the wonderfully 'cultural' Melvyn Bargg. Bargg believes that he has to bring 'culture' to all the intellectually starved millions in his 'addictive' show.

Bargg says, "The reasons why so many things do not reach so many people, are economic," (OK, so now he's an MP too — carry on Jimmy), "they can't get to the opera, often they can't even afford to buy books." Who does he think he's kidding? Have 'they' never heard of libraries? And how do 'they' afford their TV licences then?

What a superbly benevolent man he is. How he cares for all us uneducated millions. Final comment from Bargg sums it all up: "We seem to be fighting against all the odds."

If you ask me, there can't be many 'odds' left in the world, if you include his "5 million addicted viewers". Maybe I understood, perhaps it's them he's fighting after all.
HIDEOUS BILL BARGGER, Heston, Middlesex.
Oooh, I don't like this one at all. — M.G.

IF Jones/Cook join Vanian/Sensible, will they be The Pissed?
PAUL, Reading.
Yea, and mean damn-all too. — M.G.



TOM ROBINSON meets the people — and very healthy looking young people they are, too — at Corby Festival Hall while contemplating his billing on the venue's Next Week Box. Pix: DENIS O'REGAN

O MY AMERICA
GAS COOKERY DEMO
TOM ROBINSON BAND

CLODAGH ROGERS
IRISH DANCE

teazers

A WEEKLY EXASPERATION

W-E-E-E-ELLL . . . IT'S a-one for the money, a-two for the money, a-three for the money, a-four for the money and welcome to this week's fabulous, fun-filled, festering edition of *Teazers,* the column that doesn't give an inch.

This week the watchword would seem to be You Kay in the You Ess Ay, with **The Jam, The Stranglers** and **X-Ray Spex** all flying the Blighty flag over in Gaaaaaaad's Own Country. **Paul Weller's** boys got off to a less than auspicious start opening for **Blue Oyster Cult** and getting booed off in Connecticut, but more than made up for it with a stormer of a set supporting **The Ramones** in Philadelphia. Full **Jam** Scam in next week's *NME* . . .

The Stranglers, meantime, are concentrating on the Midwest because they're a "people's band" *(what, you mean like* ***Edgar Broughton?*** *— Ed)* and are therefore avoiding New York and California because there are no people there at all (something like that, anyway), while **X-Ray Spex** are following in the footsteps of **The Dimmed** by going Stateside without record company support, since CBGB boss **Hilly Kristel** extended them his personal invite. **T-Zers** hopes that they do better than **The Dumbed** . . .

Or, for that matter, better than **Eddie And The Hot Rods,** who've been receiving a rough ride from the U.S. punk press for being too clean-cut an' 'at. Meanwhile, the main event is still **Ian Dury,** bringing a breath of Billericay to America on tour with **Lou Reed,** and you best believe we'll be reporting back to you on that little extravagonzo . . .

Talking of **Loopy Lou** (which we do now and then), he's been shooting his mouth off again, this time to New York's *Soho Weekly News* magazine: "I believe in glamour. **Tom Waits?** Why would I want to listen to him? He's ugly and grubby. They call **Elvis Costello** four-eyes for a reason — how can you look at him and get off?" Well, **Loulou,** some of us have been wondering for awhile how we can listen to you and get off . . .

That peripatetic little fellow **John Rotten,** by the way, is currently in Los Angeles with his mum, while *Rolling Stone's* small-ads section offers the following classic item: "New Wave collectors — **Sex Pistols** original tickets from banned U.S. premiere. $5 limited number." We also learn that at the last-ever Pistols' gig in San Francisco *(Funny, that's where* ***The Beatles*** *played their last gig as well. Must be the vibes, man — Ed),* Rotten altered the lyrics of "Anarchy In The U.K." so that the celebrated line now runs: "I know what I want and I know how to get it." Note to anyone including the song in their stage act — **Alex Harvey,** this means you — this is now the definitive version. Please adjust accordingly . . .

So what else is new? We hear that **Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band** — you know, the ones who play the classic "Boogie 'Til You Puke" — are currently the hottest band in Washington DC, and that Athens, Georgia, now has its own punk band, known as **The B52s** . . .

Stop the presses! **Bent Bishop And The Bigots** have changed their name to **Lazslo Congreve's Fish Dinner And The Fabulous Kevins.** Okay, you can start the presses again now . . .

Incidentally, the spreader of rumours concerning the authentic liveness (or lack of same) of **Elvis Costello's** contributions to the "Live Stiffs" album was **Wreckless Eric,** but even so we don't believe a word of 'em . . .

Times are still tough for **Sham 69:** after their gig at Bristol Locarno — during which Jimmy Pursey informed the audience that the bouncers were present at the request of the club and not the band — some of said gentlemen allegedly invaded the backstage area and had frank exchanges of opinion with the band, which left Pursey with cuts'n'bruises and a 16-year-old friend of the band with a bleeding head. Locarno manager **John Bellingham** denied that any incident took place, and Sham say that they intend taking "private action" against those involved. Don't look for Sham at any other Mecca-owned venues in the future . . .

Addenda and errata to last week's **Spirit** *T-zer:* it was **Larry Knight,** not **Randy California,** who invited the Rainbow audience back to the band's hotel, and in the end about 30 fans were admitted. Further Spirit messages: CBS' option on the "Potatoland" album has run out, which means that the rights to said album have reverted back to **Itchy Minnesota** himself, which in turn means that Randy can get it put out by anyone he can interest in so doing. Or rather he could if he hadn't gone and lost the master tapes *(Daft as a brush is our Randy — Ed)* . . .

'Ang on, stop the presses again: are you ready for the Return Of The Supergroup? Please meet and greet the Million Dollar Quartet: **Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash** and **Elvis Presley,** who laid down a two-hour jam in **Sam Phillips'** Sun Studios in Memphis waaaaaaay back in May of '57. For the last 21 years, legal eagles representing all four artistes have been hassling and haggling over whether the tapes should be released and if so by whom, blah blah. It's now rumoured that something's finally been sorted out and that an album featuring live radio tapes of Presley on the *Lousinana Hayride* show, plus edited highlights of the Million Dollar Quartet session, are pressed, packaged and under armed guard in a U.S. warehouse awaiting final legal clearance . . .

Radar Records optimistic about their chances of getting U.K. rights to the L.A. rockabilly label Rollin' Rock and of the label's star act **Ray Campi** going into the studio with **Dave Edmunds** producing . . .

And a chunk of non-violent **Sham 69** trivia: in a relaxed moment at a recent Sham movie showing, **Jimmy Pursey** averred a knowledge and admiration of **Pavlov's Dog** (remember them? They were the future of rock and roll back in '75) and their "Pampered Menial" album . . .

Weird scenes in Spain with hard-hitting powerpop outfit **Tangerine Dream,** opening up with a riot in Pamplona when 500 T. Dream fans were shut out of the SRO gig. Since the layout of the building meant that the Tangs had to pass through the excluded ones, who chucked fings abaht and generally acted nasty. According to urbane sardonic **Al Clark** of Virgin, **Edgar** and the boys reacted in a manner best described as "stoic and phlegmatic". In Valencia, the electric current was insufficiently robust to handle the band's portable laserium (shaaaaaaaaame!) and in Barcelona they received what Al blushingly describes as a "**Quo** style reception". Yeeps . .

The drug conviction of ex-**Allman Bros** roadie **John "Scooter" Herring** has been reversed by a U.S. Appeals court, while ruled that published newspaper reports concerning threats against Scooter's life in the wake of the Dixie Sneak's testimony may have prejudiced jourors against him. Coming as this news does hot on the heels of an Allman Brothers Reunion, we wonder if **Gruntin' Gregg** is offering Scooter his old job back . . .

During his ten-day promo visit to the You Ess Ay, **Tom Robinson** was taken to the super-trendy chic-clique rich-bitch *(thank you, Tony — Ed)* disco Studio 54. The best part of the evening was discovering that the record company limo in which he arrived had been stolen, taken to Harlem and burned to cinders. That'll teach ya to go schlepping around in limos Tom. Incidentally, why is Tom so anxious that the **TRB** fan club should not be run by a gay? Sing if you're glad to be refused a job, eh? . . .

Hey, guess what? The record industry is losing £75,000,000 a year (boo! hiss! shaaaaaaaame!) due — they claim — to home taping of records. "You cannot prosecute 12 million people," says British Phonographic Institute Chairman **Geoffrey Bridge** in — no doubt — piteous tones, meaning that he'd like to but he can't. We here at *T-Zers* opine that if the record industry is losing money it's more likely to be down to the fact that money gets spent in somewhat elliptical ways: f'rinstance, WEA boss **John Fruin** recently spent £862 on lunch with Atlantic honcho **Nesuhi Ertegun** — and he had to fly to New York by Concorde to do it . . .

Finally, Thames TV's big movie for Easter Monday is *Zulu,* "a tale of dedicated men fighting for the empire". We can't think of a better choice for black and white Britons alike — and you think there's no such thing as institutionalised racism in this country . . .

"Hey, how cum it didn't take Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young 21 years to get an album out?" LEWIS, PERKINS, PRESLEY and CASH lay down the hot lix.

BETTER BADGES

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Cult figure, Modern World, T.V. Tube, Heart, 30p
Flamin' Groovies, Don't F - - -
With The Million, Dick Envy, Jesus Of Cool, Bernie Torme, Rush(x4), Seen, 25p
Magazine "Both Sides"
Clash City Rockers
Zappa, 20p

last week		
1	(1)	BLONDIE (B/W)
2	(2)	BUZZCOCKS
3	(N)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
4	(N)	YELLO
5	(5)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS
6	(6)	F**K OFF (Wayne County)
7	(7)	CLASH—POLICE
8	(4)	ANARCHY IN THE U.K.
9	(3)	SHAM 69
10	(N)	999

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